Nov. 1, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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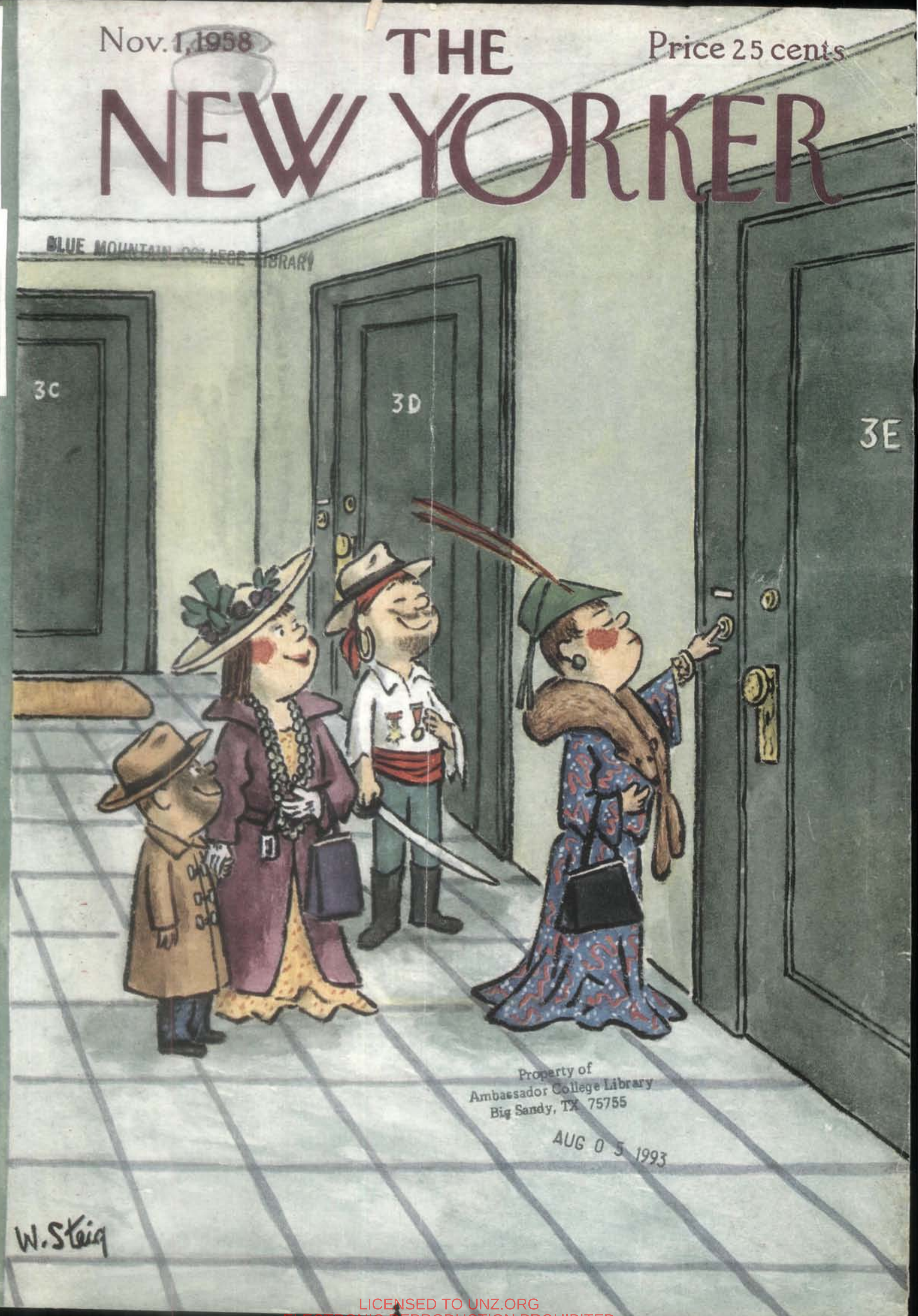

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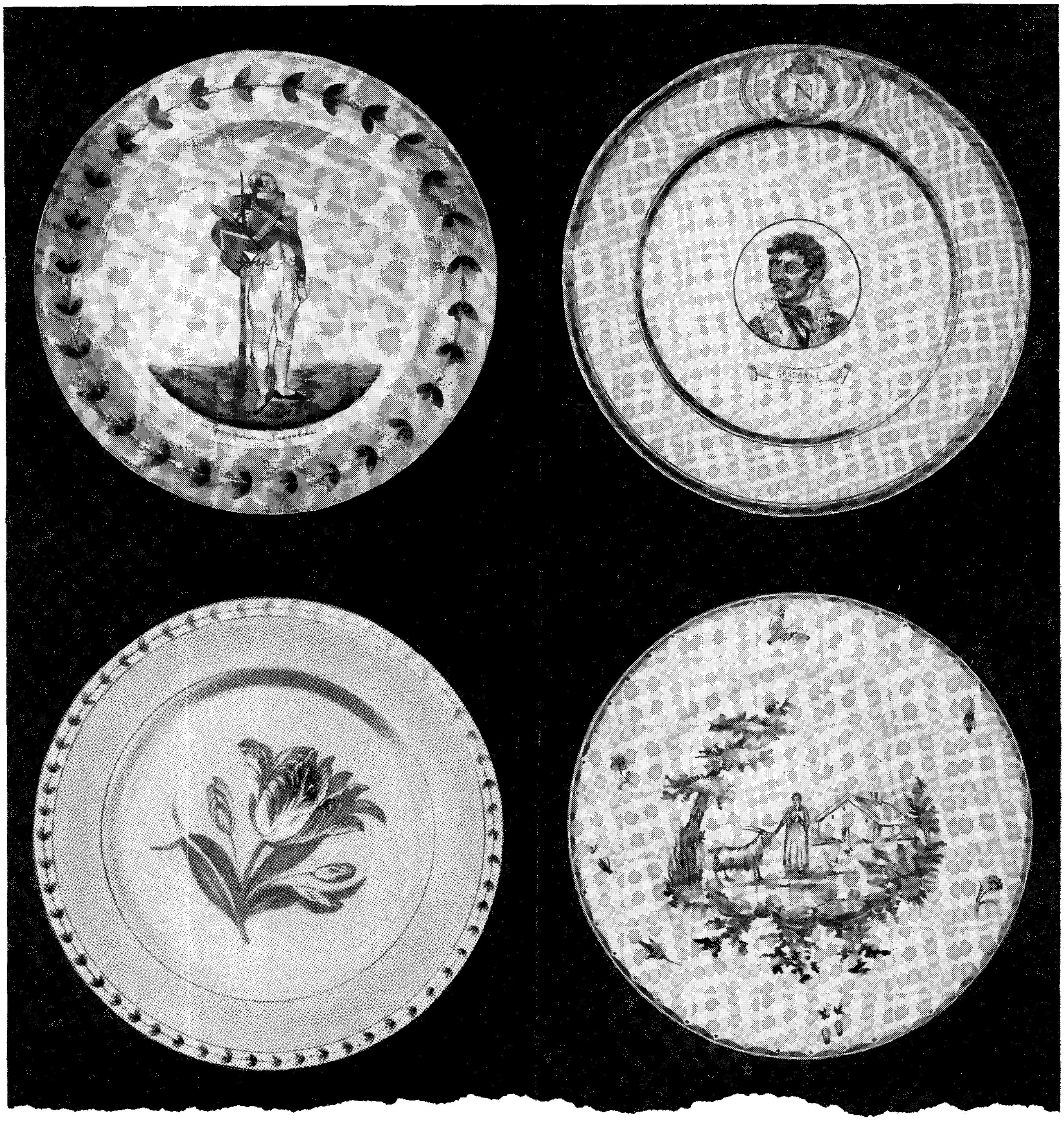

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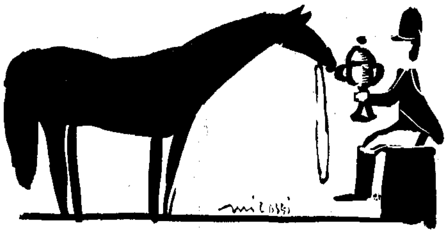

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Drink to Me Only—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson in a cast directed by George Abbott. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Girls in 509—Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are ingratiating in a play by Howard Teichmann that tries, without much success, to make sensible fun of the world of politics. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene and Don Wilson in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Once More, With Feeling—This farce about the symphony-concert business has a few bright lines in it, and a great deal of nonsense. With Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotten, and Walter Matthau. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—Cyril Ritchard has given smooth direction and a polished performance to this somewhat sententious comedy, by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, about family life in San Francisco. The cast also includes Charlie Ruggles, Walter Abel, Dolores Hart, and Miss Skinner herself. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Théâtre National Populaire—The final performances of a three-week repertory presented by S. Hurok, under the auspices of the French government. Corneille's "Le Cid," with Gérard Philipe, Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8; Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Molière's "Don Juan," with Jean Vilar, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2:30 and 7. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992.)

A Touch of the Poet—A strong, slow dose of posthumous Eugene O'Neill. With Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, Kim Stanley, and Betty Field. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Visit—How a village is corrupted by a vengeful woman who wants a man murdered because he seduced her in her youth. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are extraordinarily effective as the unfortunate mouse and the ferocious cat. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The World of Suzie Wong—The brothel in this commonplace play is full of high-minded people played by hard-working actors, including France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS:** William Inge's play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, George L. Smith, and Eileen Heckart head the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL:** The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. Currently with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO:** Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TWO FOR THE SEESAW:** William Gibson's piece about a couple of lonely people in New York. Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft serve as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Marriage-Go-Round—Leslie Stevens' comedy, starring Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer. Paul Gregory is the producer and Joseph Anthony the director. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Patate—An adaptation by Irwin Shaw of a French comedy by Marcel Achard. Tom Ewell, Lee Bowman, and Susan Oliver head a cast directed by Jed Horner. Presented by Gilbert Miller. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Goldilocks—Jean and Walter Kerr's account of how things were in the early days in movieland. Loud and sometimes funny, with a score by Leroy Anderson. Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley head the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **JAMAICA:** A West Indian idyll with Harold Arlen songs and Lena Horne to sing them. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MUSIC MAN:** Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for this musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes are at present the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WEST SIDE STORY:** "Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown and set to music. Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Man in the Dog Suit—Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Carmen Mathews in a comedy by Albert Beich and William H. Wright, taken from Edwin Corle's novel "Three Ways to Mecca." A presentation of the Producers Theatre, directed by Ralph Nelson. Opens Thursday, Oct. 30. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—A play, imported from London, by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton, with Eileen Herlie, Robert Stephens, and Alison Leggatt. Produced by David Merrick and Joshua Logan, and directed by William Gaskill. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 4. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Maria Golovin—Gian-Carlo Menotti's new musical drama, in which Franca Duval, Richard Cross, Patricia Neway, and William Chapman will play the leading roles. Staged by Mr. Menotti and presented by David Merrick and the National Broadcasting Company, in association with Byron Goldman. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 5. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

Comes a Day—A play by Speed Lamkin, starring Judith Anderson and Arthur O'Connell. Robert Mulligan is the director, and the producers are Cheryl Crawford and Alan Pakula. Opens Thursday, Nov. 6. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Oct. 31: "Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are

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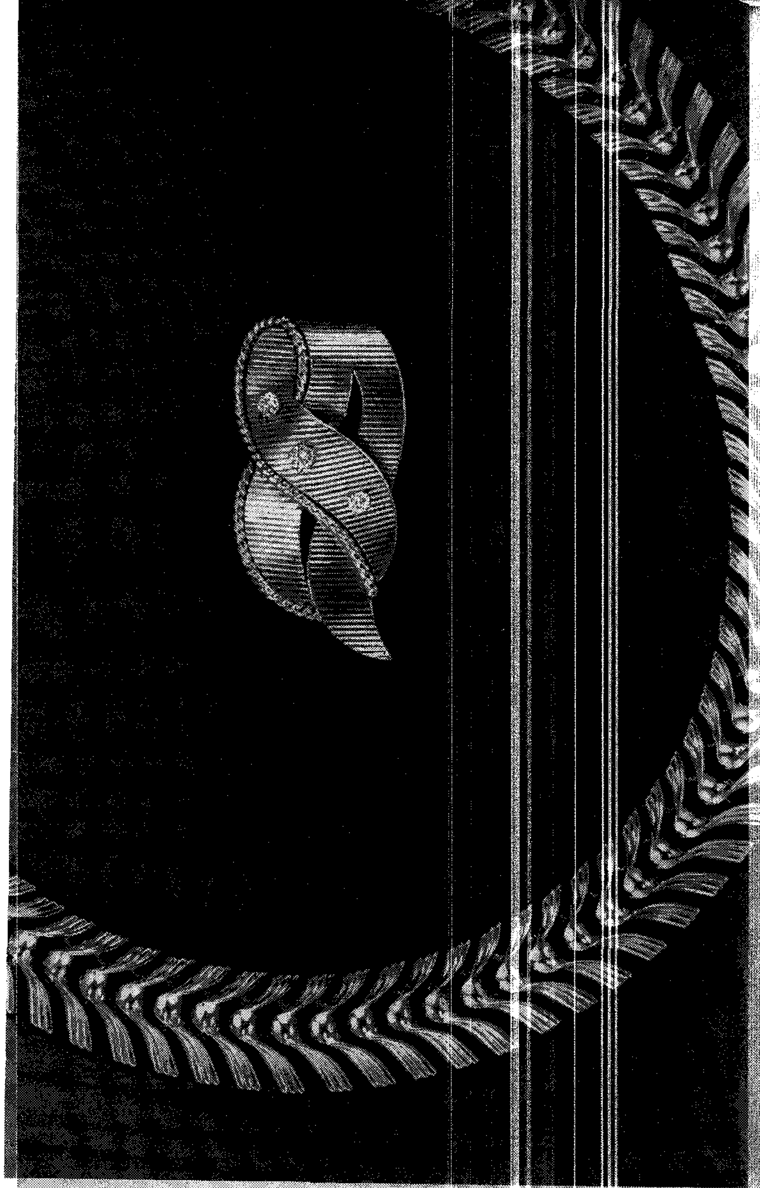

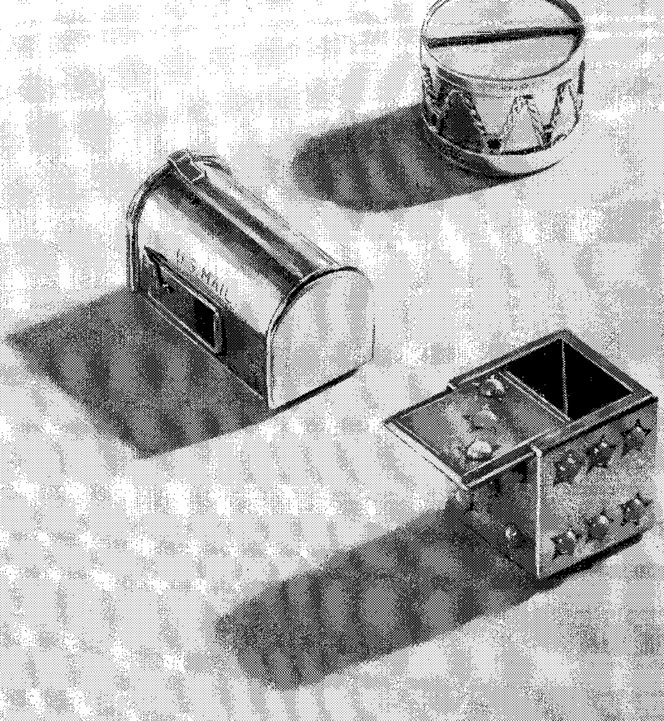

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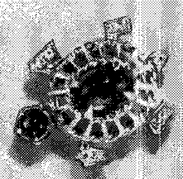

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Deathwatch—Vic Morrow, Stefan Gierasch, Harold Scott, and George Maharis make up the cast of this play by Jean Genet. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

The Family Reunion—T. S. Eliot meets the Eumenides, and the flowing robes of classic drama are surmounted by a neat black bowler hat. Particularly noteworthy among a superior cast are Florence Reed, Fritz Weaver, and Lillian Gish. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Golden Six—Viveca Lindfors in Maxwell Anderson's new play, directed by Warner LeRoy. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Héloïse—The British playwright James Forsyth has abstracted a splendid drama from the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. It is competently, if not spectacularly, performed by a cast that features Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag as the celebrated lovers. Henry Kurth's ingenious sets turn a tiny stage to excellent account. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Ivanov—A thoroughly rewarding production of one of Anton Chekhov's lesser plays, in which the tedium of provincial life is charmingly scrutinized to the ultimate stifled yawn. Paul Stevens is first-rate in the difficult title role, and he is deftly supported by, among others, Jacqueline Brookes, Anne Fielding, Jack Bittner, and Sada Thompson. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—A dramatization of a portion of James Joyce's novel. The evening stands as a lurid personal triumph for Zero Mostel, who, as Leopold Bloom, does not so much interpret Joyce as supplant him. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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BALLET

Beryozka Russian Folk Ballet—An all-girl troupe of sixty-five dancers and singers from Moscow, in their first appearance here. Presented by S. Hurok for a five-week engagement, starting Tuesday, Nov. 4, and running through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Mabel Mercer—Romantic and satiric songs. The fifth program in a series called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Nov. 3, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

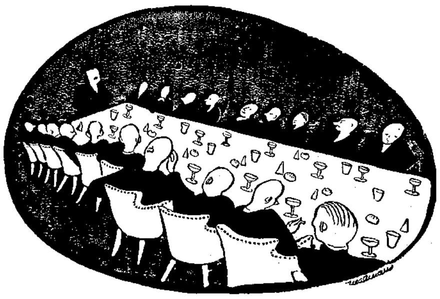
El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—That old-fashioned concept, the star system, maintains a foothold here. Incidental music, for talking or dancing to, by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room's airings of Old Masters have now got around to the collected works of Sigmund Romberg, which are sung every night at nine-thirty, and also at twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, by a glee club of which Earl Wrightson is the head man. Music for dancing comes from an orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel and from Alan Logan's band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a daily hoofers' haven. The wherewithal is the product of a small group of musicians, usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The presiding officer in the Persian Room is Ted Straeter, leader of just about the best dance band in town. Mark Monte and his quintet play jaunty dance music, too. The jollity is interrupted for an hour at dinner and supper to let Hildegarde run through her new singing commercials. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which is town-and-country in both scenery and populace, presents dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's light cavalry plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye and his orchestra, who are in a music-for-the-masses mood, look after people who like to dance in the mighty Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The fashion show in the pomp-and-circumstance Maisonette is Fernanda Montel, who appears at dinner and supper to model evening dresses and declaim the sort of aria that goes with them. The tiny dance bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari keep up an animated conversation the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.



Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, his piano, and his band are tinkling away in the Café Lounge, which accordingly sounds a bit more New York than it used to. The music goes on at the cocktail, the dinner, and the supper hour every day of the week.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a truly glittering quadrangle, has Chauncey Gray's orchestra alternating with Quintero's band for dancing after nine, and there is dinner music earlier. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The premise of the dinner and supper party in the Empire Room is an unpromising one (show-business shoptalk, and even Hollywood shoptalk), but all's well, for Gordon MacRae and his statuesque bride, Sheila Stephens, have not only good speaking but good singing voices, to say nothing of an irreverent sense of humor. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's band do the dance music full blast. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the banks of Peacock Alley, as it winds its sinuous way around the block, the trios of Norman Paris and Jozsi Ribari play listening music (Mondays through Thursdays) and dance music (Fridays and Saturdays) from seven until twelve. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band is the dance master.

Note—The Rainbow Room, the chalet at the summit of the Rockefeller Range, offers canapés, cocktails, and brandy, but no St. Bernards. It operates from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday, and Joseph Sudy's trio plays drinking songs most of the time. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High style in state of mind, décor, and decorum. Addison Bailey, a storehouse of songs that matter, presides over the scenery and the piano from cocktails through supper; Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. . . . **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some really good type-casting for metropolitan life after dark. At the back end of the awning-striped dining room, after eight, a piano offers up the nighttime blend of sociability and nostalgia that's essential to the prevailing mood. The eminent Rack Godwin has the assignment now. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational school for social research, open (naturally) from cocktail time on. Bob Printz plays piano from five to seven-thirty, and Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders alternate after that, sometimes with four-handed galops. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, whose lyrics deal, tersely or lightly, with the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid, reigns supreme and serene in her pet cubbyhole, at which she arrives along about eleven. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, is also a piano soloist who adds nice touches to well-remembered songs. Closed Sundays. . . . **Barberry Room**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In this hall of mirrors, Renato Rossini's guitar, which is placid at six, waxes passionate in true Mediterranean fashion before he finishes up at one in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Dinner and supper to the theme of "Volare, Cantare," which issues from a posse of violinists led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **Weylin**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, playing old black magic on the dark keys and old white magic on the others, has the run of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain, you come to think, is a never-never land of all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): What may have been the town house of Joan of Arc, the Knights Templar,

N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

PERFUMES - TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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or William Randolph Hearst, and largely in its pristine state. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The Iberian Peninsula in miniature, and some of its indigenous arts—cuisine, piano, and guitar—in full size. The music begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At ten in this tongue-in-cheek little art gallery, Aaron Bell's trio, which (as the night grows older) rings not a few changes on modern music, sets to work, and soon after that Jacques Kayal, whose songs at the piano are pretty good European ones, chimes in. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): An evening-long seminar on how to play the zimbalon, an instrument that is now one with the whooping crane. Even the headwaiter sings in the course of a long but cheering musicale. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. At frequent intervals, from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, there's piano by George Feyer, whose music is in the Tinker Toy vein. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a chipper pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Piano, small talk, and an extremely relaxed version of the way things are in the Village bars.... **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Sunday, is giving it more lively touches than he used to.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Al Mello scampering most effectively up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Not only violin but song delivered at the table while you wait. The delivery boy is apt to be Latin; the landscaping is boudoir *cum* plush. Closed Sundays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): After a hard day at the Metropolitan Museum, you might try a stirrup cup in the decorator's-delight bar of the Stanhope Hotel, between nine and twelve-thirty, when the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, who takes his work (principally Spanish) seriously, is audible. No music Mondays.

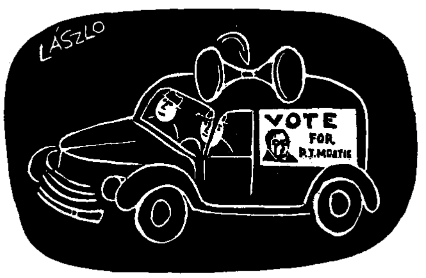
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new ship of extravagant state, which is giving Jane Russell, of the films, her first real go at night life. It's staffed largely by young ladies in remarkably practical work clothes. On Friday, Nov. 7, Anna Maria Alberghetti, a small princess with a large supply of grace notes, will take over the quarter-deck from Miss Russell. Dancing. ... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Nat King Cole is at bay in this old hollow oak, his wily voice as clear and persuasive as ever. The Copa show with which he is surrounded is smaller than those of yesteryear, but it takes just as long not to make a given point. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

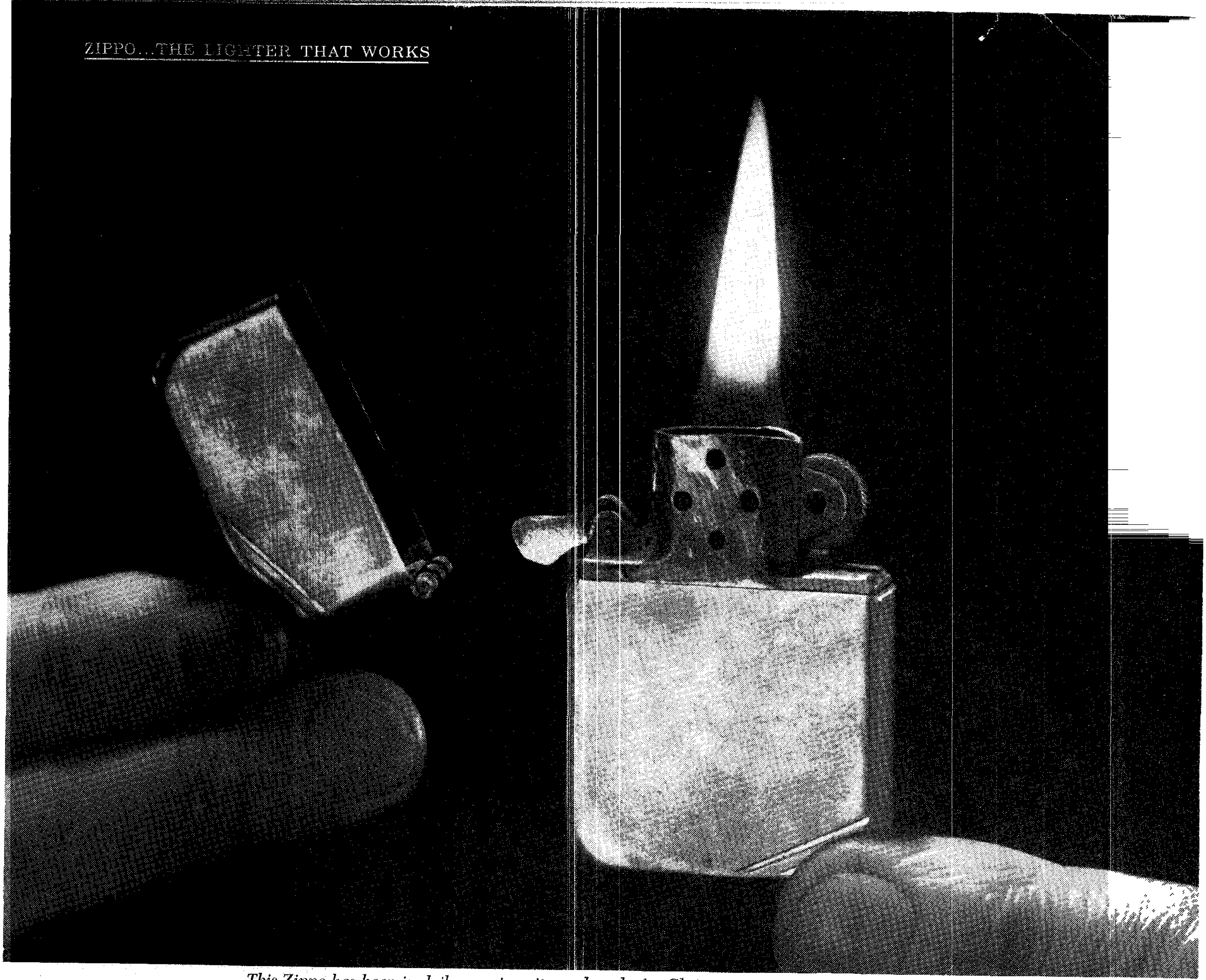
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Mike Nichols and Elaine May will be removing their merry rearrangement of *la comédie humaine* from the scene on Saturday, Nov. 1, the same evening that Dorothy Loudon, who is two parts wryness and one part soda, will probably trample on her final ballad. The plangent tarradiddles of Martha Davis and Spouse, who love each other, their audience, and life, are staying on, to be joined on Thursday, Nov. 6, by George Matson, a parodist with malice toward all and favor to none. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard provide the background. Fridays and Saturdays, the romp begins as early as nine-forty-five.... ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by the Lyons group.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): As cheery a fools' paradise as was ever devised. It offers, at nine-thirty and twelve, the fools to prove it—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall, the dramatis personae of the fourth annual revue put on by Julius Monk, a truly Regency *régisseur* and the ruler of this roost. The pit band is the double pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Another Julius Monk pavilion, upholstered in a manner that could give pointers to a good many interior decorators. Every so often, from ten-thirty on, Portia Nelson's fluent and fervid voice falls in love with love or takes cracks at it. The exemplary pianos of Don Evans and Carl Norman embellish not only her sallies but all the rest of the evening. The bar opens at five, the piano music starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A chaste and ornamental Florentine school of cookery that tries its hand at being a supper club late in the evening. Calm, clear piano by Dick Hankinson from dinnertime on; after the theatre, there is sporting life by Isobel Robins, a golden-haired angel with some fetching ways and arias, and Dean Sheldon, who serves as his own drumbeater (bongo) while he sings some owlish ditties, plus the crisp, pungent piano of Herman Chittison. Miss Robins bows out on Sunday, Nov. 2; a canary named Nancy Kenyon arrives on Tuesday, Nov. 4. Orson Bean, Harvard valedictorian, usually pops in Thursdays to deliver triple-sec homilies, and on Fridays, Milt Kamen usually doubles, via velocipede, from the Den in the Duane (*q.v. infra*). Closed Mondays.... **DELMONICO,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The baroque Café Lounge should be fitted with swinging doors at the stroke of eleven, for a lot of Hugh Shannon's songs at the piano, which begin at that hour, have a fine old mahogany-barroom flavor. Sunday is his holiday.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): This small spa is a rostrum for the eerie vaporings of Phyllis Diller, who frequently seems to be hanging by her heels from the chandelier. Stewart Rose, who keeps his feet on the ground, just sings. He is off Sundays, when old movies take his place; she is away Mondays, which are amateur talent nights. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. ... **DEN IN THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): The neatly rearranged crypt of the Hotel Duane is devoted, in between brief spasms of amateur theatricals, to such worthy purposes as the conversations of Milt Kamen, a firecracker-barrel philosopher, and the songbook of the blithe yet withdrawn Barbara Dane. Miss Dane will give way on Thursday, Nov. 6, to Isobel Robins, now of In Boboli (*q.v. supra*). Closed Sundays.... **VERSAILLES,** 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Stella Brooks, regional chairman of the unbeat generation, explains, in words straight from the wasp's mouth, her ideas on what to do about life; Daphne Hellman, of the classic profile and the classic repertoire, bends over a harp that is alternately hot and cool; and Oskar Nord's duo touches lightly on the salient points of modern music. The harpist is around Tuesdays through Thursdays; everyone else is on a six-day week. Closed Mondays.... **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Mary Small's collection of chanteys will have its final showing on Sunday, Nov. 2. Dancing. ... **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): So thin is this upstairs playhouse that nearly every seat is on the aisle. "Nightcap," the minute revue on tap, has a cast of four diligent young people (Bobo Lewis, girl scatback, is the best of the lot) and a series of editorials (mostly set to music) on the world's more prominent foibles. Not all the words are incised in marble, but no matter. Midnight is the witching hour, except on Fridays and Saturdays, when the first of three shows gets going at nine-thirty; closed Mondays.... **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): It could be a hideaway in Port Said, or a figment of almost anyone's imagination, though it's really just the sternpost of the Midtown Café. The piano is run by Baldwin Bergersen, a composer and musician of considerable merit. The guiding spirit is Janice Mars, who sings her songs with simplicity, directness, honesty, and humor, four of the world's finest maidenly virtues. Dead silence Sundays.... **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, one of the most compulsive young Lochinvars ever to come out of the West, is chanting his paeans to dawn's early light and playing his cloudburst piano in a stage set that is insane about red plush. Russ Haddock's full-blooded trio assists Mr. Short when it hasn't got other fish to fry, such as its own tunes. Mr. Short takes Sundays off, the Haddocks Mondays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The old gray mare of Greenwich Village isn't, etc., etc., but there are still moments of pure joy, as when Mae Barnes goes to bat against an array of popular songs and Kaye Ballard unwinds a manuscript by Freud, Jung, and Krafft-Ebing. Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, who make music for madmen, and Jimmie Daniels, declaimer of boulevardier ballads, are far and away the best of the rest. Closed Mondays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The Battle of Jericho is reproduced with such fidelity that you can actually hear the walls come tumbling down. Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin are on the firing line, and Mr. Condon, the proprietor, often joins in with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Bob Hammer is the interlude professor at the piano. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day, whose airy obbligatos have never had prettier wings, comes to a close on Sunday, Nov. 2, and so does the forward-looking trio of Phineas Newborn, Jr., young man with quite a grand piano. Sundays there are matinées, four-thirty to seven, in addition to the nighttime sessions. The place is closed Mondays. On Tuesday, Nov. 4, Miles Davis, his Brooks Brothers wardrobe, and his horn will start fronting a group in which John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley will be breathing heavily into their saxophones.... **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Undaunted by the pine panelling of this satire on Camelot, Tyree Glenn's admirable quartet, for which Hank Jones is the piano man, goes blampety-blamp through a generally rugged assortment of setting-up exercises, and Joe Bushkin's foursome, for which Mr. B. now essays trumpet as well as Steinway, divides its time between rumpus room and bed of roses. Sundays, visiting playboys take over. At dinner every night, Ving Merlin's instrumental trio treads softly among the beefsteaks.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): The way Bourbon Street looked, back in 1900, to Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and other ancestor worshippers. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and visiting brass



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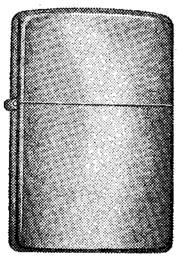
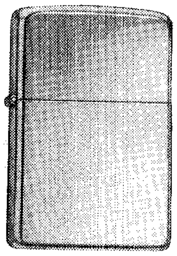


Regular Zippo. Made Zippo famous. Brush-finish chrome. $3.50



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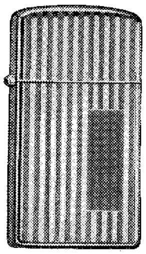
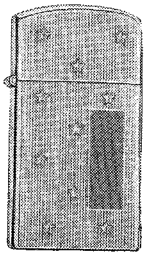
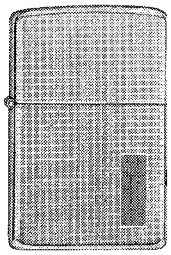


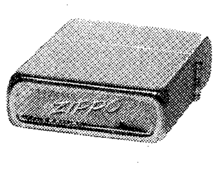
New Zippo Slim-Lighter. Ribbon design, gleaming chrome finish. $6.00



Gold-filled Zippo. 10-kt. gold fused to case, not plated. $20.00*



Engine-turned Zippo. Smart new design in polished chrome. $5.75



If you don't see Zippo on the bottom of the lighter, it's not a genuine Zippo.

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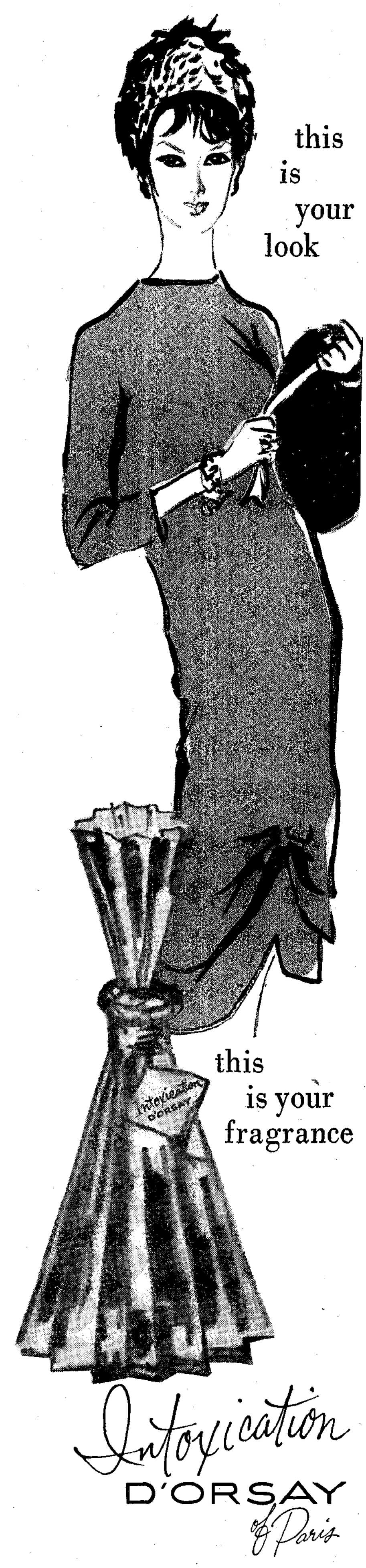

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

shoots the evening breeze every Monday. Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The racket squads—Machito's band and Buddy Rich's quartet—are deployed in full force in this famous cave of the winds. Mondays are given over to guest practitioners.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who heads the trio at work within the oval bar, sometimes paints his piano every color of the rainbow, but underneath it all he is a masterly technician. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band looks remarkably natural on the local bandstand, its home for many a winter. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some venerable musicians, trying to bring the house down around their Dixie ears. The disorderly parties are usually Claude Hopkins, Tony Parenti, Herb Fleming, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, and Cozy Cole. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays. Sunday afternoons, and Monday and Tuesday nights, another deal—a group headed by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins.... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The two-platoon system on which the back room operates is again in a state of flux; viz., Billy Taylor's trio, which shows up every day but Monday, is signing off on Wednesday, Nov. 5, and Bernard Peiffer's trio is coming aboard a day later. Mary Lou Williams' trio, which shows up every day but Sunday, is (for a wonder) standing pat. All three leaders are, in their distinct ways, apostles of the new pianism. Nine o'clock is starting time.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A primer of Early Americana, setting forth the facts in broad, sweeping, but readily comprehensible statements. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, the faculty should include Charlie Shavers, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A trifle hard of hearing, mostly because some convention or other is always erupting underfoot. For those who listen as they run, Dorothy Donegan hammers home the points she has to make on a thoroughly cowed piano. She and her trio sashay away on Saturday, Nov. 1; Jonah Jones' foursome and Eugene Smith's trio arrive on Monday, Nov. 3. Eight-thirty is the usual beginning time. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Lennie Tristano ends his exchange scholarship from his private, far-out planet on Sunday, Nov. 2. He and his quartet will be followed on Tuesday, Nov. 4, by Charlie Mingus's quintet, also from outer space. Closed Mondays. ... **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Mal Waldron's five-man squadron has become the varsity team here, giving its all for the new tones. Mondays, when it takes the evening off, Julian Ewell's trio fills in, and there's the sound of poetry read to jazz, just as though we were way back in 1957.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EDWARD CHAVEZ—Sensitively handled abstract oils, based mainly on New Mexican landscape themes; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Abstract oils; through Nov. 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERTO CRIPPA—Abstractions by one of the younger Italian artists; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Paintings of Mallorca, Maine, and Nassau; through Nov. 15. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

JOSEPH FLOCH—Paintings of interiors; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Figure paintings principally; through Nov. 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI—A memorial exhibition of paintings by a talented interpreter of the New York scene, who died in 1956; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA—Water colors, drawings, and lithographs; through Nov. 22. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

SAMUEL M. MIDDLETON—Collages and drawings; through Nov. 14. (Contemporary Arts, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

SIDNEY NOLAN—Native themes depicted by a young Australian painter; through Nov. 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

PARIS PRIMITIVES—A retrospective exhibition of paintings by Camille Bombois and Louis Vivin; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ALFRED ROGOWAY—Paintings, mostly figures; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KAY SAGE—Surrealist oils and collages; through Nov. 22. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

TOBIAS SCHNEEBAUM—Landscapes and figures; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

IAROSLAV SERPAN—Abstractions; through Friday, Nov. 7. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave. at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HEDDA STERNE—New paintings, combining delicacy of feeling with a new broadness and forcefulness of design; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ANDREW WYETH—Paintings in tempera and water color; through Nov. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURES—At the **CHALETTE**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sculptures by painters, including Picasso, Gauguin, and Max Weber; through Nov. 29.... **HANSA**, 210 Central Park S.: The second annual exhibition of works by Calvin Albert, Peter Grippe, and other members of the New Sculpture Group; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirty-third annual exhibition, comprising paintings by six artists, including Stuart Davis and Charles Sheeler, plus sculptures by William Zorach; through Saturday, Nov. 8.... **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: About two hundred original *New Yorker* cover drawings, dating from 1925 to the present; through Friday, Nov. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)... **TANAGER**, 90 E. 10th St.: Nine gallery members, among them Perle Fine, Angelo Ippolito, and Philip Pearlstein; through Thursday, Nov. 6. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists from Sisley and Rodin to Picasso and Lipchitz; through Saturday, Nov. 1.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: A loan exhibition of distinguished paintings purchased through the gallery, in a tenth anniversary showing; through Saturday, Nov. 1. ... **SAGITTARIUS**, 777 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Fabrizio Clerici, Filippo de Pisis, Nino Caffè, Mario Sironi, and other contemporary Italian painters; through Saturday, Nov. 8. ... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Modern German paintings and drawings by, among others, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Franz Marc, and Emil Nolde; through Dec. 10.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Arbit Blatas; starting Monday, Nov. 3. ... **DE NAGY**, 24 E. 67th St.: Jane Freilicher; starting Tuesday, Nov. 4.... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Gordon Grant; starting Tuesday, Nov. 4.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Jackson Pollock; starting Monday, Nov. 3.... **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Miro; starting Tuesday, Nov. 4. (Closed Mondays.) ... **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: Northwest Coast Indian Arts; starting Wednesday, Nov. 5. (Weekdays, 1 to 5.)... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: B. J. O. Nordfeldt; starting Monday, Nov. 3. (Closed Monday mornings.) ... **POINDEXTER**, 21 W. 56th St.: Hyde Solomon; starting Monday, Nov. 3.

NOTE—An exhibition and sale of paintings and sculptures by American and Israeli artists and French Impressionists (including Robert Motherwell, Alexander Calder, and Renoir) will continue at Technion House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St., through Sunday, Nov. 2. The show is for the benefit of the Israel Institute of Technology, in Haifa, and is open daily from 1 to 10.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works, ranging from Colonial times to the present, and principally from the Museum's collection, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, George Inness, Mary Cassatt, Georgia O'Keeffe, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of sculptures, reliefs, collages, and graphics by Jean Arp; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Eleven paintings and sculptures (by, for instance, Léger and Brancusi) collected by the late Philip L. Goodwin; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A group of European paintings and sculptures (by Seurat, Lipchitz, Mondrian, and others) that have been given or promised to the Museum; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving;" through Dec. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—African sculptures, including figures, masks, and religious objects in wood, stone, metal, ivory, and clay; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Primitive sculptures in metal, among them bronzes from Benin, Nigeria, and pre-Columbian gold objects from Central and South America; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Eleven terra cottas and bronzes recently found at Ife, in Nigeria, and on loan to the Museum; through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of oils, collages, pastels, and water colors by Arthur G. Dove; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, acquired since May, 1957; through Nov. 9. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Belen Amparan, Eugenio Fernandi and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Victoria de los Angeles, Mildred Miller, Barry Morell, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Giuseppe Campora, Cesare Bardelli, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Cesare Valletti, and Mario Sereni. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Belen Amparan, Eugenio Fernandi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Giuseppe Campora, and George London. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Helen Vanni, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Margaret Roggero, Cesare Siepi, and Kurt Baum. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov and Primo Zambruno; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Heidi Krall, Giuseppe Campora, Mario Zanasi, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Tebaldi, Mildred Miller,

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PRESENTS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Zanasi. (A benefit for the Bagby Music Lovers' Foundation; for tickets, call YU 6-6094.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 30: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English).... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 31: "The Merry Widow."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 1: "La Cenerentola."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 1: "Die Fledermaus" (in English).... ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 2: "La Bohème."... ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 2: "Susannah."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 7: "La Traviata."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 8: "Carmen."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 8: "The Merry Widow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Thomas Schippers conducting—Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 31, at 2:30; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3 (all with Gyorgy Cziffra, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 7, at 2:30; and Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30 (all with Ruggiero Ricci, violin).

New York Pops Concert—D'Artega conducting the Symphony of the Air. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Morton Gould as piano soloist in two of his works, and with Julius Schulman, violin. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Leontyne Price, soprano; Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano; Davis Cunningham, tenor; William Warfield, baritone; and the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Frederick Prausnitz conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Amparo Iturbi, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

New York Sinfonietta—Max Goberman conducting an all-Vivaldi program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 5:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a memorial service of music by Ralph Vaughan Williams, with Ellen Faull, soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Richard P. Condie directing. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Arnold Gamson directing a performance of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," in concert form, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:40.)

Maria Luisa Faini—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:40.)

Maria Tipo—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Ivry Gitlis—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

John Browning—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

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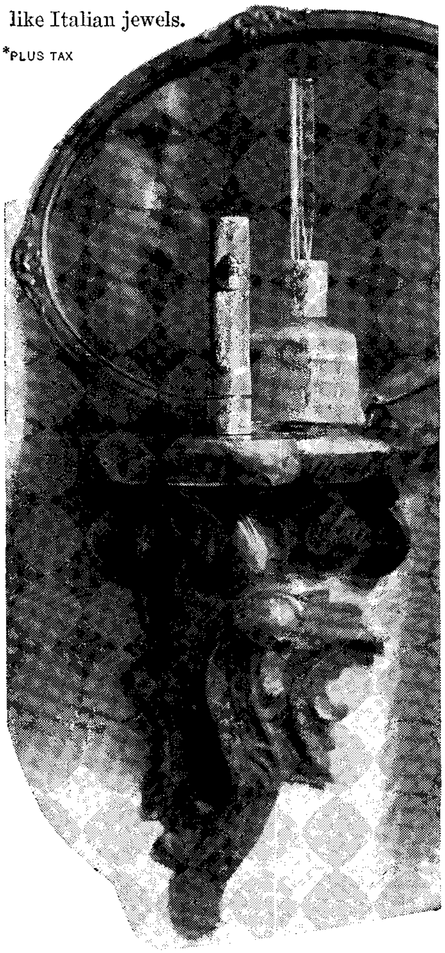

PRINCESS Marcella Borghese

Vandever's, Tulsa;
The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit;
Marshall Field, Chicago.

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Kendall Taylor—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Janacek Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Shoshana Damari—Israeli-Yemenite folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Marian McPartland's trio, Gil Mellé's quartet, Barbara Lea, Sam Most, Teddy Charles, Zoot Sims, Joe Cinderella, and Mose Allison. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Dave Brubeck's quartet, Sonny Rollins' trio, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, and the Four Freshmen. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

Calypso Concerts—Massie Patterson's Calypso Carousel of West Indian singers, dancers, drummers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The Duke of Iron in a program of songs from Trinidad. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Hogan (Kid) Bassey vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 31. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 1: Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Swarthmore vs. Wesleyan, at Swarthmore, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 8: Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 4, through Tuesday, Nov. 11. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 1.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 8.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 9.)

Racing—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 12:45; through Saturday, Nov. 29. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Wednesday, Nov. 5. The Trenton Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:45 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Wednesday, Nov. 12. The Selima, Saturday, Nov. 8.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Thomas Schippers

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting the opening children's concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Nov. 1, at noon.)

MUSICAL PLAYS—At **THEATRE EAST**: "I Wish I May." (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES**: "The Arabian Nights." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, Y.M.H.A.: "Does Poppy Live Here?" (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 2:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "Eclipse at Danger Island," has to do with the total solar eclipse as it was seen on Oct. 12 from Danger Island, in the South Pacific. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—"Safety Last," with Harold Lloyd. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 11 and 1:15. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Election Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

ELECTION DAY—The hours for voting on Tuesday, Nov. 4, are from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M.

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

POETRY, PROSE, AND DRAMA READINGS—Thursday, Oct. 30: W. H. Auden reading from his own poetry. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1: George Barker reading from his own poetry. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 3: A group of actors reading Colette's play "Creatures Great and Small." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6: Katherine Anne Porter reading from her own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Evenings at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture, gold and jewelled *objets de vertu*, paintings, porcelains, Danish and other silver, tapestries, and rugs; from several collectors, among them Mrs. B. Schrage. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 5-6, at 1:45: Letters and documents by such American statesmen as Washington, Lincoln, and Franklin; from the collection of Clendenin J. Ryan and from other sources.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, NOV. 15**: Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 22**: Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, and Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . **THANKSGIVING DAY**: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 29**: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Giants vs. Baltimore, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Washington, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cleveland, Dec. 14.

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 6.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square

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Garden on Nov. 15, 16, 19, 23, 26, and 29, and Dec. 3, 7, 10, and 14.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Nov. 29-30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Nov. 13, 16, 22, 25, and 29, and Dec. 2, 6, 9, and 12.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 11. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 3. . . . ¶ Ray Lev, piano, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Francis Cassel, piano, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 12 and 15 and Dec. 10 and 13. . . . ¶ Danish National Orchestra, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Nov. 18 and Dec. 2. . . . ¶ John Creighton Murray, violin, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra of Mexico, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Grant Johannesen, piano, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 25 and Dec. 16. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Moura Lympany, piano, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Witold Malcuzynski, piano, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Byron Janis, piano, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Mischa Elman, violin, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 9. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Walter Hautzig, piano, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Clarion Concerts, Nov. 11 and Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Ruth Slenczynska, piano, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennet, tenor and guitarist, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Boston Little Orchestra, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Nov. 17 and Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Frank Glazer, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Elena Nikolaidi, contralto, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Violoncello Society, Dec. 10. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Isaac Stern, violin, Nov. 22. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Contemporary Music Society, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ New York Pro Musica, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ David Bar-Illan, piano, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ American Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 12. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (CO 5-6811): The Regimental Band of the Grenadier Guards and the Massed Pipers and Highland Dancers of the Scots Guards, Nov. 30.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the City Center, Nov. 25-Feb. 1.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "La Plume de Ma Tante," a revue from Paris (in English), written by Robert Dhéry, with music by Gérard Calvi, lyrics by Ross Parker, and a cast that includes M. Dhéry and Colette Brosset. . . . ¶ A revival of Sean O'Casey's play "The Shadow of a Gunman," with William Smithers, Gerald O'Loughlin, and Susan Strasberg. . . . ¶ José Ferrer, Lois Smith, and Lorne Green in "Edwin Booth," a play by Milton Geiger. . . . ¶ Elmer Rice's new play, "Cue for Passion," starring Diana Wynyard and John Kerr. . . . ¶ "Flower Drum Song," a musical based on the novel by C. Y. Lee. Richard Rodgers composed the score, Oscar Hammerstein II did the lyrics, and Mr. Hammerstein and Joseph Fields turned out the book. Among those in the cast are Miyoshi Umeki, Pat Suzuki, Juanita Hall, and Ed Kenney. . . . ¶ A comedy-mystery by Alec Coppel, called "The Gazebo," in which Walter Slezak and Jayne Meadows will appear. . . . ¶ "The Disenchanted," a play by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit, taken from Mr. Schulberg's novel of the same name, with Jason Robards, Jr., and Rosemary Harris in the leading roles. . . . ¶ Eli Wallach and Maureen Stapleton in "The Cold Wind and the Warm," S. N. Behrman's play, suggested by his reminiscent pieces in *The New Yorker* and his book "The Worcester Account." . . . ¶ Ben Gazzara and Janice Rule in "The Night Circus," a play by Michael V. Gazzo. . . . ¶ London's Old Vic Company will return for a five-week engagement, during which they will present Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and "Henry V," with John Neville, Barbara Jefford, and Laurence Harvey. . . . ¶ Archibald MacLeish's play "J.B.," with a cast headed by Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, Raymond Massey, and Nan Martin.

Poetry Readings—At the Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. (AT 9-2400): E. E. Cummings, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Marianne Moore, Nov. 20.

Other Dates—Veterans' Day is Tuesday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Nov. 21-23. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 27.

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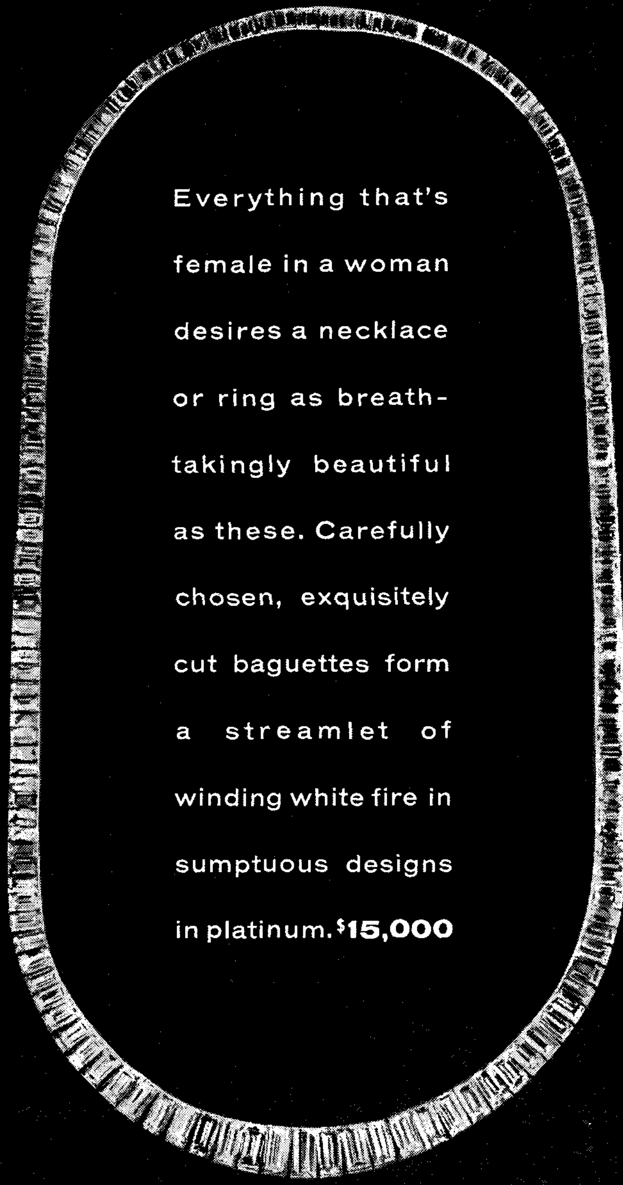

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, is extremely skillful. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel in a topnotch French film that describes natural childbirth in terms at once informative and dramatic. Mr. Gabin is cast as a doctor trying to get the idea of painless parturition across to the peasants of a French Alpine village, and Miss Courcel as a young pregnant woman who subscribes to his theories. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Defiant Ones—Under Stanley Kramer's direction, Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis perform admirably in this grim story of a Negro and a white man, full of hatred for each other's race, who escape together from a Southern prison camp and, in the course of fleeing from a posse, learn something about tolerance. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Gigi—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a lot of nice songs, and some beguiling performances by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760; through Nov. 1. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411: starting Nov. 2.)

Pather Panchali—An on-the-spot depiction of life in a village in India. Extraordinarily affecting after a slow start. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Reluctant Debutante—A lively affair in which Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison figure amiably as the parents of a young lady who, instead of paying attention to the proper young gentleman they favor as her suitor, takes up with a jazz drummer of murky ancestry. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Nov. 5, tentative.)

Coming Attractions

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Rooney—A comical account of the adventures of a Dublin dustman who is pursued by all kinds of ladies anxious to put an end to his bachelorhood. John Gregson gives a fine performance as this harried man, and Barry Fitzgerald is highly diverting as an irascible ancient related to some of the anxious women. A British film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 5.)

The Roots of Heaven—John Huston's long but occasionally dramatic movie about a man who thinks elephants are getting a bad shake from the ivory hunters. Trevor Howard plays the elephants' pal, and he is supported by Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Seventh Seal—An intricate and absorbing Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, that offers some views, as a morality playwright might see them, of Sweden in the throes of a plague in the fourteenth century. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 4, tentative.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 4, tentative.)

Giant (1956)—Some of the denizens of Texas, both human and bovine, displayed in their native habitat. Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting Nov. 4.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 30, tentative.)

Juarez (1939)—Romance and revolution in the Mexico of Carlotta and Maximilian. With Bette Davis, Paul Muni, and Brian Aherne. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Nov. 2.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 5.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; through Nov. 5.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series directed by Paul Rotha—Through Nov. 1: "No Resting Place" (1950), with Michael Gough. . . . ¶ Nov. 2-5: "The Forgotten Indians" (1956) and "World Without End" (1953), both British documentaries. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Nov. 5 (tentative): "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 5. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Nov. 5: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Nov. 5: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Night Heaven Fell" (in English), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Oct. 30: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando.
From Oct. 31: "In Love and War," Robert Wagner, Dana Wynter.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Election Day at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
Through Nov. 1: **GIGI.**
From Nov. 2: Theatre closed.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Party Girl," Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE DEFIANT ONES.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Extra performance Election Day at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 4 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From Nov. 5 (tentative): **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Oct. 30: **GIANT**, revival.
Oct. 31-Nov. 3: "The Fiend Who Walked the West," Hugh O'Brian; and "Naked Earth," Richard Todd, Juliette Greco.
From Nov. 4: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando; and "I Married a Woman," George Gobel.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 4 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From Nov. 5 (tentative): **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.**

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Nov. 1: "Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.
From Nov. 2: **GIGI.**

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Oct. 30: **GIANT**, revival.
Oct. 31-Nov. 3: "The Fiend Who Walked the West," Hugh O'Brian; and "Naked Earth," Richard Todd, Juliette Greco.
From Nov. 4: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando; and "I Married a Woman," George Gobel.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Night Heaven Fell," (in French), Brigitte Bardot. Alida Valli.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Nov. 2: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival.
From Nov. 3: "My Uncle, Mr. Hulot" (in French), Jacques Tati, Alain Becourt.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Nov. 4 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From Nov. 5 (tentative): **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 5: **SUMMERTIME**, revival; and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Nov. 1 (tentative): "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "The Whole Truth," Stewart Granger.
Nov. 2-4: To be announced.
From Nov. 5 (tentative): **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Oct. 30 (tentative): **THE GREEN MAN**, revival; and "Designing Woman," revival, Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall.
Oct. 31-Nov. 4: To be announced.
From Nov. 5 (tentative): "No Sun in Venice" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand; and another feature, to be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Oct. 30: **GIANT**, revival.
Oct. 31-Nov. 3: "The Fiend Who Walked the West," Hugh O'Brian; and "Naked Earth," Richard Todd, Juliette Greco.
From Nov. 4: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando; and "I Married a Woman," George Gobel.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Nov. 1: "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, and "The Whole Truth," Stewart Granger, Donna Reed.
Nov. 2-4: "The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.
From Nov. 5: **THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE**; and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 4 (tentative): **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.
From Nov. 5: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 1: "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.
Nov. 2-4: "Woman's World," revival, Clifton Webb, June Allyson; and "We're No Angels," revival, Humphrey Bogart.
From Nov. 5: **ROONEY**; and "There's Always a Price Tag" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Daniel Gelin.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Oct. 30: **GIANT**, revival.
Oct. 31-Nov. 3: "The Fiend Who Walked the West," Hugh O'Brian; and "Naked Earth," Richard Todd, Juliette Greco.
From Nov. 4: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando; and "I Married a Woman," George Gobel.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 2: "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
From Nov. 3: "My Uncle, Mr. Hulot" (in English), Jacques Tati, Alain Becourt.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Tosca" (in Italian). (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Extra performances Sundays and Election Day at 6. Reserved seats only.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Pot Bouille" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE SEVENTH SEAL (in Swedish).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 4: **JUAREZ**, revival; and "The Jazz Singer," revival, Al Jolson.
From Nov. 5: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands.

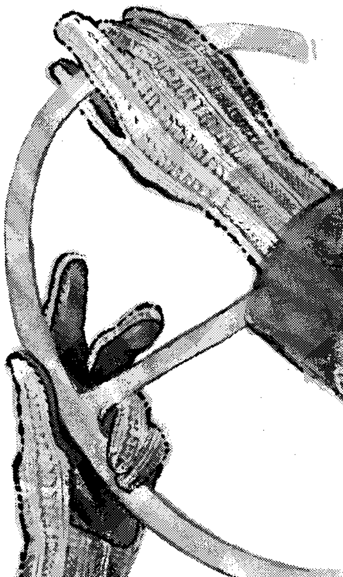
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 30: "The Adulteress" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone; and "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Cancan"), revival, Jean Gabin.
From Oct. 31: "Naïs" (in French), revival, Fernandel; and "The Impostor" (in Japanese), revival, Utaemon Ichikawa.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 3: "Wind Across the Everglades," Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer; and "Frontier Gun," John Agar.
From Nov. 4: **GIANT**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Nov. 1: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.
Nov. 2-4: To be announced.
From Nov. 5: "No Sun in Venice" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand; and "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Oct. 30: **GIANT**, revival.
Oct. 31-Nov. 3: "The Fiend Who Walked the West," Hugh O'Brian; and "Naked Earth," Richard Todd, Juliette Greco.
From Nov. 4: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando; and "I Married a Woman," George Gobel.



From Britain, two for the road

Vital part of the itinerary, our handsome driving gloves from England that ride off in style, warmth and comfort! Fine knit wool with lined wristlets, and capeskin palms for sure-gripping. Gray with gray leather, oatmeal with chukker. Small, medium or large, **4.50**

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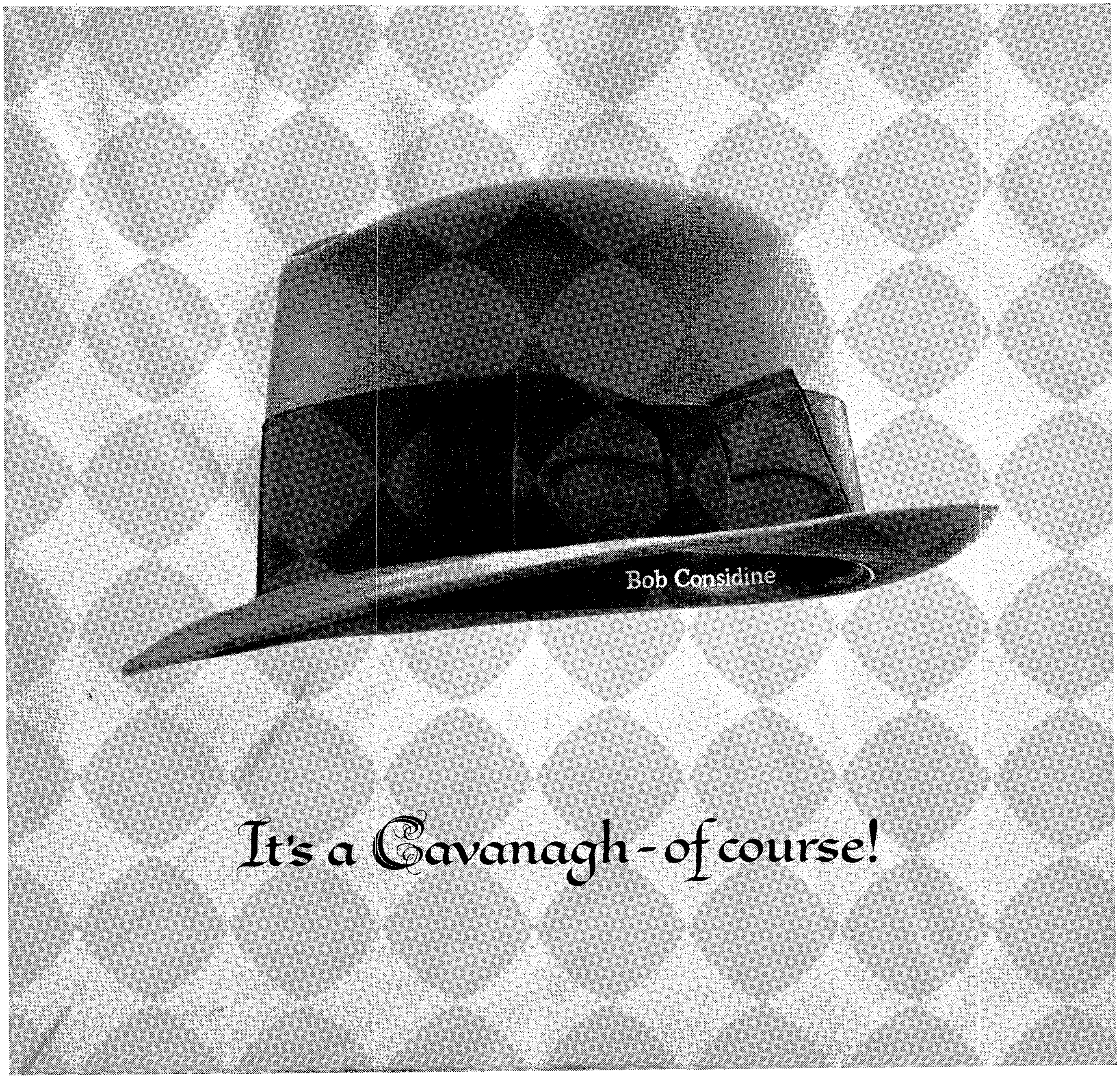

If you name the three top men in any field, two of them most likely wear Cavanagh Hats. Do you? Shown above is the slim, narrow brim Cavanagh Down Turn—the hat most chosen by America's most successful men. Be assured yours will fit impeccably when you visit the world's largest hat shop—Cavanagh Hats, Park Avenue and 47th Street.

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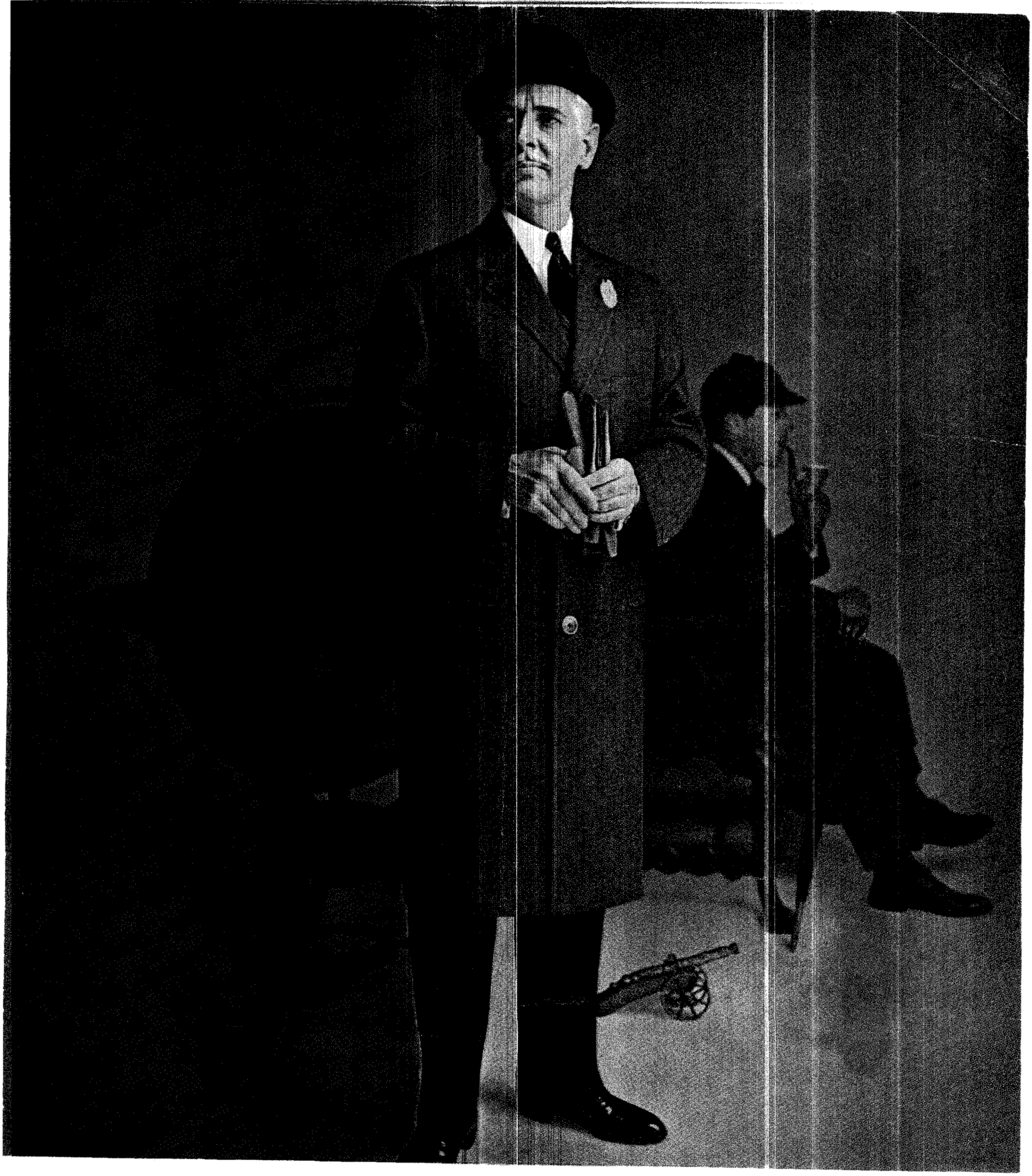

Gentlemen, the new envoy from the Haymarket, London, S.W. 1

The aristocratic town coat you see here is the Urbitor—latest triumph from our designers in London. To Burberry zealots, this new coat unquestionably represents a fashion upheaval of the first magnitude—for its lithe, fine-bred lines are a radical departure from Burberrys' legendary raglan styling. As for men-about-town in general, the Urbitor will be as much revelation as revolution —a masterstroke of quiet elegance for the most sophisticated dress wear. In Burberry cloths of rare luxury . . . $100 to $850

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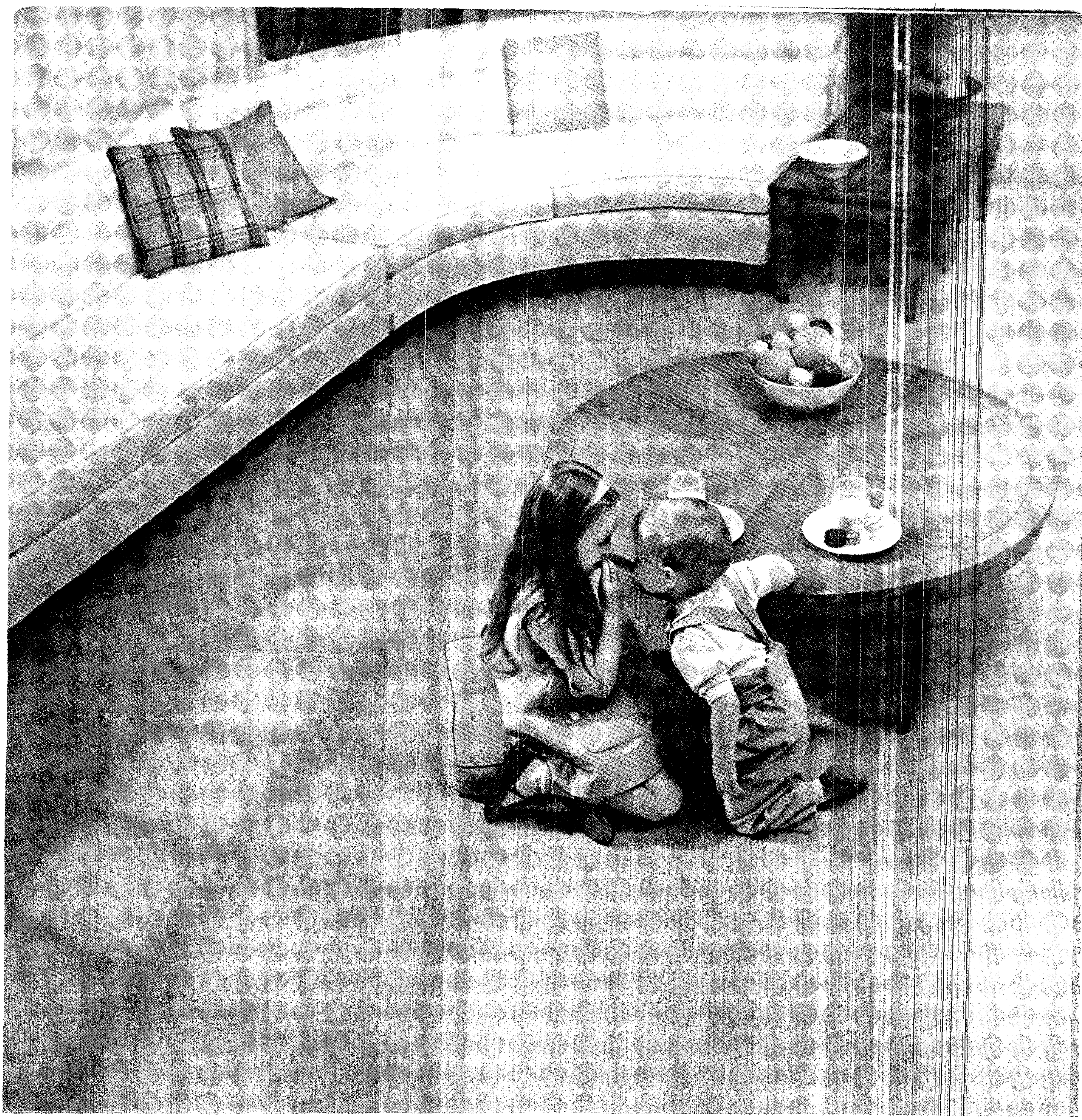

No "Keep Off" signs on this Cabin Crafts carpet

Why should children be scooted out of the prettiest, warmest room in the house? No reason, says Cabin Crafts, and proves it with this Acrilan® carpet. Suppose milk, cocoa, or even grease spills? It simply sponges off with detergent and water. Ride a bike over the carpet (only watch out for that couch), and the bouncy pile springs right back to shape. As for color, Cabin Crafts is matchless. The range covers subtle and brilliant tones, innovations like this Aztec Red with Pumpkin—a daring combination. Another thing about Cabin Crafts, the pile is so *dense*. Choose nylon, cotton or blends from $5.95 to $19.95 sq. yd. You won't find such lush pile anywhere. Shown, Clermont at $12.95 sq. yd. Write for Room Service book on how to decorate with Needletuft Rugs and Carpets. Cabin Crafts, Inc., Dept. NY-5, Dalton, Georgia.

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A better idea in carpets...Needletuft by

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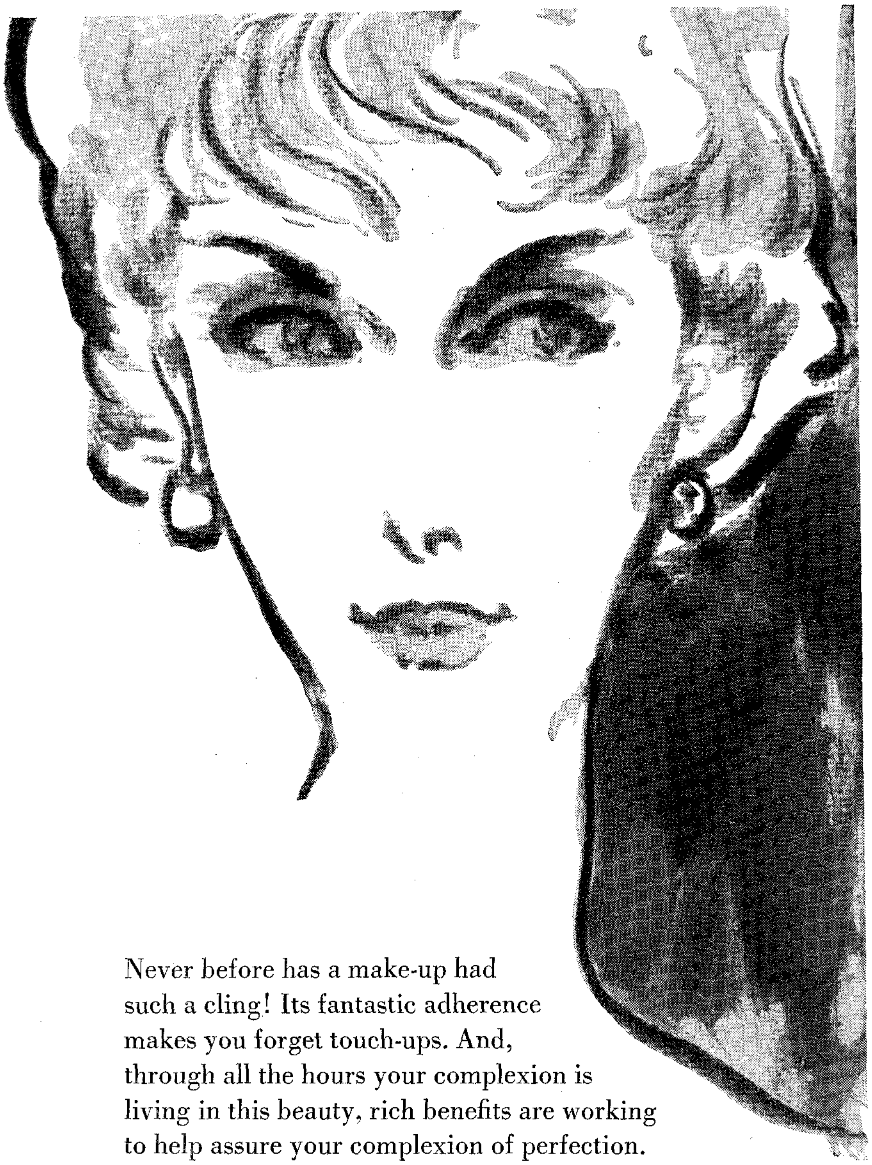

The make-up
with
the cling
that is making
history!
...makes you
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MAKE-UP
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Never before has a make-up had such a cling! Its fantastic adherence makes you forget touch-ups. And, through all the hours your complexion is living in this beauty, rich benefits are working to help assure your complexion of perfection.

FLUID CREAM MAKE-UP with Royal Jelly, 15.00
The foundation that defies comparison. A superb new texture, it smooths on like a veritable dream, flatters with a wondrous new beauty.

LIPSTICK with Royal Jelly, 3.50
Beautifully lustrous, non-drying. Keeps lips soft, alive, protected. You'll want to see the new Lustre Colors. Refills, 2.00

OVER-TONE CAKE MAKE-UP with Royal Jelly, 5.00
The only cake make-up with Royal Jelly, this glamorous cover-up lasts for hours on end! *Cannot* dry the skin.

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The power of Royal Jelly, as the exclusive diet of the Queen Bee, is believed by scientists to lie mainly in its high concentration of vitamins and proteins. It is added to these Frances Denney preparations in the purest and finest quality, the highest strength ever offered in beauty preparations.

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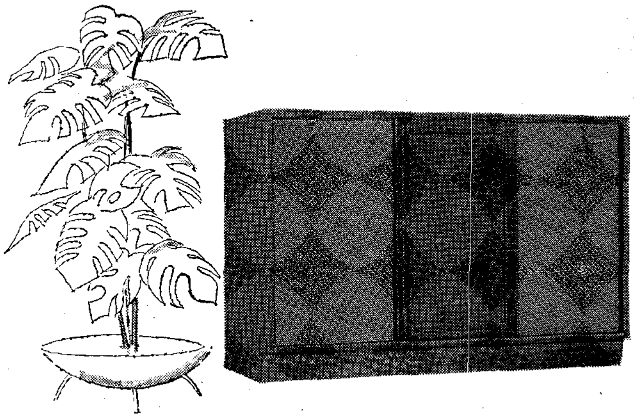


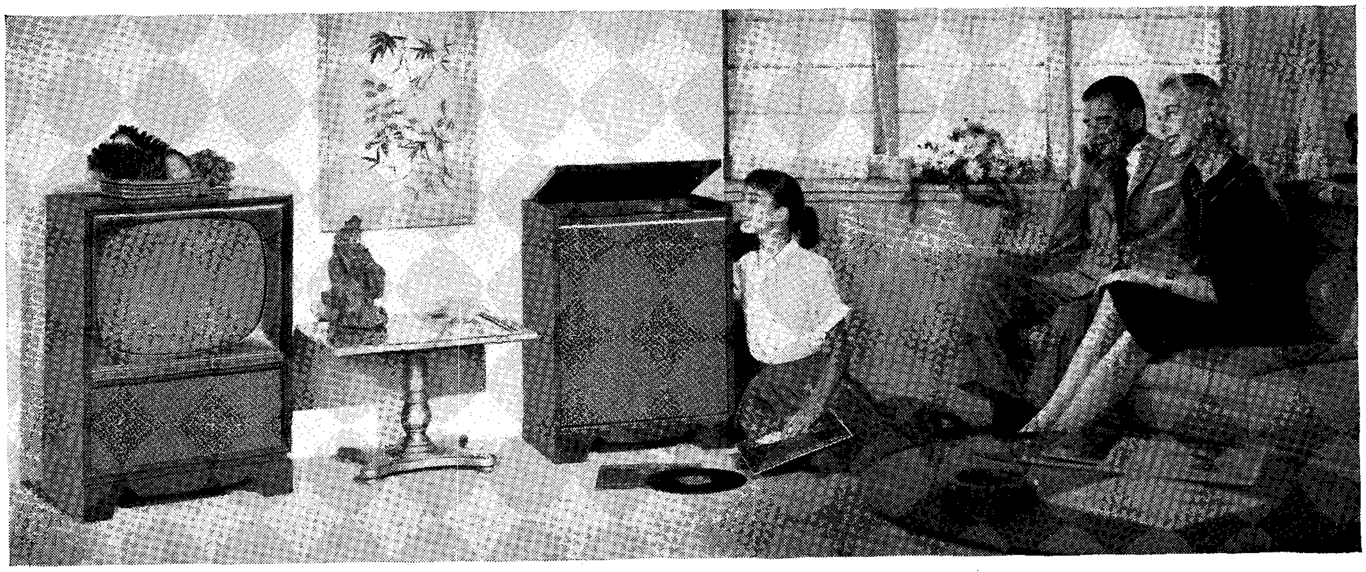
Now MAGNAVOX gives you a choice of three different ways to enjoy thrilling new stereo sound.

1. Stereo "all in one." The Stereorama 202—a new technique combining a complete stereo system in a single cabinet to re-create music with a dimensional quality that seemingly surrounds you with the performers themselves.

Six speakers (including two 15"), a powerful dual-channel amplifier, diamond pickup, sliding top, record library space—in beautiful furniture. In mahogany, only **$289.50.** *Also available with AM/FM radio.*

Magnavox Stereophonic High Fidelity opens an exciting new world of musical enjoyment for you

2. This complete home entertainment center . . . includes STEREOPHONIC sound! Magnavox high fidelity television and companion stereo phonograph combine to provide a complete stereo system for greater listening and television viewing pleasure.



Manhattan high fidelity television serves as second stereo channel. A Gold Seal model, it has "parts guaranteed for a year, free service for ninety days." Only **$299.50.**

Belvedere has four speakers, 20-watt dual-channel amplifier, diamond pickup, many other features found only in high-priced instruments. In mahogany, only **$225.**

3. Duplex Stereo System

Two identical cabinets provide a "spaced" stereo system to suit your decor. See these and other magnificent Magnavox models in fine woods, priced from $149.90 to $1000, at your Magnavox dealer. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

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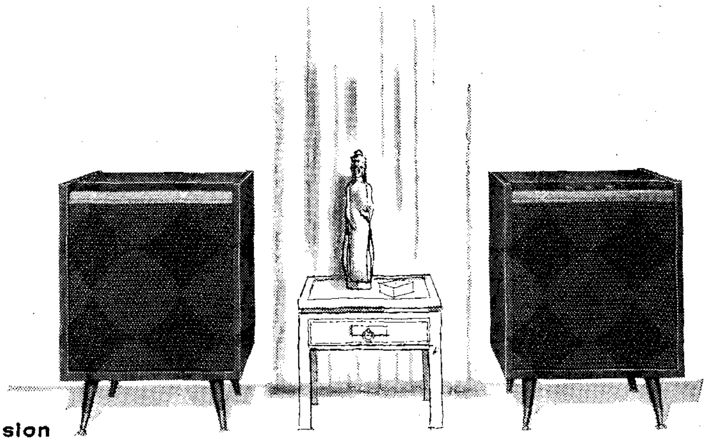
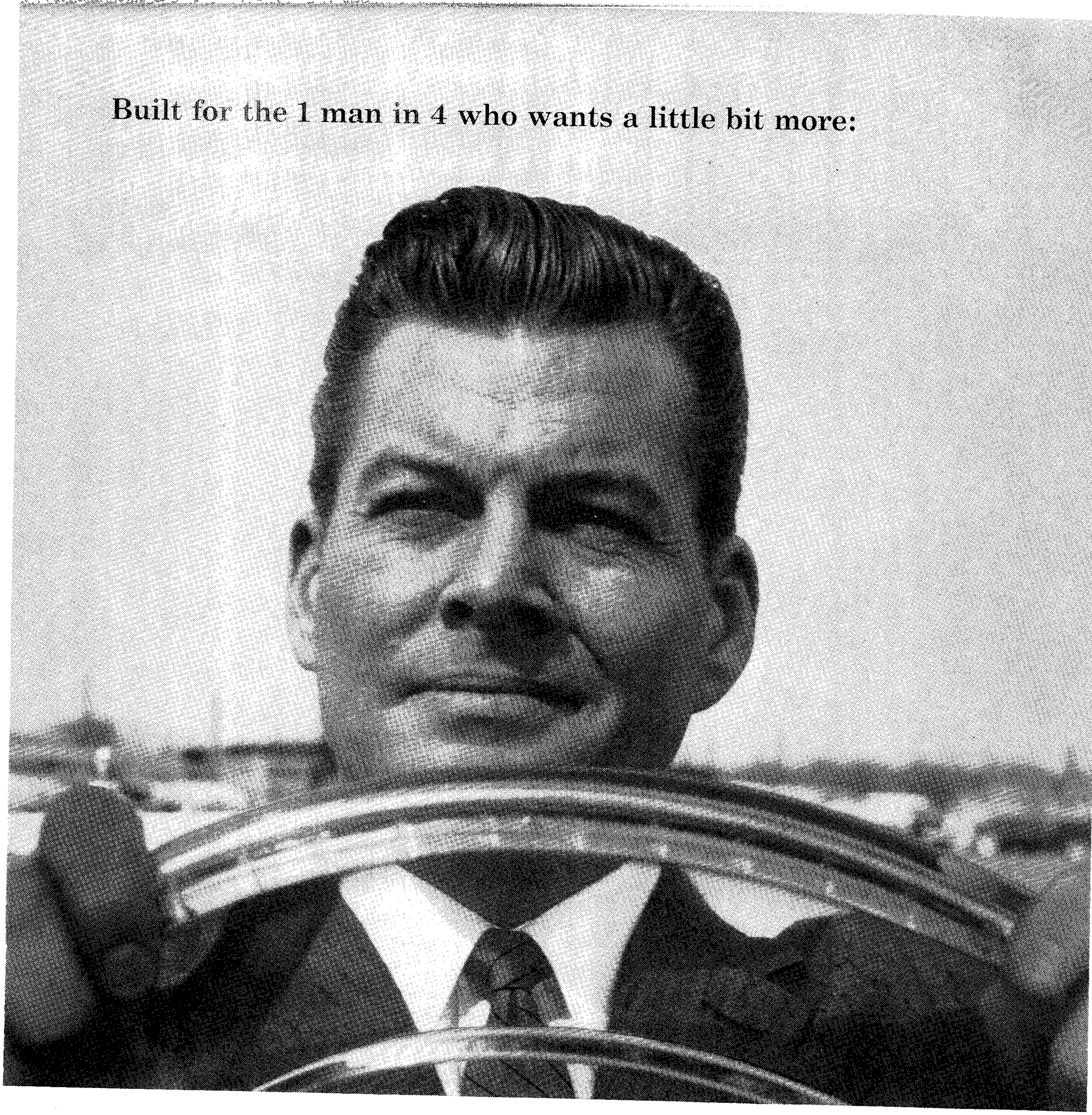
Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.
Some prices slightly higher in far west and south.



*The Concerto 3-speaker phonograph with diamond pickup; dual-channel amplifier—***$159.50.** *Matching companion 3-speaker, record storage cabinet, only* **$69.50.**

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more:



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Engineered to be the finest driving cars in America. These new cars of The *Forward* Look for '59 from Chrysler Corporation. Now ready for you to try at your dealer's.

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WHY NEW 1959 CARS OF THE *FORWARD* LOOK

can do what they look

The smell of a new car is heady stuff.

And when it's a new 1959 Car of The *Forward* Look, the beauty of it makes it tough to be hard-headed.

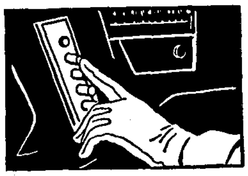
But the best part comes next—

These are cars engineered to be driven.

At their best when they're in motion as your hand and foot command!

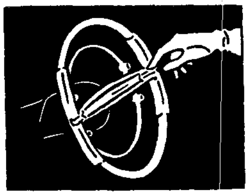
Here's why they *can* do what they look like they can do:

All the controls are at your fingertips. The pushbutton driving controls are all in one handy cluster of buttons, just under your left hand. (Easy for you to get at—keeps your right hand on the wheel. And the youngsters can't reach 'em!) Another set of buttons to your right controls the heater and air conditioning. And the instruments on the new panel are grouped where you can see them without looking too far away from the road.



Touch the button and go! Pushbutton TorqueFlite controls are simple, mechanical and dependable.

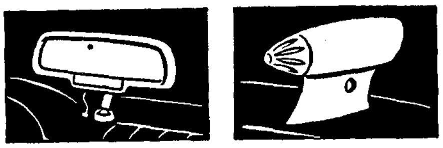
The steering works for you full time. We call it Constant-Control full-time power steering, because it doesn't just "cut in" at turns, as some power steering does. Ours helps you all the time, so you have a constant, steady "feel of the road." It makes these the easiest driving and parking cars in America.



Constant-Control power steering works for you full time, never has that "on-and-off" feeling—makes parking easier than ever.

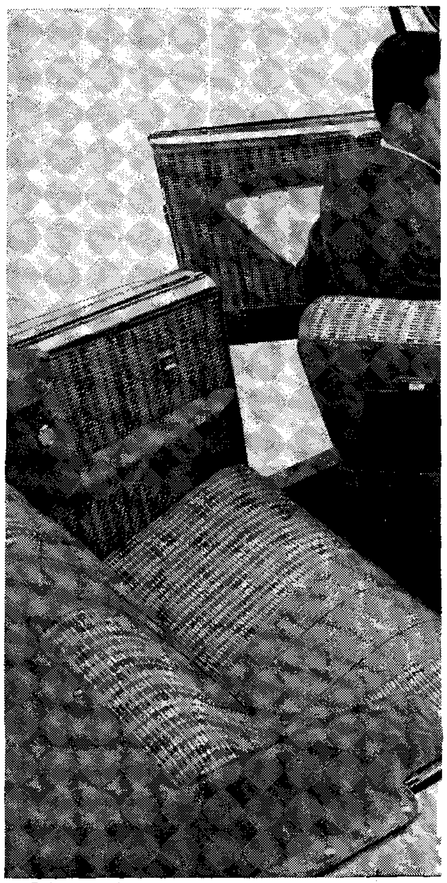
They don't bob their noses or scrape their tails when you start and stop fast . . . and they take corners flat and steady as if they were on rails. Only Chrysler Corporation cars have Torsion-Aire Ride. It gives you a firm, sure-footed ride, even over railroad tracks and rough country roads. (And for '59 you can also get *Forward* Look cars with added air units in the rear. This gives you automatic leveling—so even if you have a heavy load, the car rides level.)

The seats swivel to let you in and out. These are the easiest cars you've ever seen to get in and out of. Front seats turn like an office chair, on noiseless nylon bearings—lock in place while you drive. Our new, roomier body for '59 gives you extra head and knee room besides—especially in back.



New Mirror-Matic Electronic Mirror and Automatic Beam Changer give you new night driving security.

Mirror and headlights adjust themselves for night driving. You've never driven a car that did so much to make you feel secure at night! The headlights dim automatically when another car approaches from up front. And



New swivel seats, available only on Ca

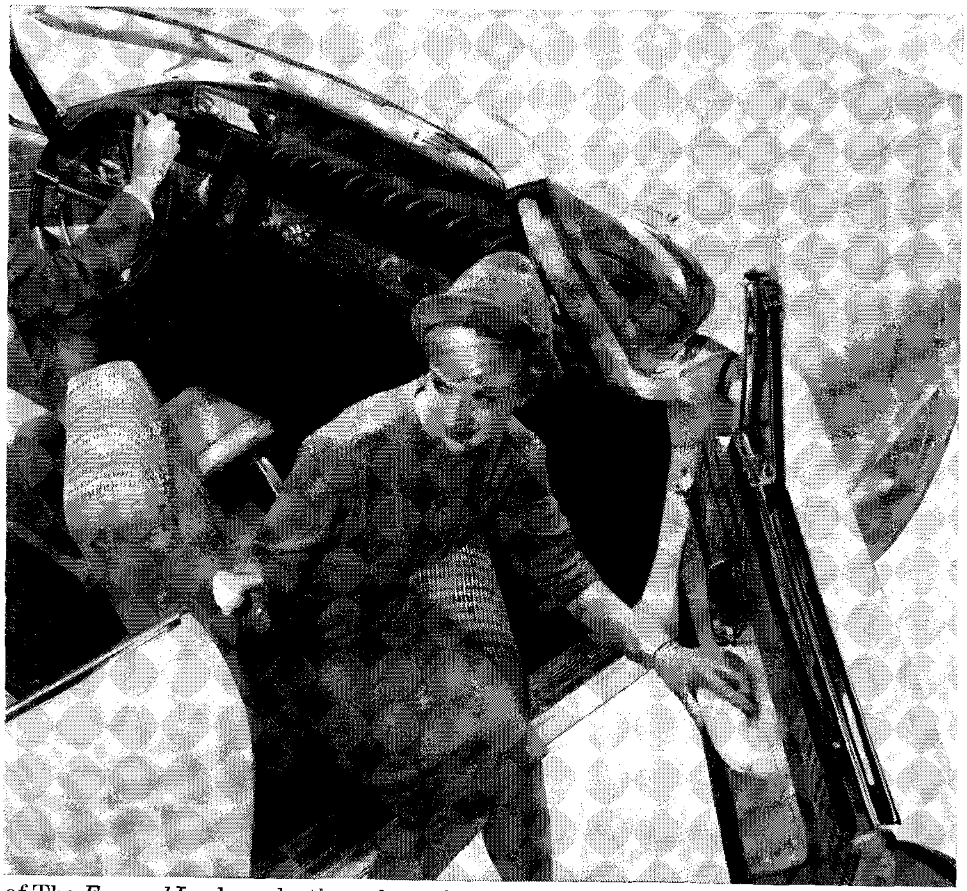
the rear-vision mirror adjusts itself electronically to "dim" lights coming at you from behind.

A few of the other safety features: ar outside fender mirror you can adjust from *inside* the car . . . electric wind shield wipers that don't slow to a gasp on hills or when you step out tc pass somebody . . . and Safety-Rir Wheels, designed to keep the tir from jumping the rim if you eve have a sudden blowout.

Compound windshields that swee all the way across your field of visio —and curve up into the top of th car, so you have clear vision in a directions—can even see overhea signals without craning your neck.

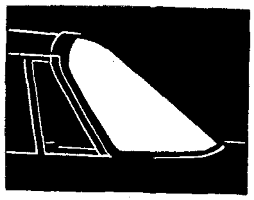
Chrysle

like they can do



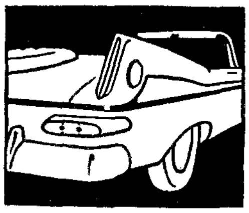
of The *Forward* Look, make them the easiest cars to get in and out of you ever saw.

New power up front—and brakes with the muscle to hold it. You may remember that Chrysler Corporation cars walked off with top performance honors in the famous Mobilgas Economy Run for the past two years straight—with every other major car in America pitted against them. The new '59 models are available with new engines—even better than those that set the pace in '57 and '58!



Compound curve windshields were introduced first by Chrysler Corporation. And there's safety glass all around.

And they've got the brakes to go with 'em—Total-Contact brakes. *Two* hydraulic cylinders up front, where other cars have only one. And the brake makes contact all the way around the drum—not just part of the way, as in other cars. Touch the power brake pedal—and you STOP.

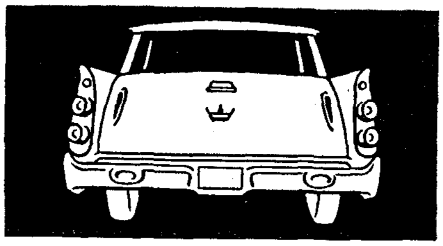


True aerodynamic styling makes a real contribution to driving stability on the highway.

The Look that started the trend is handsomer than ever in the 1959 cars of The *Forward* Look. There's no mistaking them, with their sleek, powerful look, and aerodynamic design that helps keep them steady on the road.

And to protect their looks, they have new "Lustre-Bond" super-enamel finishes, so tough and glossy, a light wash and wipe makes your car look like you spent the whole weekend polishing. Inside—new textured upholstery fabrics and trims are more durable and beautiful than ever before.

And the quality of workmanship built into these cars is apparent everywhere you look—inside and out.



More room to sit, more room to carry things than any other station wagons on the road.

America's biggest, best-looking wagons. We build our wagons family-size, with more sitting and carrying room than any others at any price. More Chrysler Corporation pioneered features too—third seat that faces back, spare tire hidden in the fender, windows that roll down into the tailgate, seats that fold flat to the floor in less time than it takes you to read this sentence.

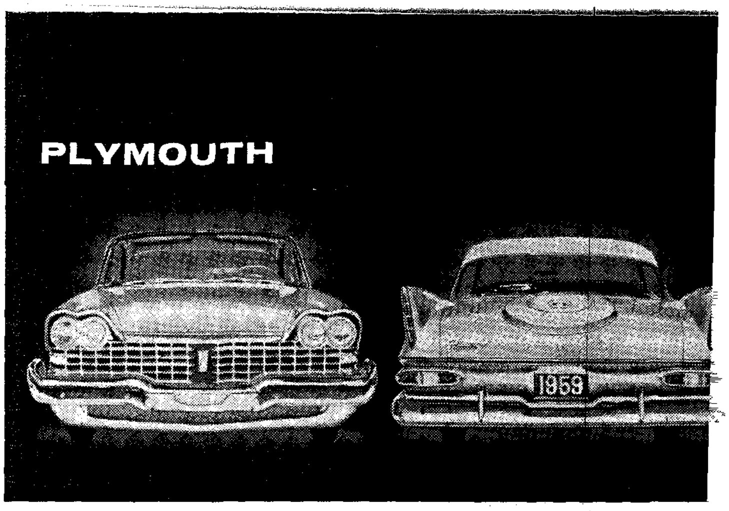
But words are a poor substitute for the real thing, when it comes to describing cars like these. You've got to *drive* one to believe it!

Stop in this week. The dealer has a car waiting for you and the family to try out. Take a new 1959 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler or Imperial and put it through its paces. Pick the roads you know are toughest. One drive will convince you—these are the cars that can do what they look like they can do!

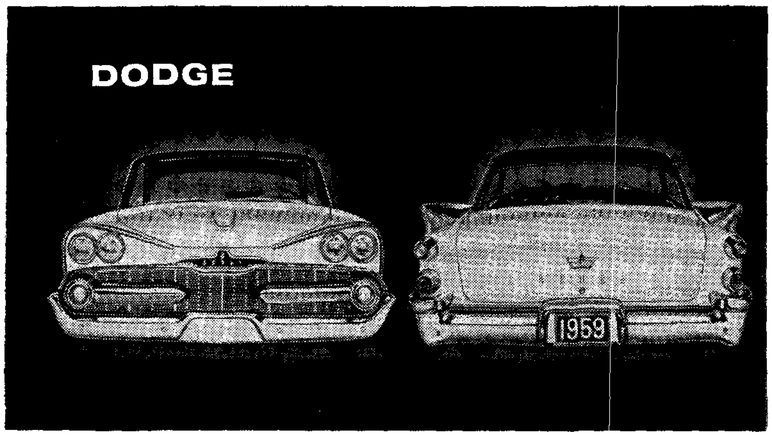
Corporation

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

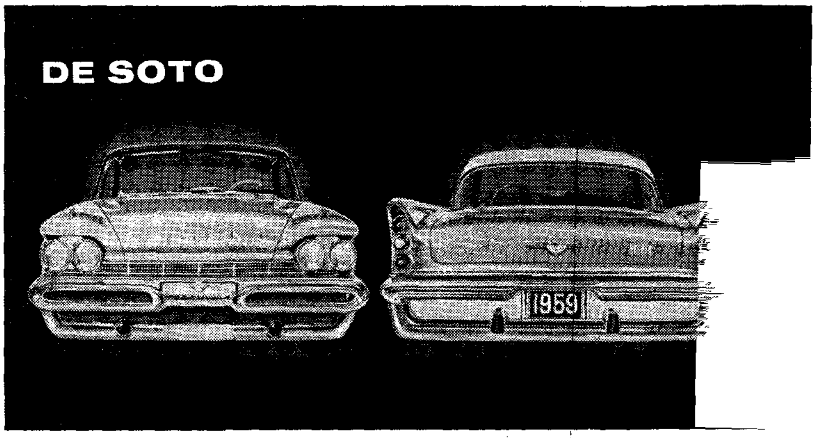
How to spot The New 1959 Cars of The *Forward* Look



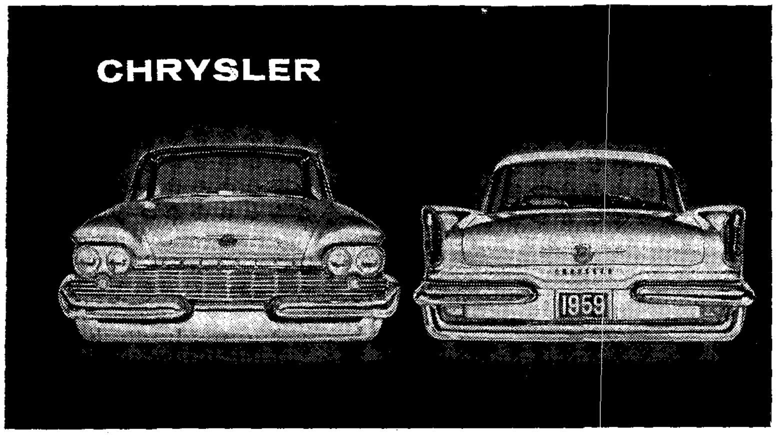
'59 Plymouth is longer—*looks* more sleek than ever. Massive grille and low-slung bumper give it a "take-off" look. Note clean, sweeping fins, and new optional sports deck—an added touch of elegance.



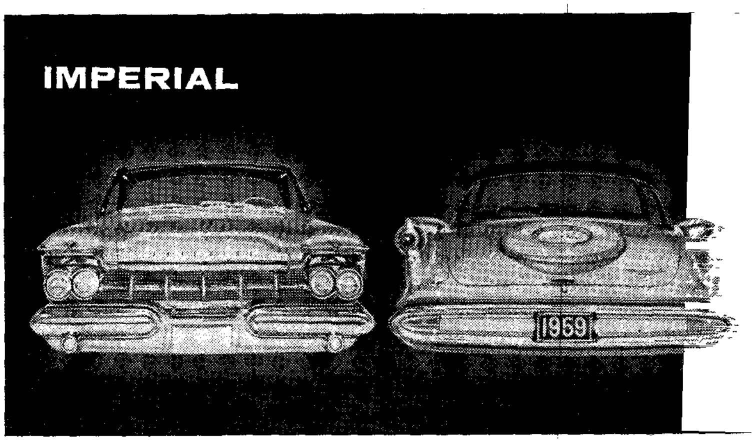
'59 Dodge is all-new, coming and going, with headlamps set under sweeping brows, sculptured fins and lights in back. Note the easy-to-get-at trunk of *all* the 1959 Cars of The *Forward* Look from Chrysler Corporation.



'59 DeSoto has black rubber bumper guards, big functional bumpers, triple taillights. Notice the seeing area of our compound windshields and big wide rear windows (13 sq. feet of glass in rear window *alone!*)



'59 Chrysler has new engines—looks as powerful as it *is*. Headlamps and signal lights are blended into the handsome aluminum grille. In rear, tailpipes are hidden, to help give it that clean modern look.



'59 Imperial has the famous "gunsight" taillights—most distinctive style "trademark" on the road. Notice how the big protective bumpers and low-set headlamps give the Imperial new richness and look of leadership.

And they can do what they look like they can do

(A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes)

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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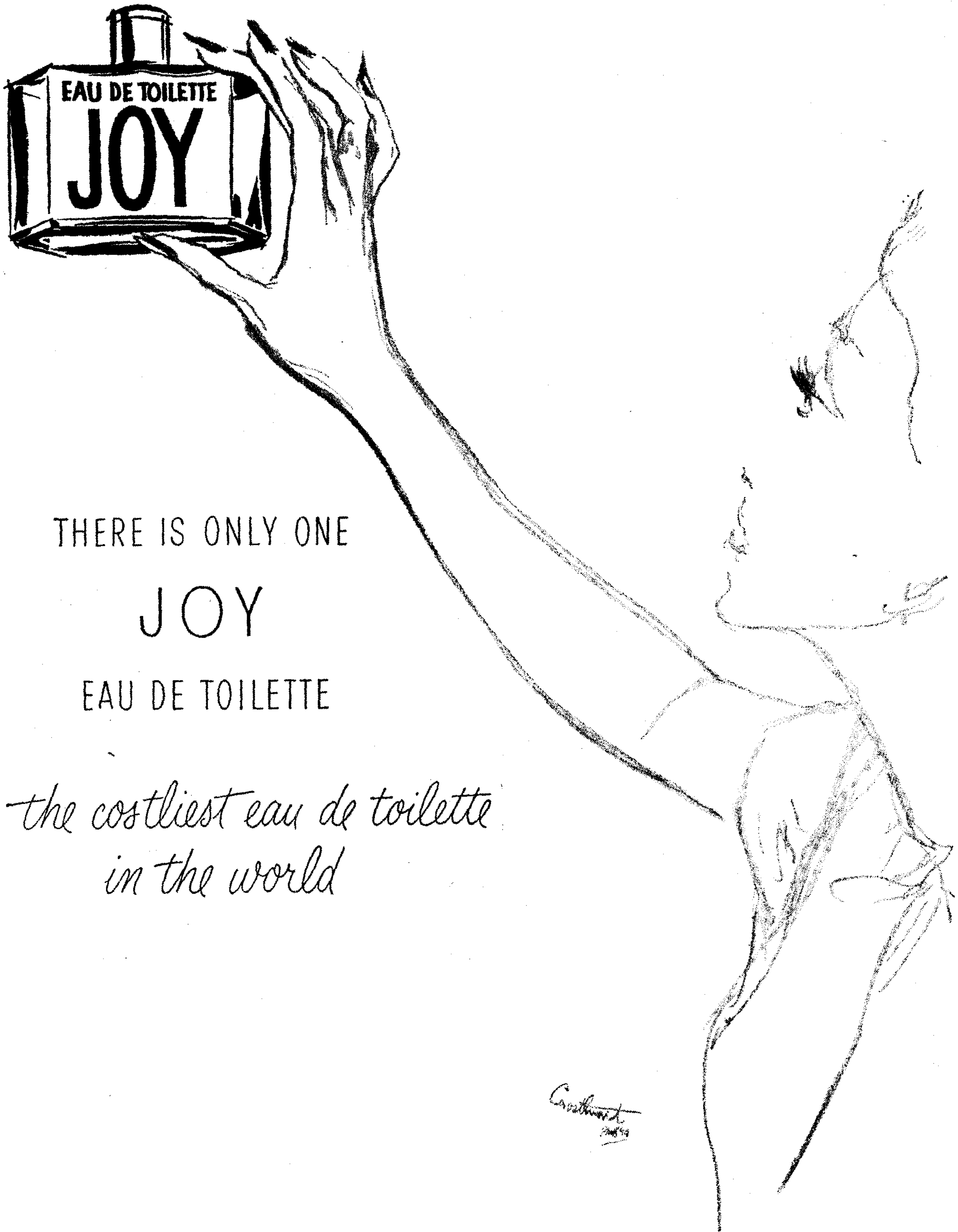
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. . . the costliest eau de toilette in the world

JEAN PATOU

...but 'life-of-the-party' dresses never tire

...the reason is

Du Pont Nylon

DU PONT
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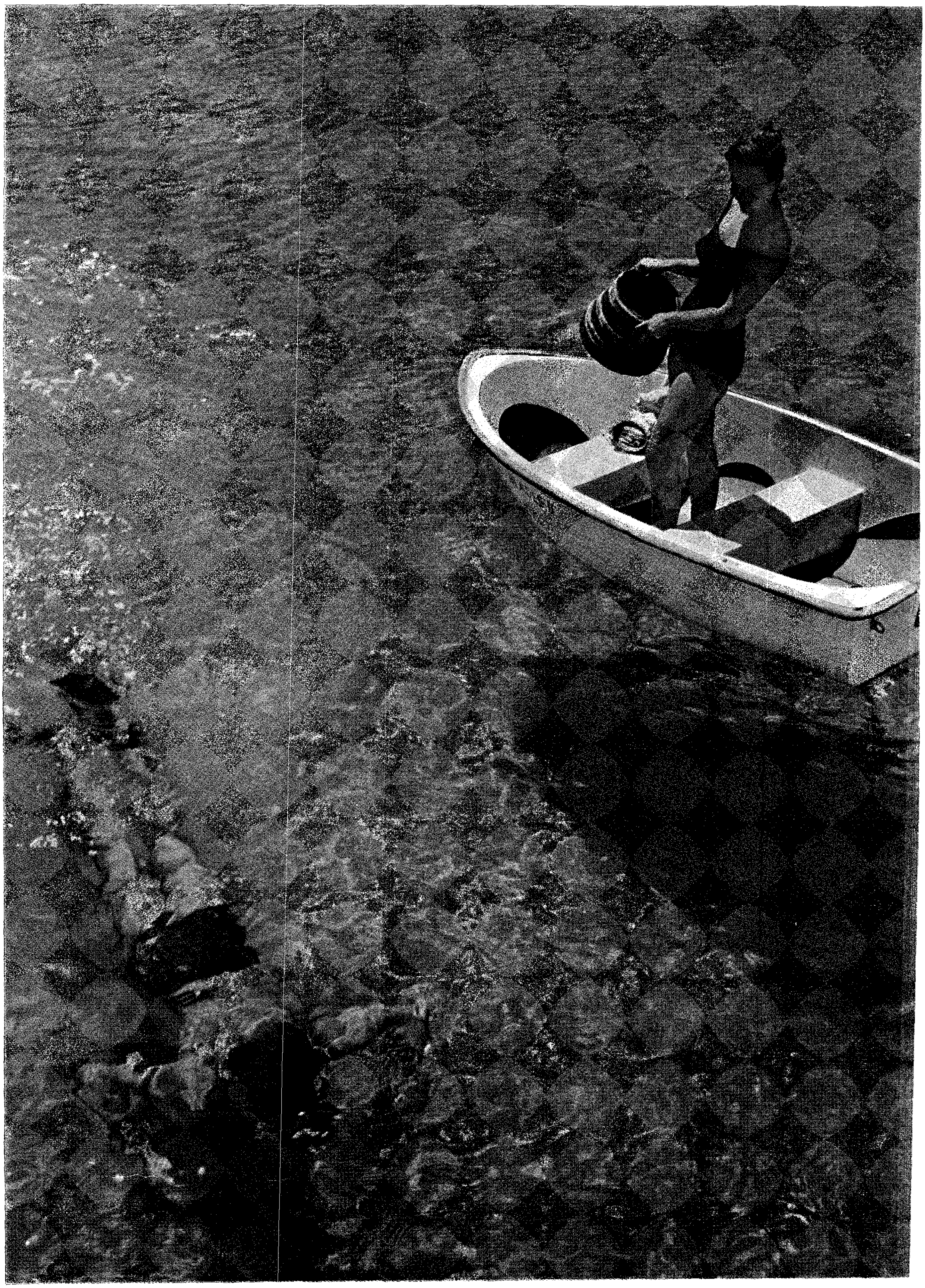
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Secretly strong...delightfully carefree...everlastingly lovely

Select your nylon party dress from the variety available at these stores: *Boston*, Jordan Marsh Company; *Chicago*, Carson Pirie Scott & Co.; *Cleveland*, The Higbee Company; *Detroit*, The J. L. Hudson Co.; *Los Angeles*, The May Co.; *New York*, R. H. Macy; *Northern California*, The Emporium; *Philadelphia*, John Wanamaker; *Pittsburgh*, Joseph Horne Co.; *Washington*, Julius Garfinckel.

Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or gown shown here.



It's a delightfully different world . . .

NASSAU

and the Bahama Islands

Of ALL the beauties of the Bahamas, it's the fantastic clarity and colouring of the sea that make this British Colony one of the most remarkable holiday areas in all the world.

Bottomed by pink sand, brightly-hued coral and undersea plants, the sea throws back at the warm subtropical sun a brilliant array of colours, from the palest of greens to the deepest of blues.

Some vacationers are content just to lounge on a beach and look at it. But most cannot resist its call for swimming, skindiving, and waterskiing. The gamefishing and boating draw sportsmen from all points of the globe.

You'll scarcely believe your first sight of this water. But there it is, beginning just 50 miles off Florida's east coast as you head toward Nassau in a sleek cruise ship or in a giant airliner.

Nature topped off her handiwork by dotting these seas with more than 700 islands and cays, each trying to outdo its neighbour in splashes of colour, too... with towering palms, vivid tropical flowers and endless stretches of talcum-soft beaches.

The smart hotels, clubs and gracious homes in Nassau and her Outer Resort Islands have caught the mood. They wear walls of pastel pink, blue or green under gleaming white roofs.

It's a delightfully different world...and happily, so easy to reach.

Please see your Travel Agent for expert counsel on how to get to Nassau and the Bahamas, and where to stay. Or, if you choose, write Dept. F-2, Nassau, Bahamas, Development Board, 307 British Empire Building, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. The telephone number is PLaza 7-1611.

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◀ *The young lady holds a "water glass," a glass-bottomed bucket, for peering at underwater beauties in the transparent seas off Nassau. Her friend takes a more direct approach. Photograph by Carroll Seghers II.*

easily reached...

BY SEA: From New York every Friday on the 24,400-ton, fully air-conditioned S. S. NASSAU. Seven and nine day cruises from $170. Incres Nassau Line (Home Lines), 42 Broadway, New York 4.

From Miami every Monday and Friday on the S. S. FLORIDA. Round trip, $39 up; three-day, all-expense cruises, from $54. P. & O. Steamship Co., Miami 8.

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B. Altman & Co.

this calls for a celebration

newest party glitter . . . "Olympia", a classic pattern in contemporary style, gold-decorated crystal glass buffet pieces for informal entertaining.

Altman gift shop, fourth floor

refreshment set, 11.50
cheese tray with knife, 7.50

small footed bowl, 3.50

brass-plated ice bucket, 15.00

contour server, 4.00

hors d'oeuvres dish, 10.00

set of 4 canape trays, 4.50

Fifth Avenue White Plains Manhasset Short Hills

THE NEW YORKER

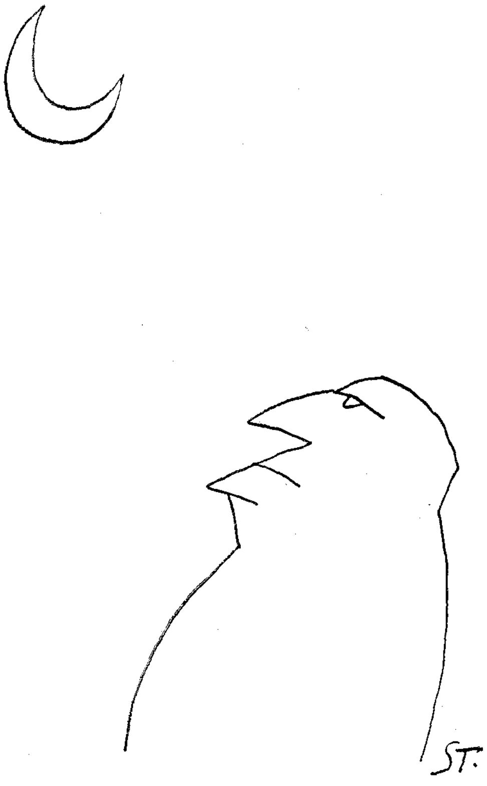
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S time once more to clarify the political situation for you. The situation, as usual, is murky, from California to New York, and not even the *Times'* team of analytical reporters can solve New Jersey. Failure to solve Bob Turley cost the Braves the Series. Not only is California shrouded in smog but it has a Republican governor running for senator who is squabbling with a Republican senator running for governor. They can't settle the right to work, out of which both may therefore soon be. Casey Stengel is California's only sure winner this year. Here in New York, happily, neither of the principal aspirants to office needs a job, though they're the hungriest-acting pair within memory. Harriman and Rockefeller have not been joined in their gobbly gubernatorial fray by still another local scion of millionaires, Corliss Lamont, who is, instead, running for senator and eating normally.

Everybody's watching Rockefeller. The word is out that if he wins, he'll be groomed as a formidable rival to Vice-President Nixon for the 1960 Republican Presidential spot. (Harold Stassen appears to be out of the contest, but we wouldn't bank on it.) Rockefeller and Nixon have said precious little about each other lately, so it is hard to deduce which considers himself the better groomed. As you doubtless recall, the two of them headed the list of the Ten Best-Groomed Men of 1958. They were thus honored by the Good Grooming Committee of the Barbers of America, who in 1957 picked Henry Cabot Lodge and Sal Maglie. The Yankees voted Maglie half a share of their Series swag. Everybody's rich these days. Rockefeller got named best groomed before he smeared mustard on his suit during a visit to Coney Island. President Eisenhower smeared mortar on his suit while laying a cornerstone on Columbus Day. Our dry cleaner is going to vote the straight Republican ticket.

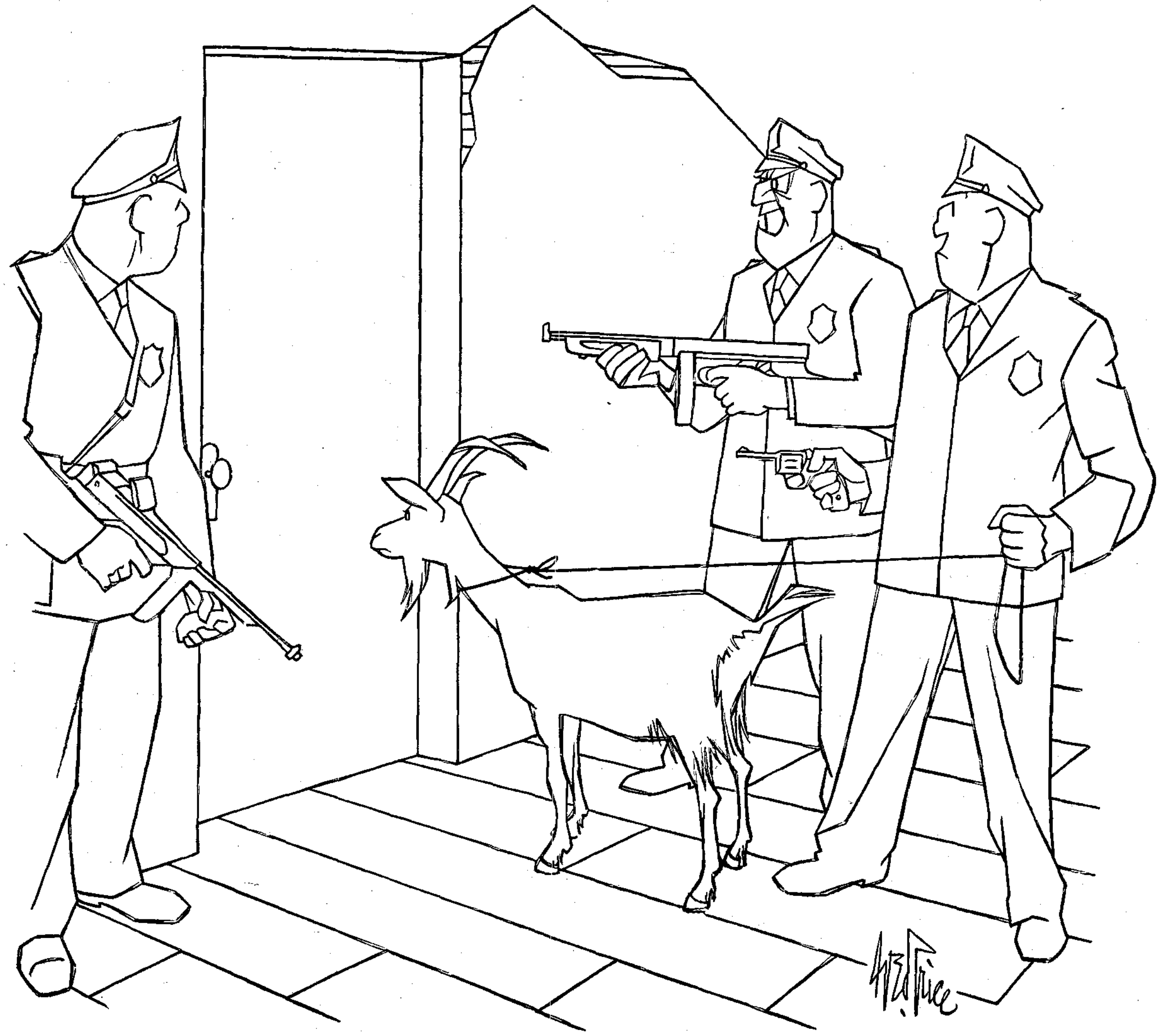
Harriman has been complaining that Rockefeller won't debate national issues. The Republicans in Massachusetts selected as their candidate for governor a man so seemingly detached from national issues that when he accepted the nomination, his first exhortation to his party was to buckle down to work and forswear golf. Harriman wants to talk about national issues because he is campaigning against Eisenhower, who is campaigning against Democratic radicalism, and also against par. Jack Paar is campaigning against C.B.S., which is campaigning against Khrushchev. Khrushchev beat C.B.S. Par beat Eisenhower. Rockefeller is campaigning against a pillar of the Democratic Party whom the Republicans, for all their cropping of proper names, have not yet begun publicly identifying as De Sap. De Sapio is campaigning against the oil interests, which are campaigning, as far too few people do at election time, against natural gas.



The outcome of the New York contest could have repercussions abroad. If Rockefeller cops it, the Russians will no longer be able to declare that elected American officials are merely pawns in Rockefeller hands. They will have to either give up chess or find a new pair of hands. The best pair we know of are Learned and Augustus. Harriman and Rockefeller are two of a kind, according to Khrushchev, who calls Rockefeller "Rockefeller," instead of the conventional "Rocky." Nobody calls Harriman "Harry." (Harry Truman, a down-the-line party man, has come out for the Metropolitan Museum, conceivably because Rockefeller heads up the Modern Museum. All those congressmen who can't abide abstract art are going to be in a hell of a fix if Rockefeller ever makes the White House.) On the other hand, Rocky Marciano calls himself "Rocky." Rocky Marciano is for Floyd Patterson.

Veteran

THE National Horse Show is, of course, celebrating its seventy-fifth birthday next week, and in anticipation of this event we've had a talk with the renowned whip Mrs. J. Macy Willets, four generations of whose family have been winning cups and ribbons at the National, covering nearly the whole of its existence. When Mrs. Willets, who is as handsome a blue-eyed blond horsewoman as you could hope to meet, told us that she herself had been showing at the National for upward of fifty years, we hastened to assure her that she looked far too young for us to believe a word of it. The former Miss Gladys Bloodgood,



"All right, Garvey, you've had your chance. Now we're coming in."

• •

Mrs. Willets is now usually domiciled at Cassilis, her farm in New Marlboro, Massachusetts, but she was born in her Grandfather Bloodgood's house on West Forty-seventh Street and has spent most of her life in the city. Bloodgoods and Willetses have been living in and around New York for some three hundred years, Mrs. Willets said; indeed, the first of her line to leave old Amsterdam for New Amsterdam—Captain Frans Jansen Bloetgoet—settled in Flushing in 1659, and died there seventeen years later of wounds received in a skirmish with Indians.

Mrs. Willets' father, Hildreth K. Bloodgood, a prosperous broker here, first got interested in horses in 1888, while on a trip to England with his wife. "Father went over to England a yachtsman and came back a horseman," Mrs. Willets said succinctly. "His particular interest was hackneys. Whenever, as they travelled about, Mother and he saw a horse they liked, they bought it. The result was that close to two hundred hackney stallions and mares arrived from England in the course of the following two years. Having nowhere to put them, Father quickly acquired a farm in New Marlboro. In 1890, he showed at the National for the first time, winning two thirds with his favorite stallion, Star of Mepal. The next year, Mother won the trophy offered by the Messrs. Brewster & Co., of Broome Street, for the best pair of horses and best-appointed brougham or victoria. I've a Brewster gig that I'll be using to show a gig pony at the National next week. I've had it since 1917."

Mr. Bloodgood showed hackneys, imported or of his own breeding, for many years, then switched to the breeding and showing of Jersey cattle. Still later, he took to breeding and showing cocker spaniels, with such success that he has often been described as "the father of the American cocker spaniel." One of Mr. Bloodgood's close friends was Howard Willets, who showed frequently at the National around the turn of the century. In the 1900 show, Mr. Willets' famous jumper Heatherbloom won every class he entered. Also in the National that year was Mr. Willets' son, Master Josiah Macy Willets, aged eleven, who showed his harness pony Sunbeam. "I met my husband when I was very young," Mrs. Willets said. "I started showing at the National some years later than he did—not as a young lady but as what you might call an older child. I drove a pair of horses in the phaeton class for William H. Moore, the financier, and I am glad to say I won the class. My sister Vera won a big saddle class at the age of twelve, with her own pony—quite a win for those days, because it meant beating four champions with a pony that had never been shown before. She gave up showing after her marriage to Charles Scribner, in 1915. She's a great hunter, though, and is joint Master of the Essex Fox Hounds."

The Willetses, who were married in 1910, started showing hackney ponies at the National in 1915, and showed regularly thereafter until Mr. Willets' death, in 1940. "We did our own driving," Mrs. Willets said. "Our two daughters also drove for us, and won various saddle classes at the Garden. My husband often served as a judge there, and was president of the American Hackney Horse Society from 1915 to 1940. I've been secretary-treasurer of the Society since 1942. Most of the many trophies we've won are kept in storage, and up in the attic at Cassilis are three trunkfuls of ribbons. I'm still raising hackney ponies, though I try to hold the total down to thirty. I also breed Jerseys, but I don't show them. In 1956, two of my granddaughters, Angelene and Tria Pell, rode their hunting ponies in several classes at the National. They'd be showing this year, but it's too hard for them to get ponies ready for showing when they're away at college or boarding school. I'll be having two entries in the show myself—a hackney pony and a harness pony. I also expect to be driving for a neighbor of mine, so it looks as if I'll be driving every day of the show, or maybe twice a day, in all harness classes."

◆

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The French Restaurant in Rockefeller Plaza is serving "Poached eggs *sur* toast with cheese and potato."

Warehouse Art

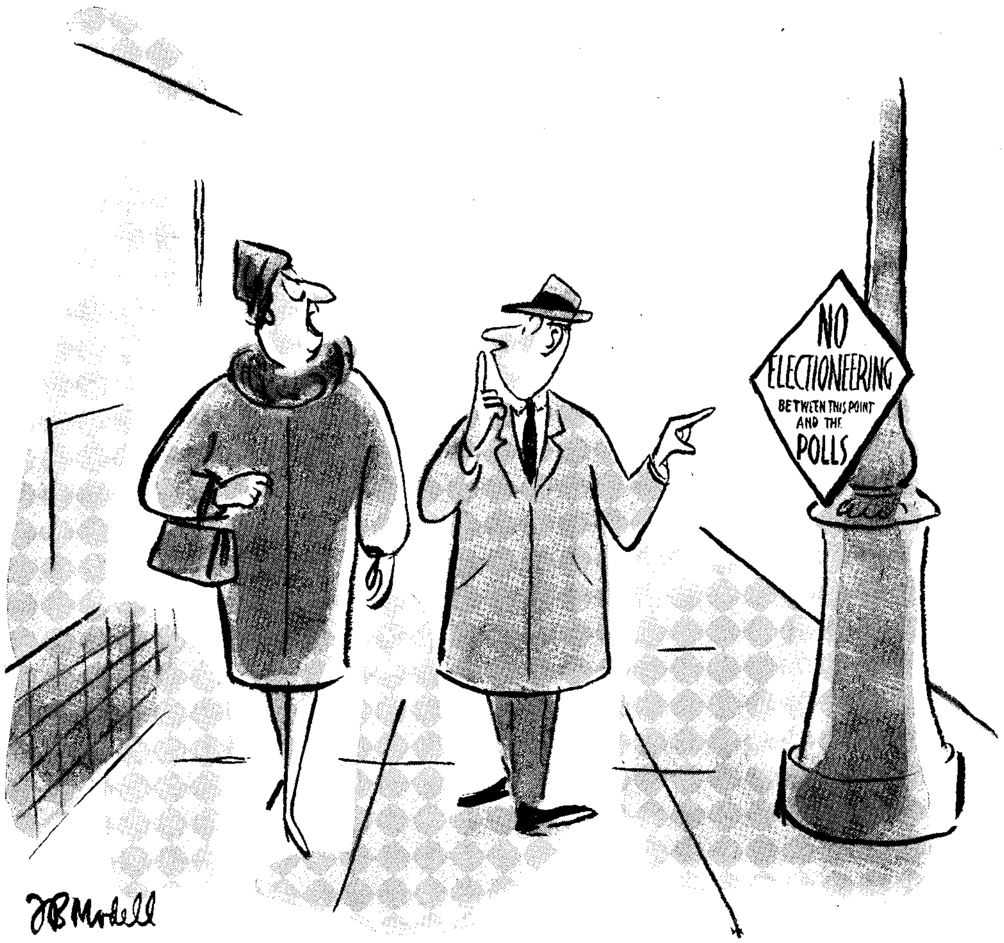
IT isn't often that we're invited to an art exhibition in a warehouse, but this opportunity recently came our way, courtesy of the president and trustees of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, whose Guggenheim Museum—in its interim, pre-Frank Lloyd Wright quarters on East Seventy-second Street—is currently showing thirty-seven Guggenheim International Award candidates out of a hundred and fourteen, from twenty-seven countries, most of which were first on limited display at the Manhattan Storage Company warehouse, at Eightieth Street and Third Avenue. The display was limited to an inspection-and-judging session of the jury of three that made the Award—M. Georges Salles, who until last year was Director of the Museums of France; Sir Herbert Read, the British critic; and Mr. Morris Kestelman, president of the British section of the International Association of Plastic Arts and himself a painter—and, the next day, a press preview, which included us. We walked up Third Avenue and, after gazing admiringly at the Manhattan warehouse, a fifteen-story structure of brown brick, which we found to be more rectangular and more overtly functional than Mr. Wright's upper-Fifth Avenue sea shell, passed through a little side door placarded "Guggenheim Viewing," and traversed a narrow corridor leading into a large room full of temporary walls. Inside, Mr. James Johnson Sweeney, director of the Guggenheim Museum, was chatting in an animated way with Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr., director of collections of the Museum of Modern Art. "We put those walls in so that the jurors could see the pictures in national groups," Mr. Sweeney told us. "We have a storage area on the fifth floor. The winner of the ten-thousand-dollar International Award—a ceramic two-part wall by Miró—isn't here, because it has already been installed, permanently, on the UNESCO grounds in Paris, but we have a colored photograph of it that lights up."

Accompanied by a lady assistant, Mr. Sweeney led us into a small room and lit up this exhibit. We asked if he would care to characterize the warehouse architecturally, and as he hesitated, his assistant said, "Derivative Athenian, rooted in Colonial." She proceeded to say that the paintings had been coming into the warehouse since April; that some were by completely unknown artists; that all, to be eligible, had to have been completed within the past three years; that the International Award had been preceded by national-jury awards of thousand-dollar prizes to twenty-three pictures; that five Indian pictures hadn't shown up; and that the warehouse exhibits would be rotated, through mid-December, in the Museum's temporary museum. "We haven't enough room to show them all at once," she explained.

Presently, the three judges entered, and M. Salles, a tall man with a black knit tie and a shock of gray hair, told us that the American art-loving public is more *avancé* and more *renseigné* than its French opposite number. "I first saw New York ten years ago, when I was in my late fifties," he said. "It's the most beautiful city in the world. For the first time, I felt I was facing the present. This brilliant aspect! A city without wrinkles! Paris may be the most beautiful eighteenth-century city, and London the most beautiful nineteenth-century city, but here you have *le panache de la jeunesse*. All those glass skyscrapers! You know, I know a little about skyscrapers. I was driving my car one day in Paris, and as I stopped in traffic, a lady with an Australian accent asked me where the Central Post Office was. 'I'm driving that way; I'll give you a lift,' I said. She got in, told me it was her first visit to Paris and she'd been looking forward to it all her life, and said there were two things she particularly wanted to see—the Louvre and the Eiffel Tower. 'You have fallen very happily into the right hands,' I said, 'for I am the director-general of the Louvre and the grandson of Eiffel.' "

M. Salles, whose maternal grandfather was indeed Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, engineer of the Eiffel Tower, and who himself, as Director of the Museums of France, was indeed director-general of the Louvre, as well as of the six hundred and sixty-five other French museums, went on to say that since his retirement he had assumed co-direction, with André Malraux, of a projected forty-volume universal history of the arts. "All the periods, up to date, with a great luxury of photographs," he said. "Malraux is in charge of the photographs, and I am handling the text. Our contributors will be specialists. The project will take ten years."

We sought out Mr. Kestelman, who said he had never been here before. "I am a little disappointed," he said. "I


NO ELECTIONEERING
BETWEEN THIS POINT AND THE POLLS

had expected New Yorkers to move much faster, like people in a speeded-up film. I was warned that New York was rather like a football scrum, and that I'd be at the bottom of the crowd. I find people here quite leisurely walkers. We spent all day in this building yesterday, deciding on the Award and various honorable mentions. We gave four individual honorable mentions and two sectional honorable mentions—to Canada and Japan. Mr. Sweeney took us to lunch at a club that looked like an English club. It was very quiet, and it had a copy of *Burke's Peerage*."

We had hoped to buttonhole Sir Herbert, but he was busy talking to a pretty girl with a note pad, so we made for the door, where Mr. Sweeney was saying "Henry! Welcome!" to Mr. Henry McBride, who was ninety-one last July and looks mighty fit.

Agnostic

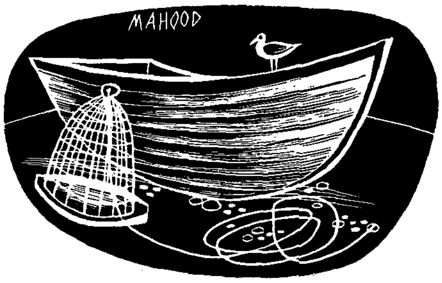
A BOSTON couple staying at the Waldorf Towers one recent weekend were invited to join some friends for a Sunday breakfast at the St. Moritz. On the way down in the elevator, the gentleman of the pair asked the girl driving the contraption whether the St. Moritz was within walking distance. "You got me, Mister," said the girl. "I'm not a churchgoer myself."

Speedy

THANKS to a general rise in people's incomes and to skillful promotion on the part of banks, there are twice as many checking accounts in this country today as there were fifteen years ago. Fifty-two million, to be precise. Something like ten billion checks are being written this year (to the fantastic tune of two and a half *trillion* dollars), and it's estimated that fourteen billion checks will be written annually by 1960 and twenty-two billion by 1970. All this would be just fine for the banks if it weren't for one thing—the staggering amount of clerical work involved in processing checks. The average check passes through three banks before returning, at the end of the month, to the person who wrote it, and at each of these banks the check has to be dealt with at least three times. Moreover, with negligible exceptions, the checks are sorted by hand at each bank, according to signatures, which are often devilishly hard to decipher. The thought of the ninety billion separate acts that our current crop of checks requires and the number of errors likely to be committed in the course of those acts is enough to make the coolest banker's head swim.

Into the picture at this parlous moment has stepped the National Cash Register Company, an apostle of automation, with a machine that sorts checks electronically. The first of these marvels is about to be installed in California, in a branch of the Bank of America; local banks are being invited to place orders for delivery sometime next year. The machine, which is about the size of a gangster's coffin, is called the Magnetic Character Sorter, for reasons we'll do our best to explain. It costs fifty-five thousand dollars, and the National Cash Register people maintain that in a medium-sized bank it should pay for itself within two or three years. An N.C.R. man with whom we've talked told us straight off that most banks are, in respect to automation, practically Stone Age. "This is partly because bankers are by nature skeptical of new things—especially of expensive new things—and partly because their operations have been unusually hard to automate," he said. ("Automate" may not be in the dictionaries yet, but it is in the mouths of automation salesmen.) "Every check that comes into a bank has been filled out by a particular individual, for a particular amount of money, and is unique," he went on. "Now, since the basis of automation is conformity, how are you going to find, much less use, a 'language' common to all these checks and to whatever machines are going to handle them? Obviously, the first step was to devise such a language. A committee of the American Bankers Association looked into various possibilities, such as punched tape and magnetic tape, and concluded that a language based on numbers printed in magnetic ink would prove the most convenient. Acting on the committee's recommendation, National Cash Register, with the help of Pitney-Bowes and other office-equipment manufacturers, set to work developing magnetic sorters. Took us five years of hard work to get our sorter on the market."

How does the Magnetic Character Sorter work? Well, we'll all go on filling out checks in the same old carefree way, but along the bottom of each check will be printed an account number; when the check is cashed, the amount of the check will also be printed there, as what the N.C.R. man called "a natural by-product" of proving the checks (a largely mechanical process that banks already perform and that consists of totting up the amounts of the checks received and seeing to it that they tally with the amounts of cash disbursed). Once the checks are fed into the Magnetic Character Sorter, the ink in which the account number and the amount of the check are printed will become magnetized and give off impulses instantly recognizable by the sorter. These impulses are the language of the sorter, which pays no attention to anything *we* may have written on the check. "The beauty of the sorter is its simplicity," said the N.C.R. man. "The account and amount numbers will look like normal Arabic integers, but the message will be conveyed by the ink, not the integers. Our sorter is the first commercially produced machine capable of reading printed matter that is also readable by the human eye. It can read seven hundred and fifty checks a minute and needs only one person to supervise it. It can handle checks of varying lengths, widths, and thicknesses, and of almost any degree of mutilation. We figure that it can do the work of from thirteen to fifteen clerks. Moreover, it never makes mistakes, never gets bored or tired, never quits, and never needs to be fired. It has everything but a cute name, and I suppose that sooner or later it will be getting that."

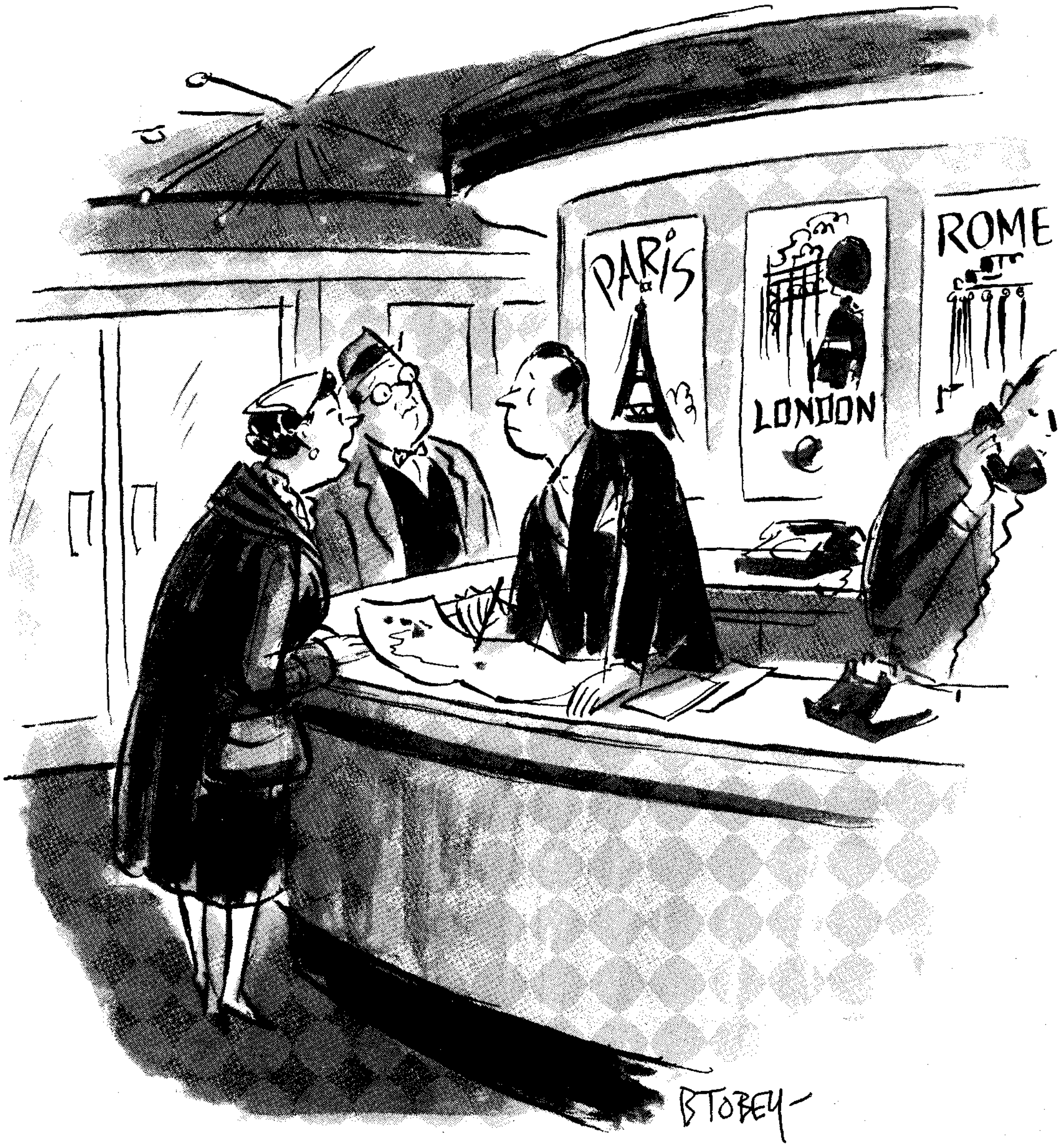


The Drama

UPON being told at dinner that there was a happy ending to the nursery play in which his son was to appear the following week, a Central Park West man we know asked the actor to give him a synopsis of the concluding scene. "Well," said the actor, "some first-grade men come on and chase away the witch."

Theft

THIS is a great and strange city, and things take place in it daily that are practically unheard of back in the States. Even in New York, however, something can happen for the first time. Needless to say, we have a case in point—what we'll call "The Case of the Stolen Mulberry Tree." As far as we (and the Parks Department) know, until one fateful day last summer nobody had ever stolen a tree here. Oh, maybe a potted yew from in front of an apart-



“We’ve waited twenty-five years to make this trip, and we’re certainly not interested in getting there in any six and a half hours.”

• •

ment house or a Christmas tree from a side alley, but never an honest-to-goodness full-grown, living tree, rooted deep in Manhattan soil. Who, after all, would be likely to feel creeping over him as he walked along the street an irresistible impulse to become a tree thief? And if he did feel such an impulse, when, in a city filled with sharp-eyed dendrophiles, would he find an opportunity to perform the wicked act? Moreover, if we grant him both impulse and occasion, how would he set about it? Trees are exceedingly heavy and cumbersome objects, and moving them presents hoisting and trucking problems to the best-equipped professional landscape gardeners.

We’re not able to answer all the above questions, but we’re prepared to answer some of them. To start at the beginning, the mulberry tree grew in the front yard of an old house at 241 East Eighteenth Street, just off Stuyvesant Square. It had been planted there in 1932, by the then owner of the house, who was under the misapprehension that it was an umbrella tree. The Stuyvesant Square neighborhood is, by this city’s sparse standards, thickly wooded, with planes and ginkgoes along the curbs, and elms, catalpas, sycamores, and hawthorns in the square itself. Trees are admired and fussed over, and most admired of all was the red-berried mulberry at No. 241. Mrs. William Avery, who lives in the next block, and who recently retired as a teacher of English at Washington Irving High School, used to take her classes to visit the tree. “It was so beautiful—a fountain of leaves and berries!” Mrs. Avery told us. “When we reached the point in our study of mythology where we were reading about poor Pyramus and Thisbe, who met their death beside a mulberry tree, I’d shepherd some of my pupils over to Eighteenth Street. I felt so desolate when I learned it was gone!”

At No. 241, which is in the process of being converted from a single dwelling into apartments, we examined the raw patch of earth that marks the place where the mulberry tree used to stand. Dr. Benjamin Silbersher, who owns the house, broke off a conference with his contractor to tell us what he knew of the theft. A slight, gentle-seeming man, Dr. Silbersher was plainly outraged by the deed. “Highhanded gangsters!” he exclaimed. “The tree was so lovely, so healthy—thousands of berries. The kids used to jump up and eat them. One morning last summer, I came over here to see how the builders were getting along, and I could hardly believe my eyes. My beautiful mulberry tree was gone! Pulled right out of the ground in the night, roots and all. The story in the neighborhood is that the people who did it are builders on the Island. They were putting up a big, expensive house out there and wanted a pretty tree for the front yard, so one day they see my tree and at night drive a truck into town and steal it. I’ve been told that my tree has been seen on the Island and that it’s still alive, but I don’t want to try and get it back. Anybody who would kidnap a tree like that—I don’t want to pick a fight with them. Instead, when I get my house all finished, I’m going to look around for another mulberry. The earth is still there, waiting for it. Not only that but I’m going to get the city’s sidewalk people to take out a square by the curb, so I can put a tree there, too. Soon—two years, five years—there will be red berries again, and kids jumping up to eat them.”

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OVERHEARD on a Fifth Avenue bus nearing Washington Square, one young lady to another: “Well, I’ll marry him, but that’s all!”

THE HUNTING SEASON

"WHY didn't you tell me before that you had another Bar Association meeting today?" Mrs. Manwaring said, and at that moment, looking out of the bedroom window, saw three black-and-white heifers roaming the vegetable garden. "Oh, for mercy's sake!" she exclaimed. "Look who's out there."

Mr. Manwaring, putting in his cuff links by the touch system, came to stand beside her. Through the open window they could hear the sound of grass being torn up by the large mouthful. It was October; grass torn today would not come again till spring. "They must be Alfie Wallop's," he said, bending to get a better view. "He's been pretty good about the fences lately, though; this hasn't happened in three years, I'd say, so these must be the granddaughters of the ones who tipped over the grape arbor."

A small length of slate retaining wall behind the raspberries toppled and slithered to the grass, spurned beneath a strong young foot.

"Pretty, aren't they?" Mr. Manwaring said. "I'll go telephone Alfie."

In a couple of minutes he returned, and reported that Alfie already knew about the heifers. "That is, he did and he didn't. He knew they were somewhere they ought not to be. It seems somebody telephoned him earlier, but he didn't know who it was."

"That must have been Bertha. That was clever of her, wasn't it? She must have seen them through the kitchen window. How do you mean, he didn't know who?"

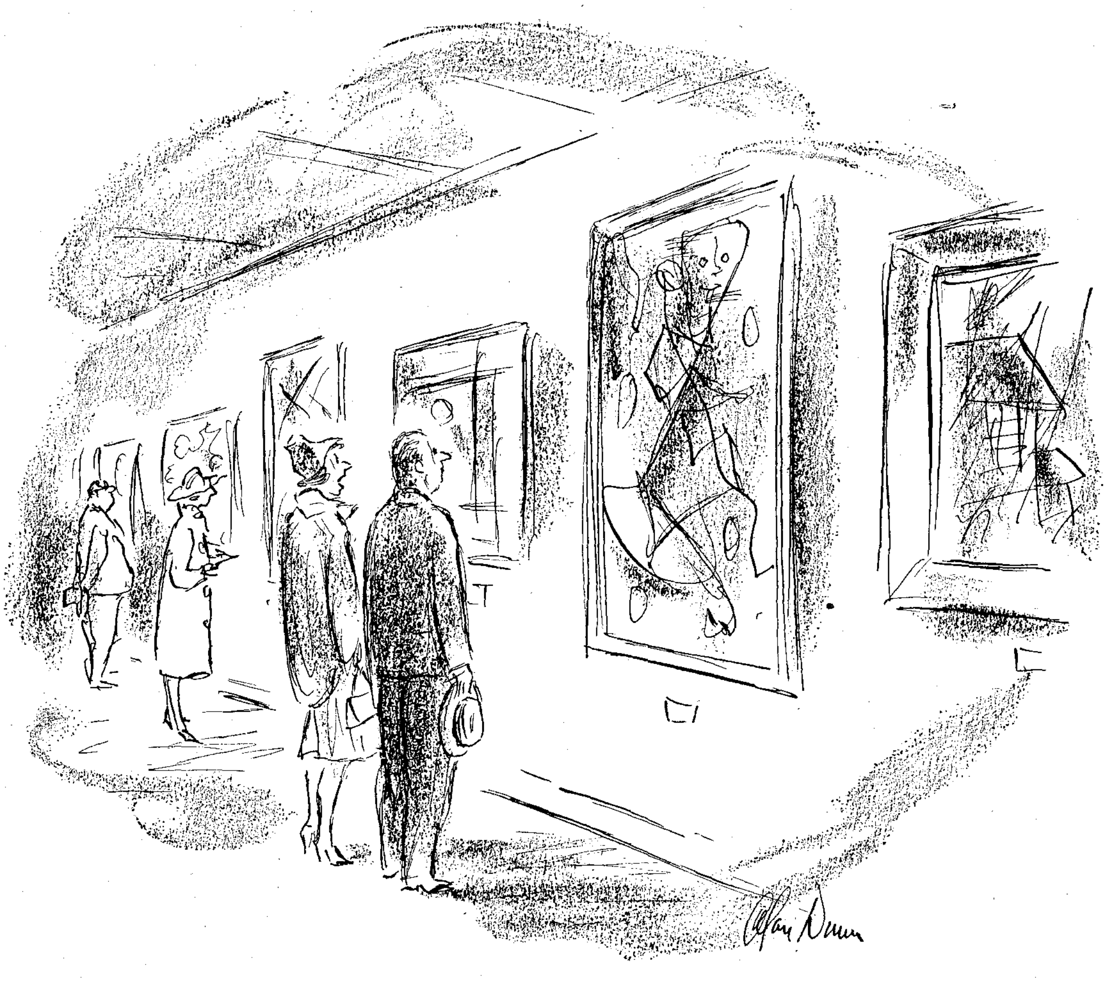
"He said the person who called gave her name, but he didn't get it, and he didn't like to ask her to repeat it."

"Oh, no! Rural politeness. And look at my hair, as well." Still in her wrapper, she sat down, disconsolate all at once, before the dressing-table mirror. "I was going to have it cut today if we went to New York. I look like one of those native women in the *National Geographic*." She picked up a heavy comb and began working it.

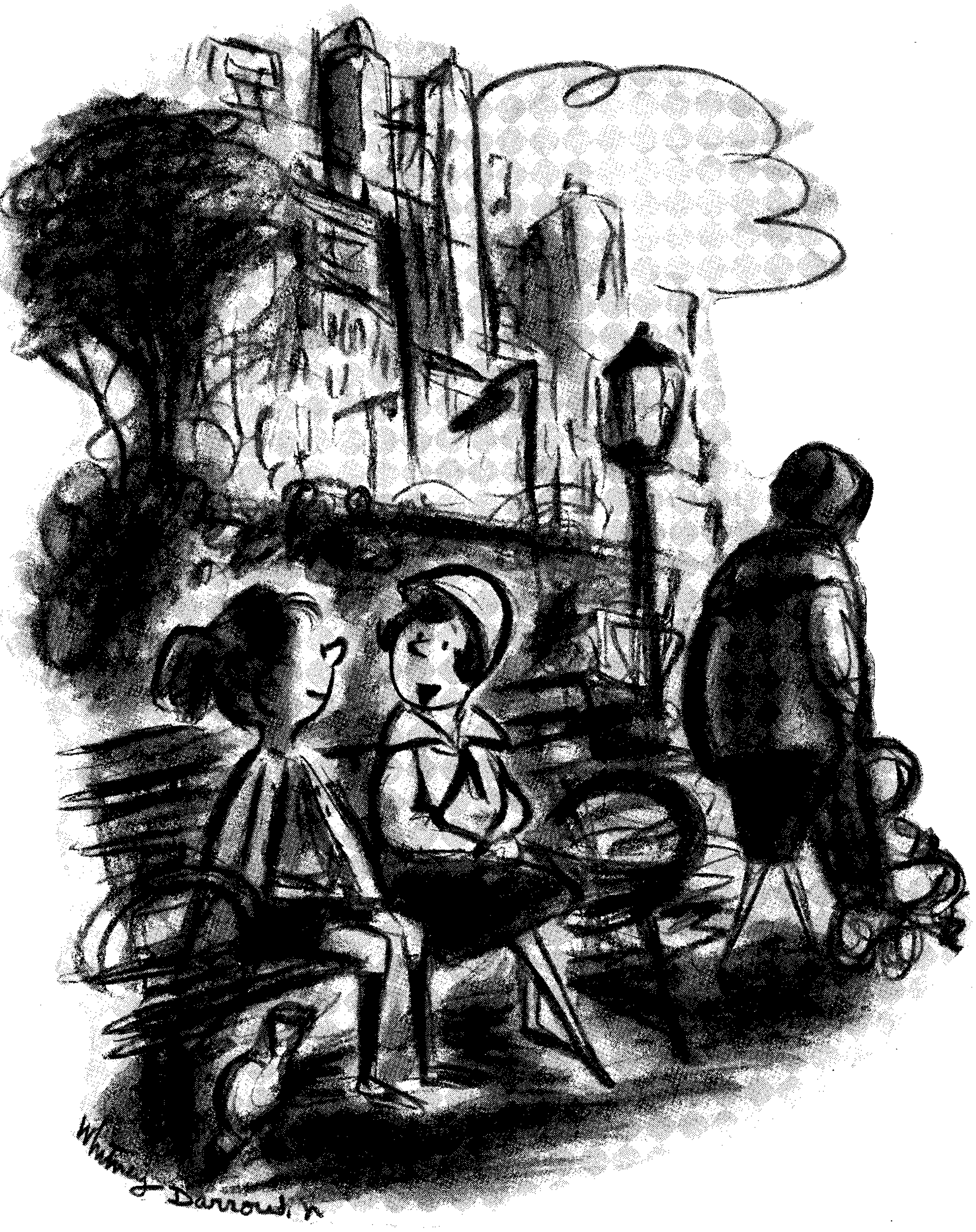
Mr. Manwaring flipped over the end of his gray silk tie. "Maybe next week we can get away somewhere," he said. "Go driving North for two or three days."

AFTER he had left for his meeting, Mrs. Manwaring put away the black suit she had got out for the day, and followed the track of an ordinary Tuesday. She praised Bertha for her alertness in telephoning Alfie Wallop, telephoned him herself after observing a sweet-faced tan heifer prowling the rhubarb bed, squirted penicillin into the ear of Sambo, the family cat, and dreamed the while, with anticipation, of a long autumn weekend away.

"Oh, the many country inns we've closed down," she reflected. It had become customary with the Manwarings to take a little last trip as winter loomed, a final run through the countryside of northern New England and sometimes over the border into Canada for a night or two. Inns closed for the season behind their travelling tires. Doors could be heard clapping to, and keys turning, as they departed, mornings, after a single night. Getting themselves taken in at all was often quite a trick. "Well-l-l," proprietors would say, dubious, elbows on the sill of their reception nooks. "We were through for the season." Mrs. Manwaring would then smile, a begging smile. "But just the one night? Well all right. Come in. Just the one night, then, and no meals. Everybody's gone for the season, really." And they would be admitted with their overnight bags in hand to some square, chill chamber, where presently a maid, summoned from somewhere she would rather be—home, maybe—and hustled into her apron, would cast on them resentful glances over the sheets she shook out and spread, over the folded blankets she flung open and twitched into place. Mrs. Manwaring could recall numerous such evenings. Particularly she remembered a night in Saint Andrews. They were the only guests; they had already closed by their presence an establishment in White River Junction and would go on to do the same in Nashua on the way down. In Saint Andrews, Canadian rain was falling through the October evening as, followed by a cat Mr. Manwaring had given his coffee cream to, they returned to the inn from the restaurant where they had had dinner. Thin,



"They can't blame that *on the fire."*


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I wouldn't mind being thirty if I still had my health."

• •

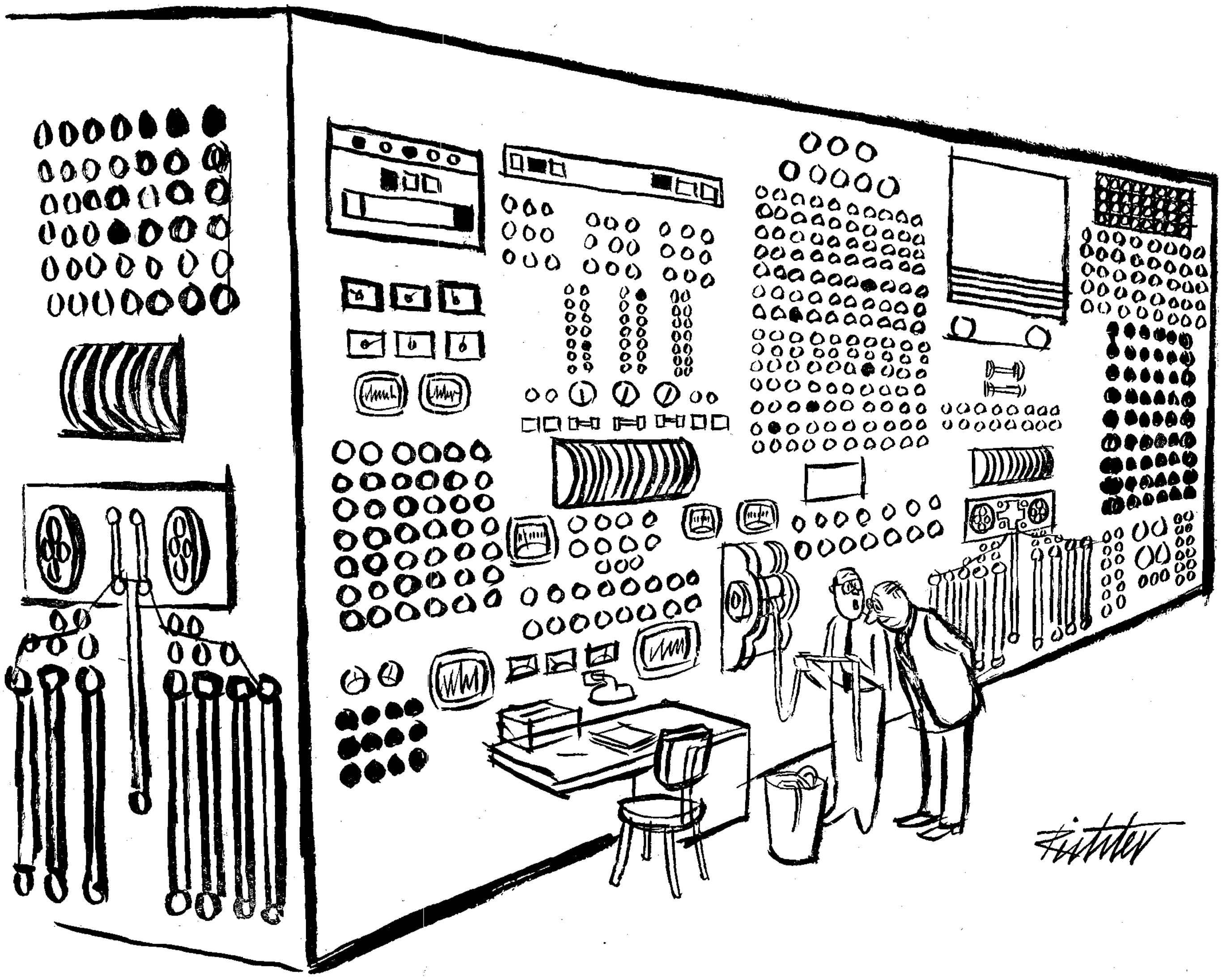
pale-gold leaves fell with the rain, slid the rods of water to the wet gravel walk. The cat's steps made no sound. The last time they turned to ask him to go back, he had disappeared. That evening, there had been one small high street light only, and no other people out so late—eight-fifteen as it was. Mrs. Manwaring modestly pulled the window shade in the bathroom they had to themselves, and when she let it up again in the morning found the window did not give on a street or an alley or a yard but only a few feet into a curious little room on a level with the sill—a square little space filled with wildly blossoming begonias, giant red and pink and yellow.

"How I love short trips," Mrs. Manwaring had said then, standing, delighted, before the unexpected display. But today—"No trips," she said to herself sadly. "Not even to New York."

THE cows were eating swags of honeysuckle when, at midmorning, Mrs. Manwaring started off with the cat to the vet's. "So eat away," she said out the window. It was never possible to cope with all the honeysuckle there was in the world. She was unable to get out of the drive because of Alfie Wallop's large truck, which sat, empty, in the entrance, but of Alfie himself no sign, unless a far mooing behind the house and up the hill meant he was back up there, rounding up stragglers. Mrs. Manwaring switched off the motor and at once the cat, who up till then had been very good, began complaining in his basket. She admonished him through the wickerwork. The large dog she had brought along for company, in case she had to leave Sambo at the doctor's, moved up from the back seat and blew on her neck, with a cold whiskery breath, a kiss. Her eyes glazed while she waited. She stared out at the copper and gold and bronze of the day. Oculists said staring was the worst thing you could do, that it led to all troubles later, but she was unable to unfix her wide, unblinking watching, she was so comfortable there; and her ears, too, scarcely registered the sounds in the morning—Alfie Wallop's ineffectual whooping in the orchard, dreamy remote pops from the guns of hunters in the surrounding wood, who, she hoped, were bagging foxes by the score and nothing else. The sharpest sound was, over all the day, the pointed scream of jays who, crying havoc, crossed meadows of air from treetop to treetop.

It proved to be not necessary to leave the cat. "Coming along nicely after all," the vet said, peering within the fringed twitching ear. Mrs. Manwaring was very glad, and said so. It wasn't just the inconvenience, she assured him as she gathered the cat up; it was simply she hated having any creature hurt, or even uncomfortable.

Less than an hour later, she deeply wished she had had to leave the cat. Bertha brought her her luncheon tray, and Mrs. Manwaring decided to eat outdoors, the day being so warm, so golden and copper bright, and just for a minute, against her better judgment, she set down the loaded tray across the ironwork frame of an arbor table, whose top was already stored in the at-



"I'll be damned. It says, 'Cogito, ergo sum.'"

• •

tic for the winter, and walked away to get the *Times*, which was not far, only inside the door, but a premonition, striking between her shoulder blades, caused her to turn her head over her shoulder, and sure enough the cat had leapt. While she watched, frozen, the laden tray was tipping, tipping. As the cat jumped clear, and all the dishes, the saltcellar, and the sherry glass began their long fall, she knew a wild unreasoning hope, a less-than-second-long conviction born of her optimistic nature, that *this time* everything would land on the arbor's brick floor unbroken—not necessarily right side up, but not broken. However, dear God, let them break and not chip! she thought, flying. The next moment she was kneeling, fending off Sambo, who was determined on gobbling up creamed chicken shot with blue slivers of Bristol glass.

"I DON'T know that he swallowed any," she told the patient vet, her arms again full of cat. "I couldn't swear to it. But I couldn't find all the pieces. Glass, I mean, not chicken."

The vet sighed "lavage," drawing the word out very long and expensive-sounding. "Can you come back for him at four?" he asked, and Mrs. Manwaring said yes, of course—she wasn't doing anything much that day.

Driving back down the lane, she was irked to see what must be a hunter's car parked at the side, not ten feet from their farthest "No Hunting" sign. "So he's over in our backwoods by now," she said to herself, seething with anger. When she opened the front door, Bertha was lying in wait for her in the front hall, and said that while Mrs. Manwaring had been at the doctor's, she had seen a hunter prowling just beyond the garden wall and had called the game warden at the town hall. And indeed, even as Mrs. Manwaring, stretched now for tranquillity in a long garden chair, took the first dry bite of the peanut-butter sandwich that had replaced the creamed chicken, she saw the warden prodding a young man in a red cap—an Italian—up the slope of the terrace toward her chair.

"Here he is," the warden said, grim and panting. "Do you want me to run him in?"

The young Italian assumed a graceful attitude and gazed at Mrs. Manwaring.

"What are you shooting?" she asked.

"Ani-mals," he answered. Elephants, it sounded like, or Alfie's cows, maybe. Was it he whom, one day last week, she had seen tear down a "No Hunting" sign up the lane? If it was not he, it was someone who resembled him closely. She accused him, and at once his eyes took on an Andrea del Sarto look, cast themselves up in supplication, then down in pious denial. "Not me, lady."

"Oh all right. Let him go, officer. But if you come anywhere near my house again, I'll certainly send for the police and lodge a complaint."

There was no car in the lane when,

just before four, she set off to retrieve the cat. If we'd gone to New York, we'd have been at some lovely English murder movie by now, she thought, all in fog, and with vicars. Then we would have had a drink at the St. Regis. Then . . .

"Any glass?" she asked the vet.

"None," said he, regret in his voice.

Coming back down the lane ten minutes later, Mrs. Manwaring was swept with rage to see another car—a hunter's car, surely—drawn up close to their boundary wall. "Oh, damn them all!" she cried, and slammed on the brake. What right had its owner to come thrusting out into the country, trespassing on her back acres, killing and maiming! Tears filled her eyes and nose at the thought of decimated, desolated rabbit families, till then living out their lives in her wood, and of large, high-stepping birds with their enamelled feathers bloodied in an instant, falling to the ground to die. She looked about for something with which to wreak revenge—a sharp stone to scar the car's surface. From beyond the hill came the sound of a shot, then two or three. If I knew how to, she thought, I'd let out all his gas. Or put sand in something.

There were plenty of stones lying beside that country road, and many of them sharp, but she found she did not bend to pick one up. Instead, suddenly she yawned. She couldn't have moved to save herself. Her thoughts roamed backward over her long, her not unusual day, a day she wouldn't have wanted to be otherwise than it had been. The cat called to her from the car. "Oh, shut up," she said, absently. "I'm coming in a minute, after I—" Transfixed in the warm sunlight of the autumn afternoon, she stood, brooding, and musing, and watched a few late gold leaves drifting down. So beautiful, the day was. It would not be this way tomorrow. Something was already going. Every time a leaf came slanting down, perfection was lessened a little. At this minute I would like to live forever, she thought.

With an effort she bestirred herself and sallied a little way into a copse, glanced about a moment, though she had forgotten what she was looking for, and then came out again and got in the car and drove home, and never knew—so difficult is it for a hunter to tell the difference, on a dappled fall day, between an utterly happy housewife and a large grouse—how near she came to getting shot.

—Louise Field Cooper

A THRENODY

The new Rolls-Royce is designed to be *owner driven.* No chauffeur required.
—*From an advertisement in The New Yorker.*

Grandeur, farewell.
Farewell, pomp, glory, wealth's indulgent voice.
Tyre turned to dust in time. Great Carthage fell.
And owner-driven is the new Rolls-Royce.

Behold it, democratic front to back;
Nimble when traffic pinches;
Steered, braked by power; briefer than Cadillac
By eighteen inches;
Humming at sixty with an eerie purr
But needing no chauffeur.

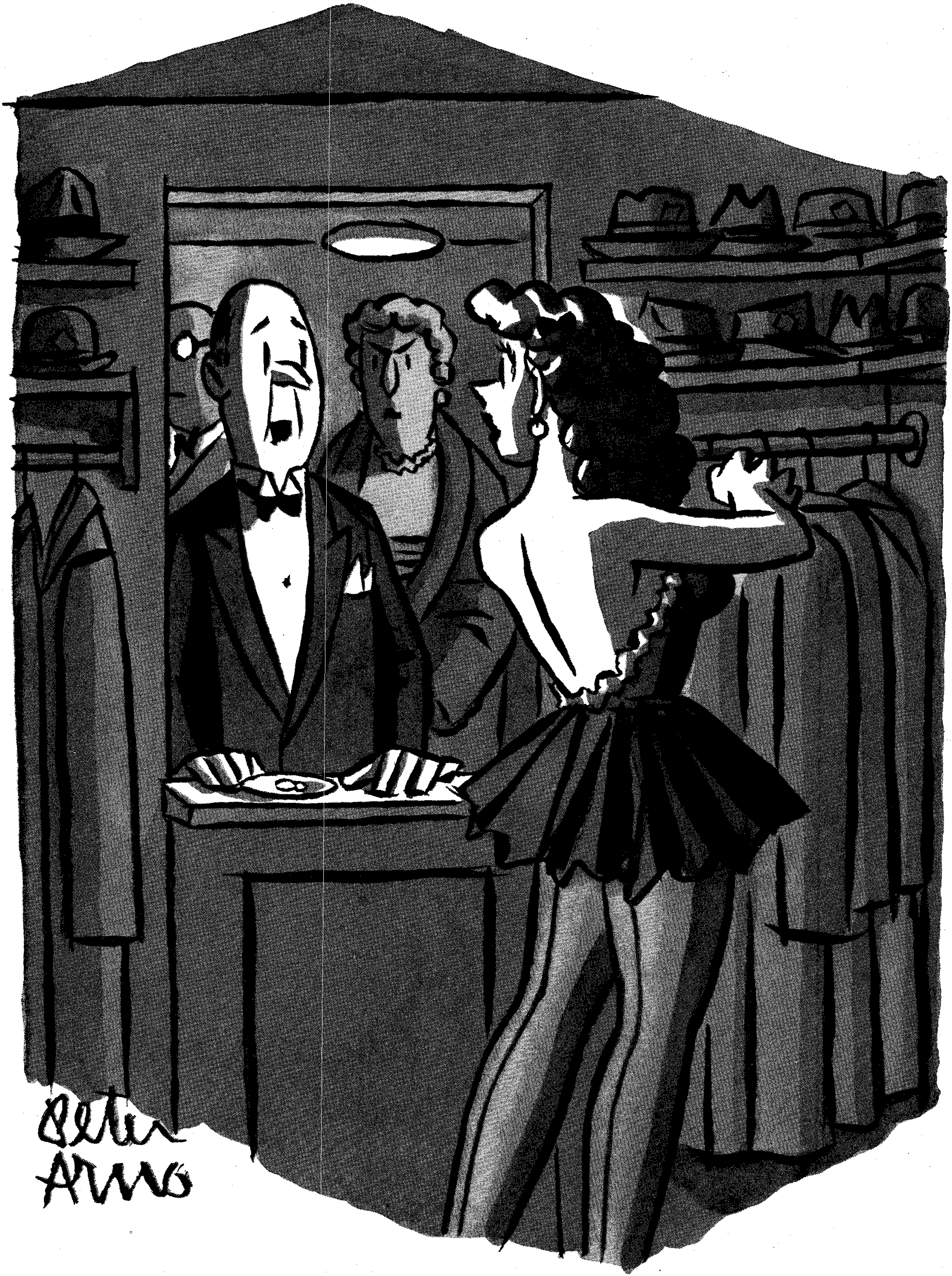
What does it signify if radiator
(Altered but once, and that in '33,
When, at Sir Henry's death, or a little later,
The red RR was re-
Placed by a less conspicuous ebony)
Keeps still its ancient shape? What matter whether
The seats no minion now will ever use
Come padded in eight hides of English leather—
Enough for one hundred and twenty-eight pairs of shoes?
That the paint glistens and the brasses shine
More lustreful than hope?
That engineers have listened for axle-whine
With a stethoscope?

Splendor decays, despite the walnut table
Sliding from under the dash. Who now will stow
The wicker hampers away? For ladies in sable,
Who'll spread the cloth, uncork the Veuve Clicquot?
Who'll clean
The optional-special espresso coffee machine,
From folding bed whip off the cover of baize, or
Guard the electric razor?

Who but the owner-driver, squinting ahead
Through the marvellous glass, fretting when lights are red,
Studying on his lap
The cryptic, cross-marked, wife-defeating map?
He, it is he,
Tooling toward Cambridge, say (or Yale or Colgate),
On football afternoons, must nervously
Fumble for change at the tollgate,
Curse the careering drivers, of both genders,
Whose rods are hot,
Fear for his fourteen-times-enamelled fenders,
Search out the parking lot,
Remember the chains of winter, wrench the round wheel
Against the arrogant trucks, nor ever feel
Less mortal than man in Minx or Oldsmobile.

No one remains to touch a decorous forelock
Or fold a monogrammed blanket over the knees.
Gone the chauffeur—gone like Merlin the Warlock
And the unmourned chemise.
Gone newsboy's Grail, all that is rich and choice
And suave as David Niven.
Grandeur, a long farewell. The new Rolls-Royce
Is owner-driven.

—Phyllis McGinley



"Mine's the one with mothballs. I don't get out very often."

ACHILLES' HEEL

IN one thing only is the Catholic Church more vulnerable than any human institution, and that is in the type of woman who preys on celibates—particularly the priest's housekeeper. The priest's housekeeper is one of the supreme examples of Natural Selection, because it has been practically proved that when for any reason she is transferred to a male who is not celibate, she pines away and dies. To say that she is sexless is to say both too much and too little, for, like the Church itself, she accepts chastity for a higher end—in her case, the subjection of some unfortunate man to a degree unparalleled in marriage. Wives, of course, have a similar ambition, but their purposes are mysteriously deflected by lovemaking, jealousy of other women, and children, and it is well known that many Irish wives go into hysterics of rage at the thought of the power vested in priests' housekeepers. *Their* victims, being celibate, have no children, and are automatically sealed off from other women, who might encourage them to greater independence.

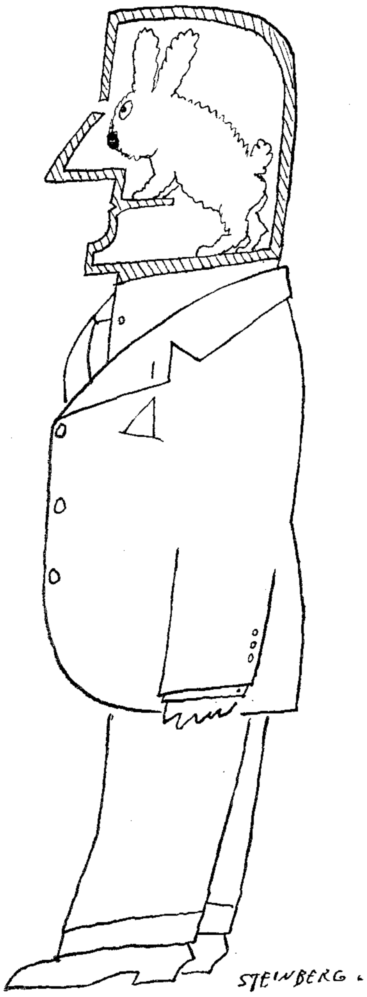
But the most powerful among these are the housekeepers of bishops. Nellie Conneely, the Bishop of Moyle's housekeeper, had been with him since he was a canon, and even in those days he had been referred to by his parishioners as "Nellie and the Canon." "Nellie and the Canon" didn't approve of all-night dances, so all-night dances were stopped. Half the population depended for patronage on "Nellie and the Canon," and presents were encouraged—food for the Canon and something a little less perishable for Nellie. The townspeople had no doubt as to which was the more important partner. She had even appeared on the altar steps on one occasion and announced that there would be no eight-o'clock Mass because she was keeping the Canon in bed. She was a comparatively young woman for such a responsible position, and even at the time I speak of she was a well-preserved little body, with a fussy, humble, sugary air that concealed a cold intelligence. Her great rival was Canon Lanigan, who was the favorite in the succession of the diocese. In private he sniggered over her and called her La Maintenon, but when he visited the Bishop he was as sugary as herself and paid her flowery compliments on her cooking and even on her detestable bottled coffee. But Nellie, though she giggled and gushed in response, wasn't in the least taken in; she knew Lanigan preferred old French mishmash to her own candid cooking, and she warned the Bishop not to trust him. "God forgive me," she said sadly, "I don't know how it is I can't warm to Canon Lanigan. There is something about him that is not quite sincere. I know, of course, that I'm only a foolish old woman, and you don't have to mind me."

But the Bishop had to mind her and he did. The poor man had one great fear, which was that he was fading away for lack of proper nourishment. He knew what the old-fashioned clerics were like, with their classical scholarship and their enormous appetites, and, comparing his own accomplishments and theirs, he couldn't see for the life of him how he was ever going to reach ninety. After eating a whole chicken for his dinner, he would sit in his study for hours, wondering what the connection was between serious scholarship and proper meals, till Nellie thrust her head in the door.

"You're all right?" she would ask coyly.

"I'm not, Nellie," he would reply with a worried air. "I'm feeling a bit low tonight."

"'Tis that chicken!" she would cry, making a dramatic entrance. "I knew it. I said it to Tim Murphy. There wasn't a pick on it."



"I was wondering about that myself," he would say, fixing her with his anxious blue eyes. "Murphy's chickens don't seem to be the same at all."

"What you want is a nice grilled chop," she would say authoritatively.

"I don't know," he would mutter, measuring his idea of a chop against his idea of night starvation. "There's a lot of eating in a chop."

"Well, you could have cutlets," she would say with a shrug, implying that she didn't think much of cutlets for a bad case like his own.

"Cutlets make a nice snack," he agreed.

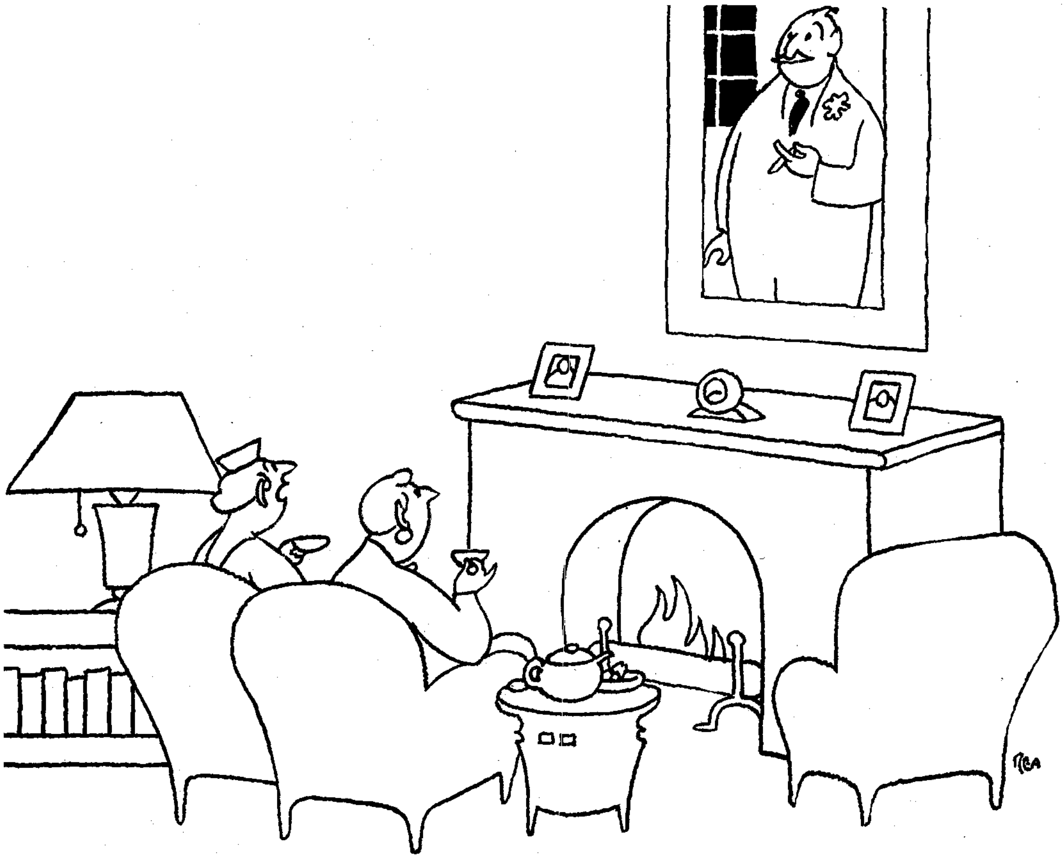
"Ah, they do, but they're too dry," she would cry, waving them away in disgust. "What you want is a good plate of nice curly rashers, with lots of fat on them. 'Twas my own fault. I knew there was nothing in that chicken. I should have served them with the chicken, but I declare to you my wits are wandering. I'm getting too old. . . . And a couple of chips. Sure, 'twill be the making of you."

ONE day, Nellie came in terrible trouble to the Bishop. She had just been visited by one of the local customs officers, Tim Leary. The Bishop's diocese was on the border between Northern and Southern Ireland, and since there was never a time when something that was plentiful on one side wasn't scarce on the other, there was constant smuggling in both directions. The South sent butter, eggs, ham, and whiskey to the North, and the North sent back petrol, tea, and sugar—all without benefit of duty. The customs officials of the two countries worked together in their efforts to prevent it. Nellie seemed to have the greatest difficulty in explaining to the Bishop what Tim Leary wanted of her. You'd have thought she was not bright in the head.

"You said it yourself," she said ingenuously. "This diocese was ever notorious for backbiting, but why do they pick on me? I suppose they want to have their own housekeeper, someone that would do their whispering for them. It is something I never would do, not even for your sake, and I will not do it for them, even if they do say you're too old."

"Who says I'm too old?" the Bishop asked mildly, but his blue eyes had an angry light in them. He knew the people who would say such things, and there were plenty of them.

"Don't, don't ask me to carry stories!" she begged, almost in frenzy. "I



"It's sad that he couldn't have lived to see A. T. & T. at 200 again."

• •

won't do it, even to save my life. Let Canon Lanigan and the rest of them say what they like about me."

"Never mind Canon Lanigan," the Bishop said shortly. "What did Leary say about you?"

"But what could he say about me? What have he against me only old *doorsha-dawrsha* he picked up in the low public houses of the town? Oh, 'tisn't that at all, me Lord, but the questions he asked me. They put the heart across me. 'Who was the chief smuggler?'—wasn't that a nice thing for him to ask me?"

"He thought you knew the chief smuggler?" the Bishop asked incredulously.

"He thought I *was* the chief smuggler," she replied with her hand to her heart. "He didn't say it, but I could read it in that mean little mind of his. Whiskey, petrol, tea, and things, my Lord, that I declare to you and to my Maker, if I was to go before Him at this minute of time, I never even knew the names of."

"He must be mad," the Bishop said with a worried air. "Which Learys is he belonged to? The ones from Clooneavullen?" The Bishop had a notion that most of the mysteries of human conduct could be solved by reference to heredity. He said he had never yet met a good man who came from a bad family.

"Aha!" Nellie cried triumphantly. "Didn't I say it myself? That his own father couldn't read or write, and the joke of the countryside for his foolish talk!"

"Never mind his father," the Bishop said sternly. "He had an uncle in the lunatic asylum. All that family were touched. Tell him to come up here to me tomorrow, and I'll give him a bit of my mind."

"You will to be sure, my Lord," she said complacently as she rose. Then at the door she stopped. "But why would you talk to a little whippersnapper like that—a man like you, that has the ear of the government? I suppose someone put him up to it."

The Bishop meditated on that for a moment. He saw Nellie's point about the impropriety of people's going over his head, and recognized that it might be the work of an enemy. Like Nellie, he knew the secrets of power and understood that the most important is never to deal directly with people you look down on.

"Give me my pen!" he said at last in a voice that made Nellie's heart flutter again. When some parish priest had been seen drunk in a public place, the Bishop would say in the same dry voice to his secretary, "Give me my pen till I suspend Father Tom," or when some gang of wild young curates had started a card club in some remote village, "Give me my pen till I scatter them!" It was the voice of ultimate authority, of the Church Militant personified in her own dear, simple man.

In spite of strenuous detective work, Nellie never did get to see the Bishop's letter to his friend in the government, Seumas Butcher, the Irish Minister of Revenue, but, on the other hand, neither did the Bishop ever get to see the Minister's reply. It was one of the features of Nellie's concern for him that she did not like him to know of anything that would upset his health, and she merely removed such letters from the hall. But even she had never seen a letter so likely to upset the Bishop as that from the Minister:

DEAR DR. GALLOGLY:

It was a real pleasure to hear from you again. Mrs. Butcher was only saying a week ago that it was ages since you paid us a visit. I have had careful inquiries made about the matter you mention, and I am very sorry indeed to inform you that the statements of the local Revenue Officer appear to be fully substantiated. Your housekeeper, Miss Ellen Conneely, is the owner of licensed premises at the other side of the Border which have long been known as the headquarters of a considerable smuggling organization, whose base on this side appears to be the Episcopal Palace. You will realise that the Revenue Officers have no desire to take any steps that could be an embarrassment to you, but you will also appreciate that this traffic involves a considerable loss of revenue for both our country and the North of Ireland, and might in the event of other gangs operating in the neighborhood being tried and convicted, result in serious charges. I should be deeply grateful for Your Lordship's kind assistance in putting an early end to it.

Mise le meas,
SEUMAS O. BUITSEIR
AIRE

Nellie fully understood, when she had read this, the tone with which the Bishop said "Give me my pen," as a father might say "Give me my stick." There were certain matters that could only be dealt with by a pen like a razor, and that evening she sat in her own room and wrote:

DEAR SIR:

His Lordship, the Most Reverend Dr. Gallogly, Bishop of Moyle, has handed me your letter of the 3rd inst. and asked me to reply to it on his behalf. He says it is a tissue of lies and that he does not want to be bothered any more with it. I suppose his Lordship would not know what is going on in his own house? Or is it a rogue and robber you think he is? I do not know how you can have the face to say such things to a bishop. All those lies were started by Tim Leary, and as his Lordship says, what better could you expect of a man whose uncle died in the Moyle Asylum, a wet and dirty case? The public house you talk about is only another of the lies. It does not belong to me at all but to my poor brother who, after long years of suffering for Ireland in English prisons, is now an incurable invalid with varicose veins and six children. How would the likes of him be a smuggler? Tim Leary will be thrown out if he calls here again. It is all lies. Did Tim Leary suffer for Ireland? Has Tim Leary six children? What has happened our Christian principles and what do we pay taxes for? We were better off when we had the English.

Yours sincerely,
ELLEN CONNEELY

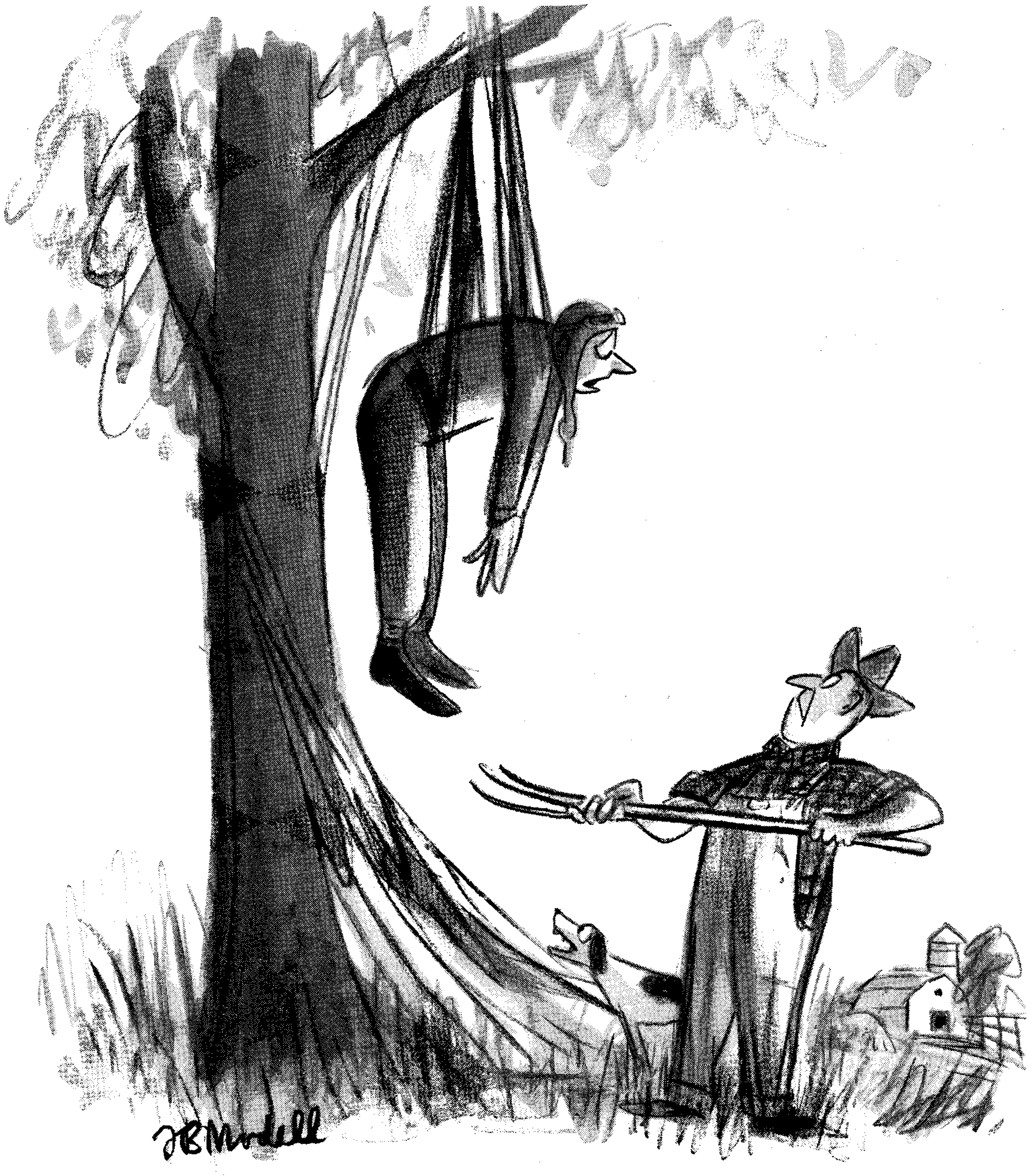
There was something about this letter that gave Nellie a real thrill of pride and satisfaction. Like all women of her kind, she had always had the secret desire to speak out boldly with the whole authority of the Church behind her, and now she had done it.

She had also illustrated to perfection the Achilles' heel of Catholicism, because, though Dr. Gallogly would probably have had a heart attack if he had known the contents of her letter, no layman could be quite sure of this, and the Minister and his staff were left with a vague impression that, somehow or other, the Bishop of Moyle was now the ringleader of a smuggling gang. Being all of them good Catholics, they took the charitable view that the Bishop was no longer responsible for his actions and had taken to smuggling the way some old men take to other peculiar pursuits, but all the same it was a nasty situation. Whatever happened, you could not raid the palace for contraband. The very thought of what the newspapers would say about this made the Minister sick. The *Irish Times* would report it in full, with a smug suggestion that Protestant bishops never did things like that; the *Irish Independent* would assert that instructions for the raid had come direct from Moscow, through the local Communist cell; while the *Irish Press* would say, without fear of contradiction, that it was another British plot against the good name of Irishmen.

"Jesus, Joe!" the Minister said, with a moan, to his secretary. "Forget it! Forget it, if you can!"

BUT the local customs officers could not forget it. Nellie didn't allow them. Scared by Tim Leary and the Minister's letter, she worked openly and feverishly to get rid of all the contraband in her possession, and the professional pride of the customs officers was mortified. Then, one day, a man was caught trying to cross the border into the North with a keg of whiskey under the seat of his car, and he swore by God and the Twelve Apostles that he had no notion how it had got there. But Tim Leary, who knew the man's friendship with Nellie, knew damn well how it had got there, and went to Paddy Clancy's liquor store in Moyle, from which it had originally come. Paddy, a crushed and quivering poor man, had to admit that the keg had been sold to the Bishop.

"Get me the Bishop's account, Paddy," Tim said stiffly, and poor Paddy produced the ledger. It was an ugly moment, because Paddy was a man who made a point of never interfering with



"Just because I can't recite the Declaration of Independence doesn't mean I'm a Russian spy."

any man's business but he knew of old that the Bishop's liquor account was most peculiar. Tim Leary studied it in stupefaction.

"Honor of God!" he said angrily. "Are you trying to tell me that the Bishop drinks all that?"

"Bishops have a lot of entertaining to do, Tim," Paddy said meekly.

"Bishops don't have to have a bloody bonded store to entertain in!" shouted Tim.

"Well, Tim, 'tis a delicate matter," Paddy said, sweating with anxiety. "If a man is to have customers in this country, he cannot afford to ask questions."

"Well, begod, I'm going to ask a few questions," cried Tim, "and I'm going to do it this very morning, what's more. Give me that ledger!"

Then, with the ledger under his arm, he went straight up to the palace. Nellie tried to head him off. First she said the Bishop was out; then she said the Bishop was ill; finally she said that the Bishop had given orders that Tim was not to be admitted.

"You try to stop me, Nellie, and I'll damn soon show you whether I'm going to be admitted or not," said Tim, pushing past her, and at that moment the study door opened and the Bishop came out. It was no coincidence, and at that moment Nellie knew she was lost, for along with the appetite of a child the Bishop had the curiosity of a child, and a beggar's voice at the door would be sufficient for him to get up and leave the door of his study ajar so that he could listen in comfort to the conversation.

"That will do, Nellie," he said, and then came up to Tim with a menacing air—a handsome old man of six foot two, with a baby complexion and fierce blue eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked sternly, but on his own ground Tim could be as infallible as any bishop.

"I'm investigating the smuggling that's going on in this locality, and I want to ask you a few questions, my Lord," he replied grimly.

"So I heard," said the Bishop. "I told the Minister already I couldn't see why you had to do your investigating in my house."

"I'm a public servant, my Lord," Tim said, his voice rising, "and I'm entitled to make my investigations wherever I have to."

"You're a very independent young man," the Bishop said dryly but without rancor. "Tell me, are you John Leary's son from Clooneavullen?"

"I'm nothing of the sort. Who said I was John Leary's son? My father was from Manister."

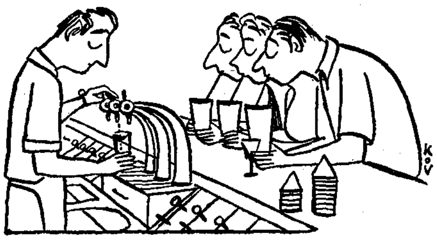
"For God's sake!" the Bishop said softly. "You're not Jim Leary's boy, by any chance?"

"I am, then," said Tim with a shrug.

"Come on in," the Bishop said, holding out his hand to Tim, while his eyes searched away into the distance beyond the front door. "Your father was headmaster there when I was a canon. I must have seen you when you were a little fellow. Come in, anyway. No son of Jim Leary's is going to leave this house without a drink."

"But I'm on duty, my Lord," said Tim, following him in.

"Aren't we all?" the Bishop asked mildly as he went to the sideboard. "I'm as much a bishop now as I'll ever be." With shaky hands he produced two glasses and a bottle of whiskey. He gave one tiny glass to Tim and took another himself. It was obviously a duty rather than a pleasure. The Bishop did not go in for drinking, because it seemed to ruin his appetite and that was bad enough already.



"Now, tell me what all this is about," he said comfortably.

Tim was beginning to realize that he really liked the man—an old weakness of his, which, combined with his violent temper, made him a bad investigator. He sometimes thought the bad temper and the good nature were only two aspects of the same thing.

"A man was caught trying to cross the Border a few days ago with a keg of your whiskey in his car," he said as firmly as he could.

"A keg of my whiskey?" the Bishop repeated with real interest and apparent enjoyment. "But what would I be doing with a keg of whiskey?"

"That's what I came to ask you," replied Tim. "You seem to have bought enough of them in the past year."

"I never bought a keg of whiskey in my whole life, boy," said the Bishop with amusement. "Sure, if I take a drop of punch before I go to bed, that's all the whiskey I ever see. It's bad for a man of my age," he added earnestly. "I haven't the constitution."

"If you'll take one look at your account in Clancy's ledger, you'll see you're supposed to have an iron constitution," said Tim, and as he opened the

REPLY TO THE PROVINCES

He writes from the provinces: It is
Shuttered and desolate there; will I please
Every so often sit on a bench for him
In the Luxembourg Gardens? So now,
In the elegant autumn, to regard and guess:

The sea-eyed children watching their sloops
Angling on the flood? Expectant in their books
The delicate young women? The would-be
Casters-off of expectation? The hands-in-hands?
The Algerians, Americans, English, Danes,
Giving the Gardens their Parisian character?
Fountained light streaming on the wind?
The fellow shucking chestnuts for his girl?
Surely these, and things of this kind—
Whatever is human. Also, I marvel at the leaves
Yellow on the sky, and there, on the grass,
Where the leaves overlap, yellow, the yellow sun
Forcing the hidden glowing from the earth.
I, like an ape on a branch, on a bench
Swing and peer in the jungle of mankind,
Closer, closer, I think, to the earth—its
Secret throes—than the swinging beast itself.

In the provinces, maybe he has walked from town.
In a city of leaves, he may have found her already.
Perhaps they are lying among the leaves, laughing,
Pointing out for each other the brown faces in the leaves.

—Galway Kinnell

• •

book, there was a knock and Nellie came in modestly with a bundle of receipted bills in her hand. "Or maybe this is the one with the iron constitution," Tim added fiercely. He still had not forgotten his unmannerly reception.

"You need say no more," she said briskly. "I admit it, whatever little harm I did to anyone. 'Twas only to keep my unfortunate angashore of a brother out of the workhouse. Between drinking and politics, he was never much head to his poor wife, God rest her. Not one penny did I ever make out of it, and not one penny of his Lordship's money ever went astray. I'll go if I have to, but I will not leave this house without a character."

"I'll give you the character," Tim said savagely. "And furthermore I'll see you have a place to go. You can do all the smuggling you like there—if you're able."

"That will do!" the Bishop said sternly. "Go away, Nellie!" he added over his shoulder, in the tone he used when he asked for his pen to suspend Father Tom.

Nellie looked at him for a moment in stupefaction and then burst into a howl of grief and went out, sobbing to herself about "the fifteen good years of my life that I wasted on him and there's his gratitude." The Bishop waited imperturbably till her sobs had subsided in the kitchen before he spoke again.

"How many people know about this?"

"Begod, my Lord, by this time I think you might say 'twas common property," said Tim with a laugh.

The Bishop did not laugh. "I was afraid of that," he said. "What do they think of it?"

"Well, of course, they all have a great regard for you," Tim replied, in some embarrassment.

"I'm sure of that," the Bishop said without a hint of irony. "They have so much regard for me that they don't care if I turn my house into a smuggler's den. They didn't suggest what I might be doing with the Cathedral?"

Tim saw that the Bishop was more cut up than he affected to be.

"Ah, I wouldn't worry about that," he said anxiously.

"I'm not worrying. What will they do to Nellie?"

"Oh, she'll get the jail," said Tim. "As well as a bloody big fine that'll be worse to her."

"A fine? What sort of a fine?"

"That will be calculated on the value of the contraband," said Tim. "But if you ask me quietly, 'twill run well into the thousands."

"Into the thousands?" the Bishop asked in alarm. "But where would either of us get that sort of money, boy?"

"You may be damn full sure she has it," Tim said grimly.

"Nellie?"

"Aye, and more along with it," said Tim.

"For God's sake!" the Bishop exclaimed softly. He had put away his glass, and his long, fine fingers were intertwined. Then he gave a little snort that might have passed for laughter. "And me thinking she was an old fool! Which of us was the fool, I wonder. After this, they'll be saying I'm not able to look after myself. They'll be putting in a coadjutor over me, as sure as you're there!"

"They wouldn't do that?" Tim asked in astonishment. It had never occurred to him before that there might be anybody who could interfere with a bishop.

"Oh, indeed they would," the Bishop

said, almost with enjoyment. "And I wouldn't mind that itself if only they'd leave me my housekeeper. The jail won't take much out of her, but 'twill kill me. At my age I'm not going to be able to find another woman to look after me the way she does. Unless they'd let me go to jail along with her."

Tim was an emotional young man, and he could hardly contemplate the personal problems that the Bishop set up in that casual way of his.

"There's nobody in this place would do anything to upset you," he said, growing red. "I'm sure they'll be well satisfied if she paid the fine, without sending her to jail. The only thing is, from my point of view, could you control her?"

"I could do nothing of the kind," the Bishop replied in his blank way. "If I was to give you my oath to control her for the future, would you believe me? You would not. I couldn't control her. You might be able to do it."

"I'd damn soon do it if I had a free hand," Tim said loyally.

"I'd give you all the hand you want," the Bishop said placidly. "I'd give you quarters here if you wanted them. You see, 'tis more in my interest than yours to stop the scandal, before they have me married to her." From the dryness of his tone, the Bishop, an unemotional man, seemed to be suffering. "I wouldn't forget it for you," he added anxiously. "Anyway, I'll have a talk to Butcher, and see if he can't do something for you. Not that that poor fool knows what he's doing, most of the time."

THAT afternoon, the Bishop sat on by his window and watched as a lorry drove up before his palace and Tim Leary loaded it with commodities the Bishop had thought long gone from the world—chests of tea, bags of sugar, boxes of butter. There seemed to be no end to them. He felt crushed and humbled. Like all bishops, he was addicted to power, but he saw now that a bishop's power, like a bishop's knowledge, was little better than a shadow. He was just a lonely old man who was dependent on women, exactly as when they had changed his napkin and he had crowed and kicked his heels. There was no escape.

Mercifully, Nellie herself didn't put in an appearance as the premises were gone through. That evening, when she opened the door and said meekly, "Dinner is served, my Lord," the Bishop went in to a royal spread—the juiciest of roast beef, with roast potatoes and tender young peas drowned in butter. The Bishop ate stolidly through it, reading the book in front of his plate and never addressing a word to her. He was too bitter. He went to his study and took down the history of the diocese, which had so often consoled him in earlier griefs, but that night there was no consolation in it. It seemed that none of the men who had held the see before him was of the sort to be dominated by an old housekeeper, except for an eighteenth-century bishop who, in order to inherit a legacy, had become a Protestant. The door opened, and Nellie looked shyly in.

"What way are you feeling now?" she whispered.

"Let me alone," he said in a dry voice, without looking at her. "My heart is broken!"

"'Tisn't your heart at all," she said shamefastly. "'Tis that beef. 'Twasn't hung long enough, that's all. There isn't a butcher in this town will be bothered to hang beef. Would I get you a couple of scrambled eggs?"

"Go away, I said."

"You're right, my Lord. There's nothing in eggs. Would I fry you a couple of rashers?"

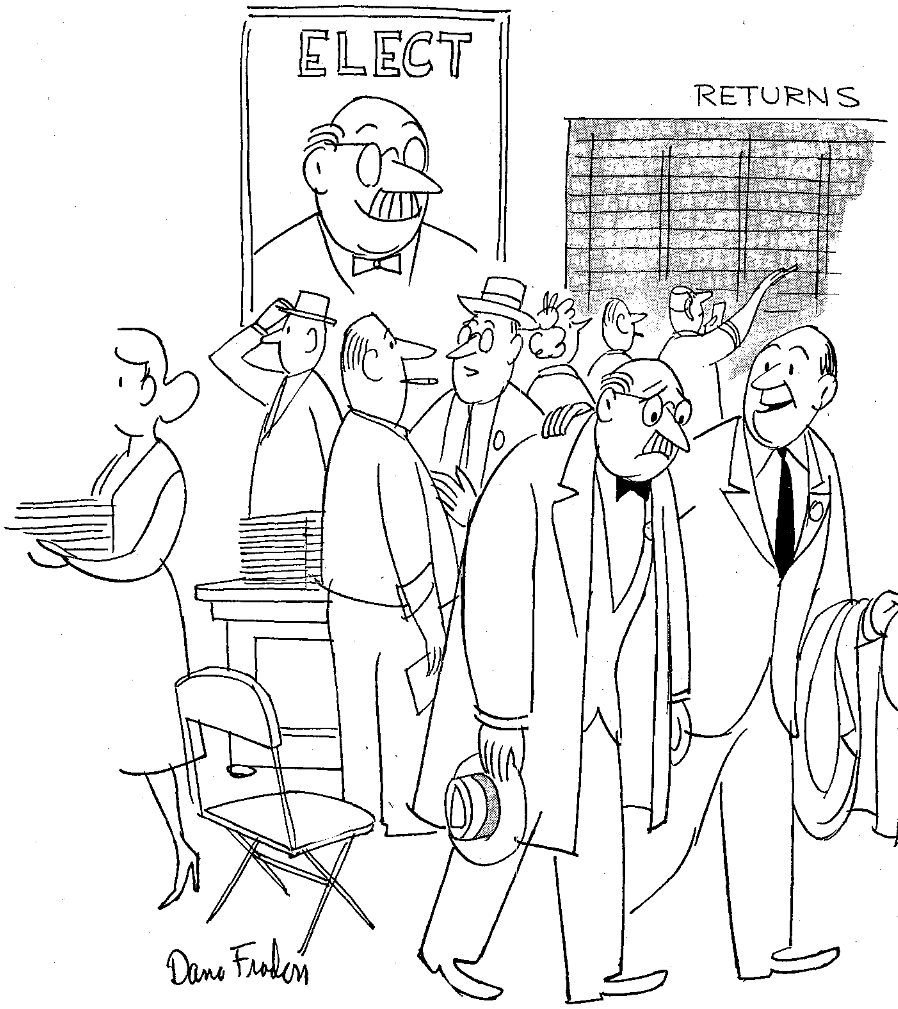
"I don't want anything, woman!" he said, almost shouting at her.

"The dear knows, the rashers aren't worth it," she admitted with a heavy sigh. "Nothing only old bones, and the hair still sprouting on them. What you want is a nice little juicy bit of Limerick ham with a couple of mashed potatoes and milk sauce with parsley. That'll make a new man of you."

"All right, all right," he said angrily. "But go away and let me alone."

His mouth was already watering, but he knew that there was no ham in Limerick or out of it that could lift his sorrow; that whenever a woman says something will make a new man of you, all she means is that, like the rest of her crooked devices, it will make an old man of you before your time.

—FRANK O'CONNOR



"Well, that's the two-party system for you."

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I must say I am not easily shocked, but "Lolita," the novel by Vladimar Nabovkov, made me feel I needed a bath. —*Louella O. Parsons in the Journal-American.*

While you're soaking, Louella, brush up on the spelling of Vladimir Nabokov.

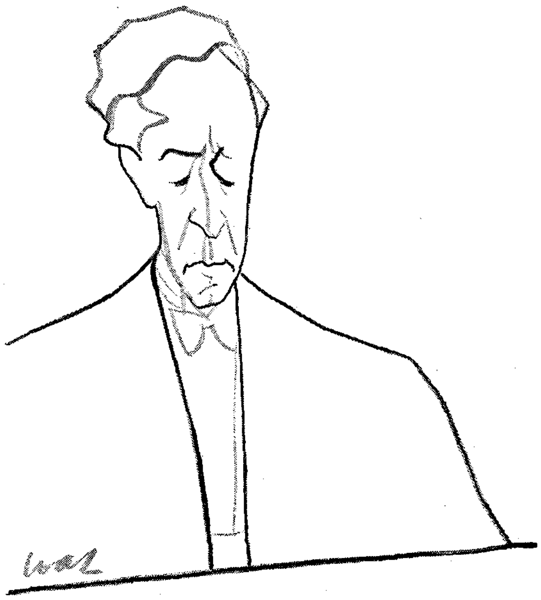
PROFILES

METAMORPHOSIS

THE Paris taxi-driver had let me off at the wrong address, and by the time I made my way to where I wanted to go—the Square du Bois de Boulogne—I was late for my lunch date with Artur Rubinstein. After the traffic I had just ridden through, the small, tree-planted square, bordered by trim and silent houses with expensive automobiles parked out front, was a welcome island of tranquillity, in which the singing of birds was louder than the swishing of tires on the nearby Avenue Foch. I found that, as is occasionally the custom in France, the house numbers ran clockwise in some sections of the square and counterclockwise in others, and as I stood looking about me and wondering where No. 22 was, the quiet was suddenly broken by the powerful initial chords of Chopin's C-Minor Etude issuing from a house opposite me. That was it, then. No one else in the Square du Bois de Boulogne—or, for that matter, in the world—plays Chopin as Artur Rubinstein does.

A three-story building with a plain, flat façade, No. 22 looked more like a town house on Sutton Place than a villa near the Bois. Beside a gate in a black iron fence flanking the sidewalk were a shiny brass button and a mailbox with no name on it. I pressed the button, unlatched the gate, and walked across a neatly gravelled yard to the front door, which was presently opened for me by an elderly French maid wearing a crisply pleated white apron, and now the Chopin passages surged and receded like waves in a storm. For a moment, I stood in the foyer, near a small Toulouse-Lautrec, and listened, entranced. Then, as the maid opened the door leading into the drawing room, the waves abruptly subsided, and Rubinstein rose from his seat at a Steinway concert grand to greet me.

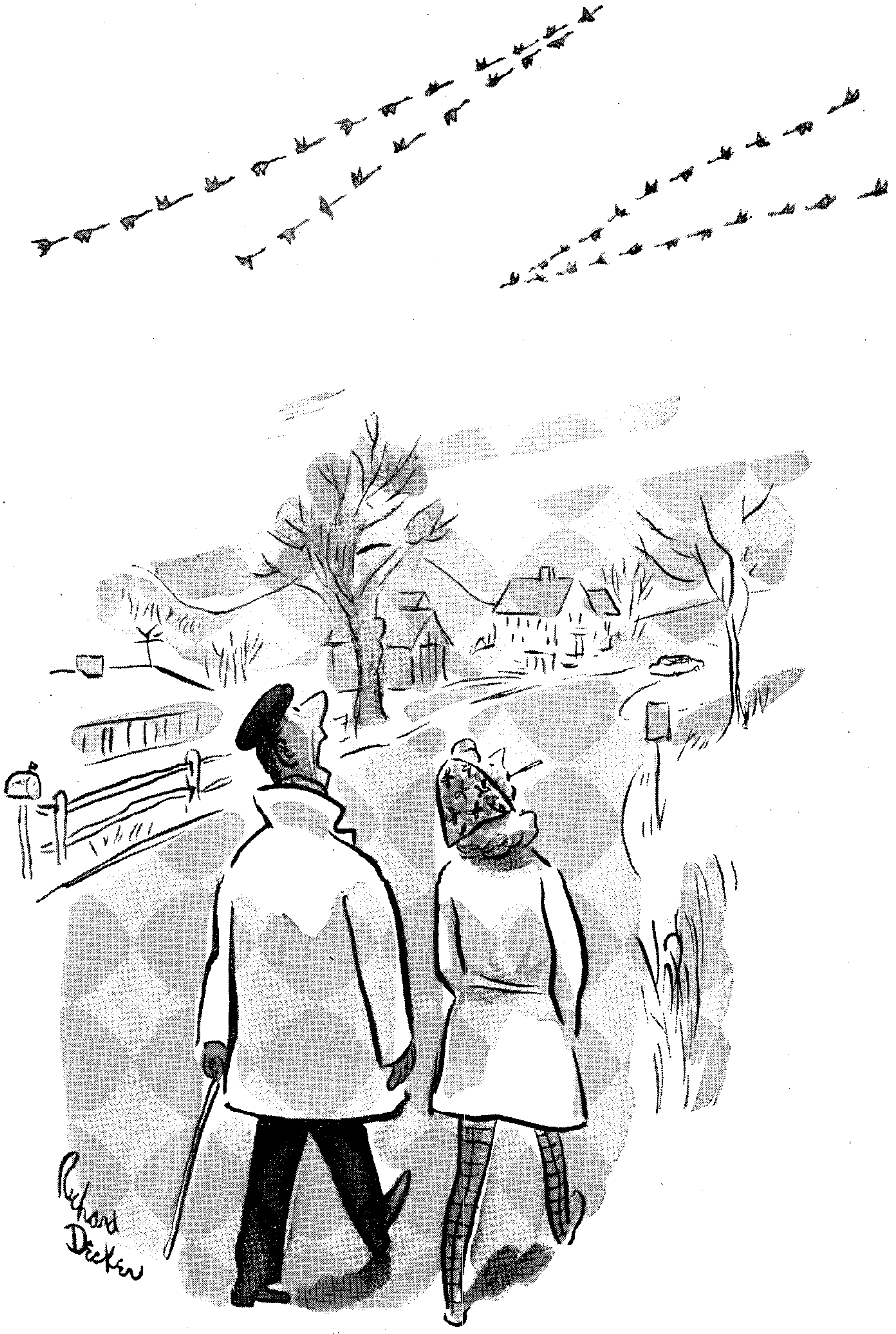
Sixty-nine years old, Rubinstein stands five feet eight and a half, and while he manages, by forgoing much of the rich food and fine wine that he dearly loves, to keep his weight just below a hundred and seventy-five, he presents a robust, stocky appearance, mainly because he is fortified by an abundance of energy and has the strength of a professional wrestler in his chest, shoulders, and arms. His stamina, exceptional for a man of his age, particularly impresses people who have known him for some time, because only in relatively recent years has he taken any sort of care of himself. As an example of his power of endurance, and of a concomitant control over his nervous system that a young steelworker riding a girder might envy, in a fourteen-day period during the summer of 1955 Rubinstein gave ten concerts, five in London and five in Paris—hopping by plane from one capital to the other after each concert. I noticed that while his stubbornly fluffy, once auburn hair had turned gray since we last met, five years earlier, in New York, his healthy-looking pinkish complexion, of a kind common among red-headed people, was unchanged. As always, however, what particularly caught my attention was the way the warmth of his spontaneous smile was reflected in his eyes, which, as far as I have been able to make out, are a gray-green blue—though I am perfectly willing to concede that there may be, as his wife maintains, gold sparks in them, too. Except for a pair of thin-soled alligator shoes, Rubinstein was dressed entirely in his favorite color, blue—a blue suit (with the rosette of a Commander of the Legion of Honor ornamenting one of its lapels), a lighter-blue shirt, and a darker-blue silk tie (with pearl stickpin).



Artur Rubinstein

Though our paths have crossed only at wide intervals—the New York encounter was our first since shortly after the war, when we had both lived for a while in Beverly Hills—my host immediately made me feel at home, acting as if I were in the habit of dropping by every day or so. I started to apologize for being late, but he silenced me with his fairly renowned smile and assured me I wasn't. The whole ménage was behind schedule, he said; for some reason, that always seemed to happen on days when he was due to give a concert, and he was due to give one that evening, at the Palais de Chaillot. Anyway, his wife was still in the kitchen, and we would have plenty of time to chat over a glass of port before lunch. It did not surprise me to learn where my hostess was. At the height of an astonishingly long career, going back more than sixty years, Rubinstein is one of perhaps half a dozen pianists whose standing in their fiercely competitive field is such that they could, if they wanted to, get by on merely what they earn as concert performers; by supplementing this (the fruit of a hundred or more public appearances a year) with royalties from recordings (sales of his albums, put out under the R.C.A. Victor label, have long since passed the three-million mark), he gets by very nicely, on an annual income that is regularly in the six-figure class. He and his wife are therefore able to enjoy, among many other material comforts, the services of an excellent French cook, but Mrs. Rubinstein has strong, time-tested notions about hospitality, and whenever it is feasible, she delights in cooking for her husband and their friends, and in doing her own marketing as well.

Rubinstein and I settled ourselves on a sofa behind a small table bearing three glasses and a bottle of 1906 port. The distinguished old wine was by no means out of place in its surroundings, for Rubinstein is a man who likes the best of everything, and both he and his wife are noted for their taste in a number of fields. The drawing room and the adjoining dining room were beautifully furnished, and the walls were hung with good paintings. Also much in evidence were a large phonograph (with several Rubinstein recordings lying unabashedly on top) and, over by a French window, two pianos—the concert grand on which my host had just been playing, and a smaller one standing at right angles to it. Bookshelves lined the walls—Rubinstein is almost as devoted to books as he is to the piano—and on one of them stood a photograph of Einstein and my host together, in which the former, with his tousled hair and mild, abstracted gaze, could easily be taken for a German *Klaviervirtuose*, while the lat-



"No doubt about it, Ethel, it's a topsy-turvy world we're living in."

• •

ter, staring alertly at the camera, might well pass for a hardheaded physicist.

Although Rubinstein is necessarily on the road much of the time, usually accompanied by his wife, they think of their Paris house as their home in summer and early autumn, and of an apartment in Manhattan as their home the rest of the year. The apartment, a sunny, airy seven-room one with light-gray walls and yellow curtains, at Park Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, is also the home of the two youngest of their four children—Alina, thirteen, and John Arthur, eleven—who, cared for in their parents' absence by a housekeeper long associated with the family, go to school in New York and spend their summers in Europe with their parents. Each of the Rubinstein ménages has its own distinctive atmosphere. The Paris house, while comfortable and by no means forbidding, reflects the cultivated tastes not only of its occupants but of their friends and acquaintances, most of whom are associated in one way or another with the arts. On the other hand, little Alina and John Arthur unmistakably set the tone of the Manhattan apartment, which, although its walls are hung with more paintings than many an art gallery can boast—works by Kisling, Rouault, Vuillard, Chagall, Dufy, Pissarro, Sivard, Boudin, Corot, Rubin, Gluckman, Renoir, Hoppner, and several modern Americans among them—is homey and down-to-earth, with a good deal of emphasis on television, crossword puzzles, and parlor games. This does not mean that the parents' friends are not also welcome there; indeed, Rubinstein is an enormously gregarious man, who can't abide being alone for any length of time. He is not precisely the backslapping type, however. He may have lived in California and Manhattan much of the time since 1939, but he is a native of Poland who spent the better part of his first fifty years on the Continent, and he has retained a certain *fin-de-siècle* Old World air. For example, he dislikes being called by his first name on short acquaintance (Sol Hurok, his manager for the past twenty-one years, to this day addresses him as Mr. Rubinstein), and is quite agreeable to having even those he knows well call him Maître or Maestro—especially when he is in Europe, where some people can still bring off such things gracefully. In any event, he enjoys talking to people everywhere, and, as it happens, he is unusually well equipped to do so. He speaks excellent colloquial English, with only a slight Polish accent, and is equally fluent in seven other languages; on the afternoon of my visit, he conversed in English and German with me, in French with the maid, in Russian and Italian with friends on the telephone, now and then in Polish with his wife, and in Spanish and Portuguese with no one, but only because he had no occasion to.

When Rubinstein had filled my glass and his own, and had lighted one of the cigars that also rank high on his list of pleasures (they are made for him by Upmann of Havana, and have his signature inscribed on the bands), he leaned back and began to talk about his boyhood and about the early, aimless years of his musical life.

RUBINSTEIN was, of course, an infant prodigy. The youngest in a family of seven children, he was born on January 28 ("Just one day after Mozart's birthday," he is happy to point out), 1889, in Lodz, a city that, though traditionally Polish, was part of Russia at the time. His parents, who were moderately well-to-do Polish Jews—the father owned a hand-loom textile factory—took little interest in music, but, feeling that it was part of a young lady's education, insisted that the girls in the family take piano lessons, which

Bee

is for beauty . . . so is

SUPER-ROYAL CREAM

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the girls did most reluctantly. One of the many legends about young Artur is that his father and mother tried to make him learn to play the violin and that he smashed two fiddles before they gave up and let him study the piano, which was what he had wanted to do from the start. Actually, nobody tried to make him play anything, but when he was still an infant he would toddle into the music room and listen while his sisters were having their lessons, and then, after the teacher had left, would crawl up on the piano bench and play whatever he had heard them falter through. Uncannily, he struck the right keys far more often than his sisters did, and although there was no score in front of him and he couldn't have read one anyway, he paused where the girls had paused in order to turn the page. His elders considered it downright spooky. An authentic prodigy, no doubt about it, the neighbors said, and he became the talk of Lodz when, at the age of four, he made his first public appearance, playing in a charity concert.

Gamely, Rubinstein's bewildered parents put him in the hands of the best local piano teachers, but after four years it was plain that he had learned everything they knew about the subject. Then an uncle of the boy, who had once met Joseph Joachim, the celebrated Hungarian violinist and composer, wrote a letter to the great man, in Berlin, describing the eerie talent that had appeared so unexpectedly in the Rubinstein family. Joachim wrote back inviting the uncle and nephew to Berlin for a hearing. The invitation was accepted, and Joachim was so overwhelmed by the eight-year-old *Wunderkind* that, enlisting the help of three wealthy friends, he offered to finance his musical education—a proposition that Rubinstein's parents, feeling that matters had been taken out of their hands, meekly went along with. Joachim arranged to have the boy study under the foremost piano teacher in Berlin, Karl Heinrich Barth, who had himself studied under Liszt, Tausig, and Bülow. Simultaneously, young Rubinstein was instructed in harmony, music theory, and composition by two well-known composers, Max Bruch and Robert Kahn, a brother of Otto H. Kahn, the late New York financier and patron of the opera. After three years of this intensive training, Rubinstein made his formal début, in Berlin, playing the Mozart A-Major Concerto with the Berlin Symphony Orchestra, which Joachim conducted, and soon afterward the boy gave recitals in Dresden and

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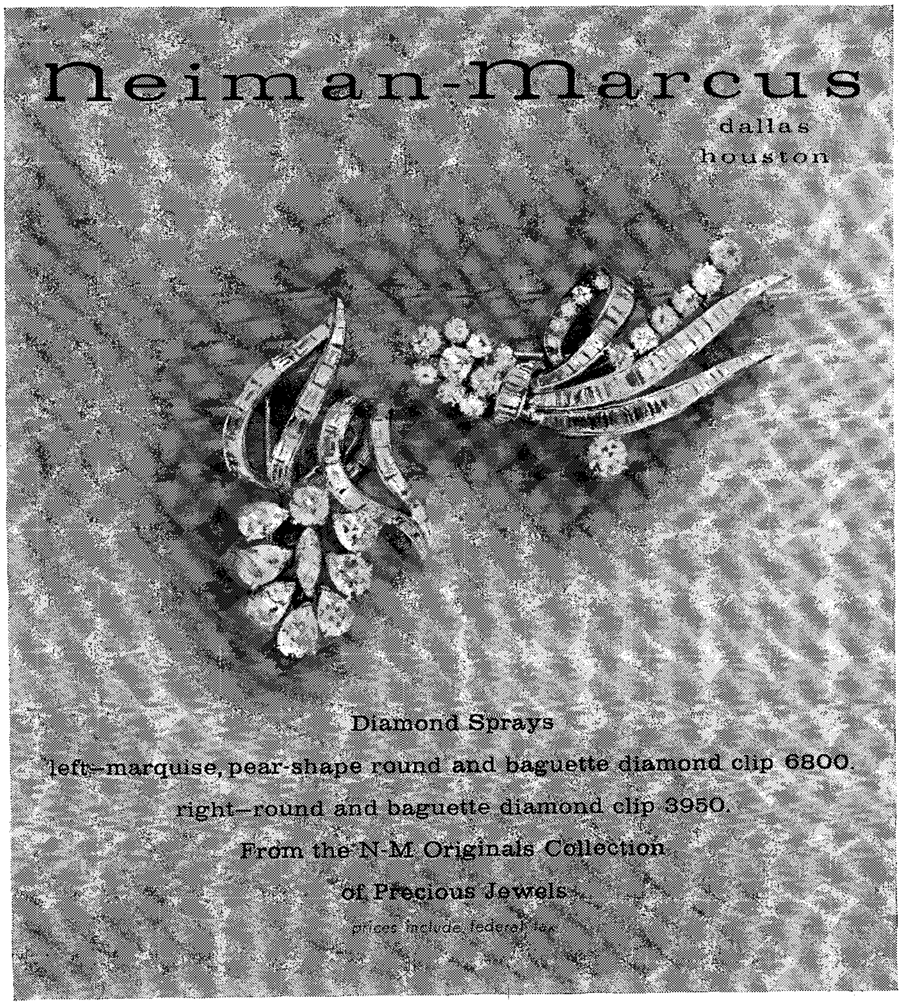

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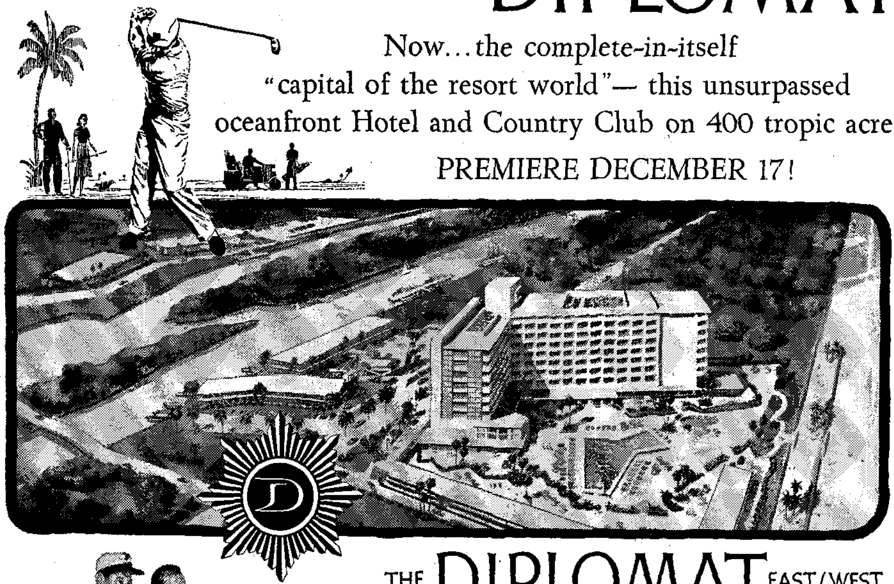

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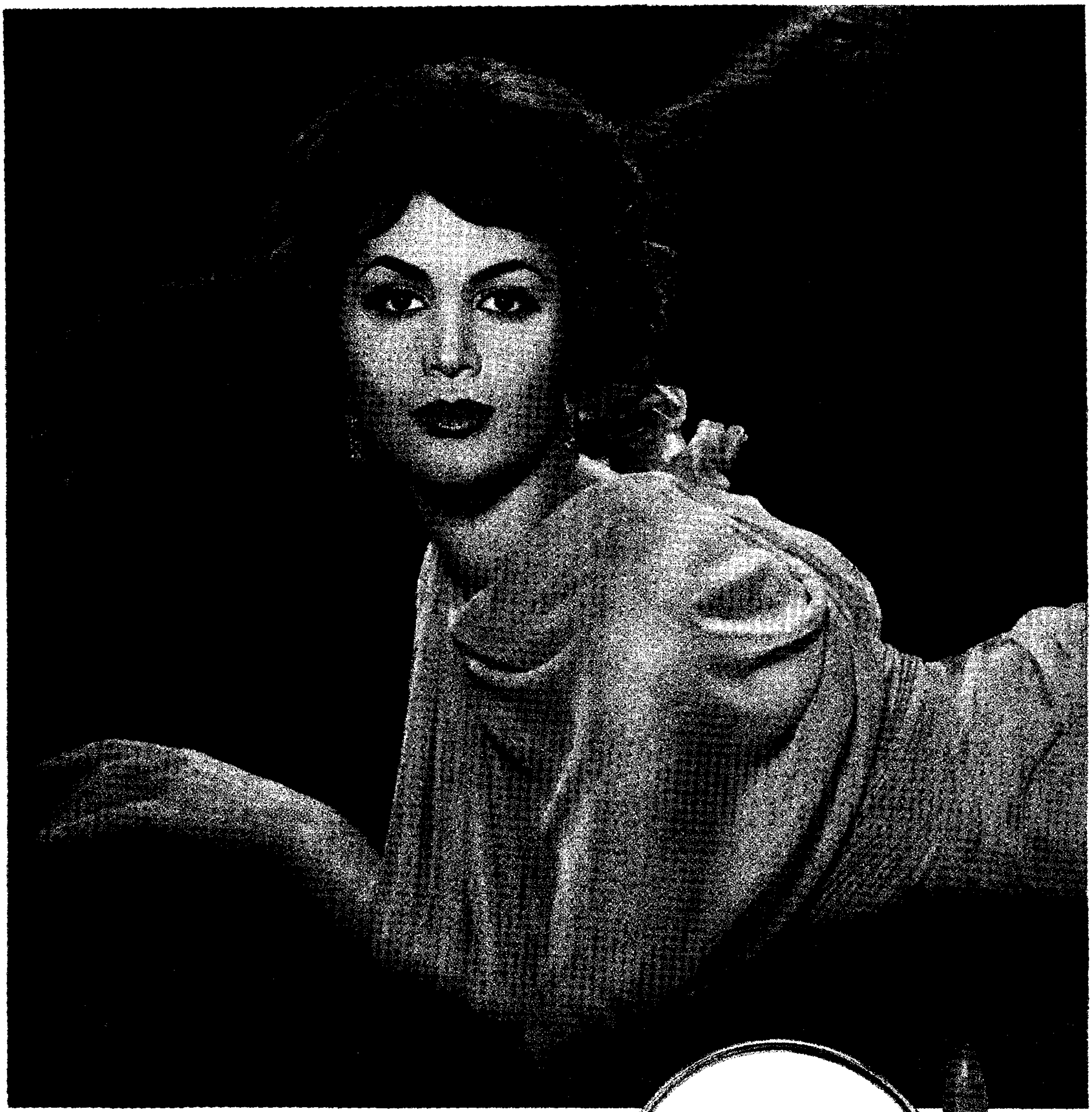
Hamburg. In all, he spent the better part of eight years studying in Berlin, and he has few pleasant recollections of any of them. A sensitive, romantic child, he was thoroughly cowed by Barth, who was a capable teacher but also a dry, pedantic disciplinarian with a disconcerting habit of letting his strong "Deutschland Über Alles" sentiments overshadow his interest in pianistic artistry. "When Barth became angry, his little beard would rise until it was practically pointing at me, and I would be terrified," Rubinstein recalls. "He liked me well enough, in his German way, I suppose, but he'd get to railing against the Poles and the Jews, and naturally that hurt deeply."

In the summer of 1904, toward the end of this uncomfortable period, Ignace Paderewski, whose genius as a pianist made him one Pole that even Barth could hardly sneer at, invited the lad to visit him at his villa near Lausanne. Paderewski, a tall, gracious man with golden hair, greeted his fifteen-year-old caller cordially, said that Joachim had spoken highly of him, and asked him to play something. Making a mistake common to beginners, Rubinstein responded by playing the most ambitious piece in his repertory—Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Paganini." He was nervous, and played it badly. Paderewski said nothing.

Presently, lunch was served, a meal that Rubinstein remembers as one of the most dismal occasions in his life. Mme. Paderewski, who had also heard his playing, sat staring at him in icy silence, which she finally broke only to remark, "Well, at least his table manners aren't so bad." That evening, however, things began to look up when William Apthorp, a Boston music critic who was vacationing nearby, came for dinner, and a lot of pink champagne was served. Afterward, Rubinstein sat down at the piano and, in top form, played Brahms' G-Minor Rhapsody and Chopin's F-Sharp-Major Impromptu. At the conclusion of this informal recital, Paderewski embraced him, and later he went up to Rubinstein's room, sat on his bed, and talked about his son, a cripple who had died young. He said he intended to work hard to help young Rubinstein get ahead. The boy began to stammer, and at last blurted out that Barth had made him promise not to take lessons from anybody while he was in Switzerland. Paderewski nodded understandingly and commended his loyalty. The two played a great deal of music together that summer, but, despite many stories



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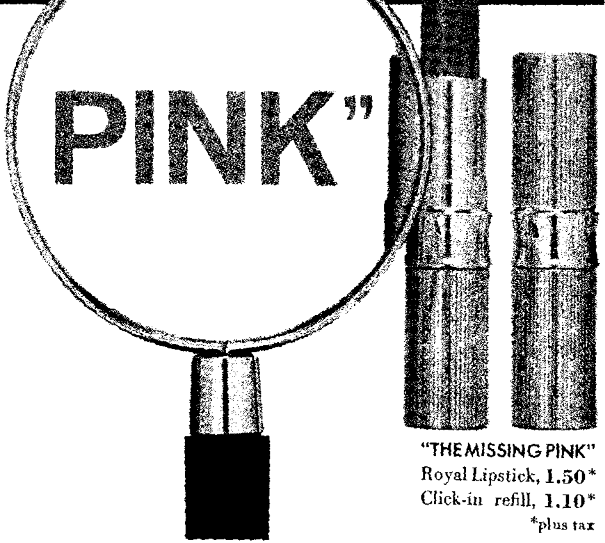

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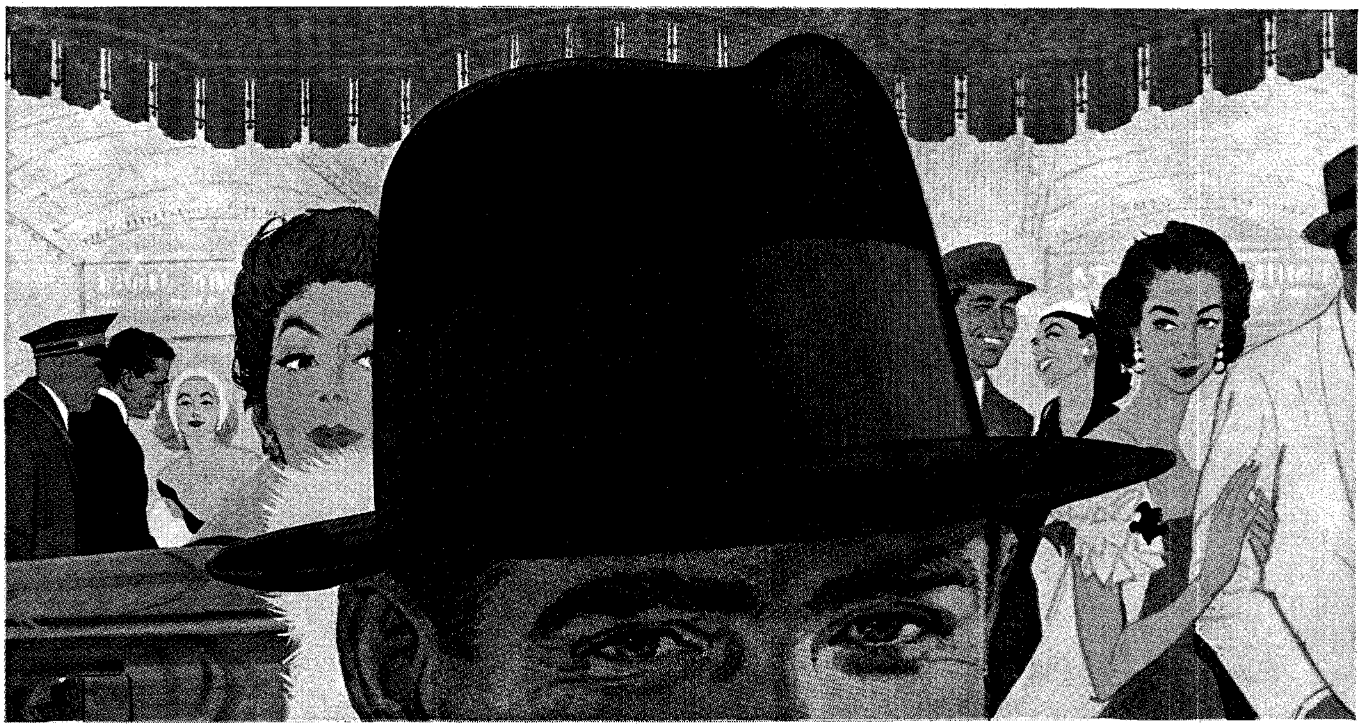

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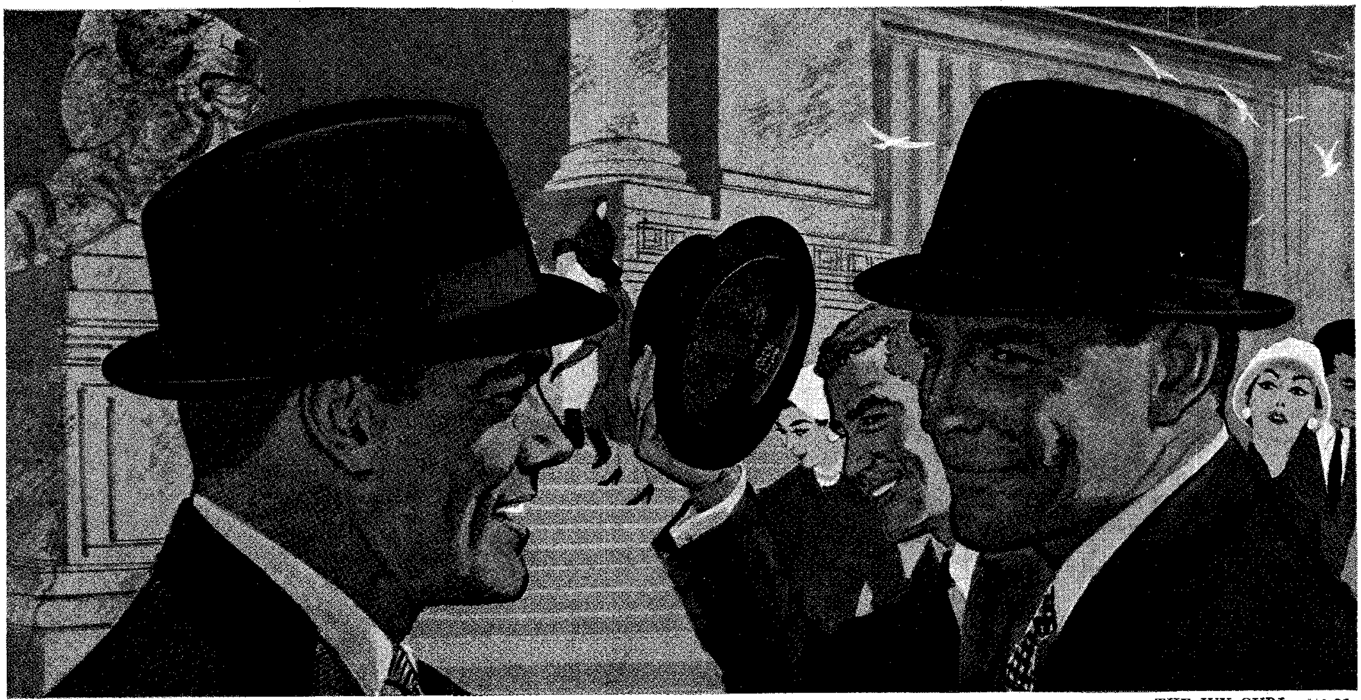

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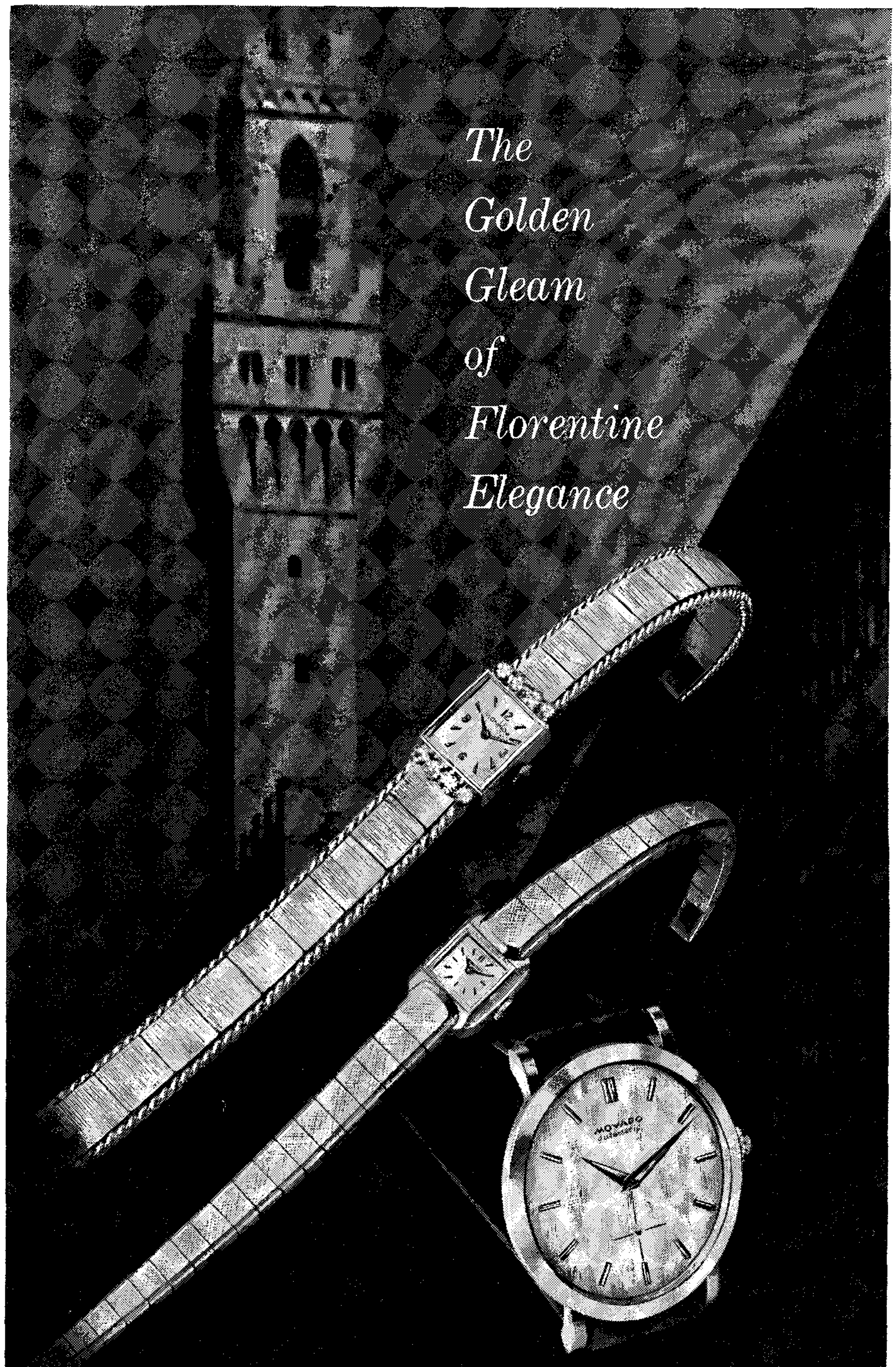
to the contrary, Paderewski never gave Rubinstein a single lesson.

Back in Berlin, Rubinstein spent one more unhappy winter under Barth, and then, in the spring of 1905, at the age of sixteen, he simply quit cold and set out for Paris. He knew nobody there, and had no money to live on, but he felt that he could not put up with what he calls "the terrible dryness of Professor Barth" for another minute. In Paris, he soon had the good fortune to meet the expansive impresario Gabriel Astruc, who built the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées and started Diaghilev and his ballet troupe on their way to fame in Paris. Astruc gave Rubinstein an opportunity to play a program of Chopin and Saint-Saëns with the Orchestre Lamoureux. Saint-Saëns himself, a lively old gentleman of seventy, attended the rehearsals, and was heard to remark, "That boy is going to have a great career, worthy of his great name"—a reference to Anton Rubinstein, the Russian composer-pianist, who died five years after Artur Rubinstein was born and with whom the latter has been confused time and again throughout his life. Saint-Saëns' enthusiasm was encouraging, but unhappily it was not shared by most of the people who attended either that recital or five others that Rubinstein gave in Paris that year. The city's music lovers, it appeared, just weren't much interested in adolescent novices, however promising.

If Astruc could not make Parisians applaud Rubinstein, he could, and did, introduce him to some of the most distinguished figures in the French musical world of that day, among them Saint-Saëns and two other composers—Maurice Ravel and Claude Debussy. But consorting with artists is seldom a road to prosperity, and for a while



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Rubinstein had a pretty lean time of it. Then, late in 1905, from an entirely unexpected quarter, came a break that seemed likely to raise him well above the rank and file of talented but unknown young musicians. This stroke of luck came from the Knabe Piano people, in New York, who, having been tipped off to the emergence of a new boy wonder by Apthorp, Rubinstein's fellow-guest at the Paderewskis', proposed to underwrite the expense of bringing him to the United States. Rubinstein, who had been itching to show Barth that there were more ways than one to get ahead in his profession, jumped at the chance. Knabe sent him not only the money for his passage but a two-hundred-dollar advance in anticipation of earnings, and the youth jubilantly embarked for New York. By the time he disembarked, he was not quite so jubilant, for a couple of shipboard seminars in the science of poker playing had cost him the whole two hundred dollars, but this setback seemed of little importance in view of the possibilities lying just ahead. Unfortunately, the possibilities failed to materialize. Rubinstein made his American début at Carnegie Hall on January 8, 1906, and appeared in Philadelphia the following month, playing both times with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Fritz Scheel. Although his performances were favorably received by both the critics and the public, Rubinstein felt that he had not been entirely successful, and it was with some misgivings that, having fulfilled the terms of his agreement with Knabe, he signed up with the Shuberts and went on a nationwide tour. It consisted mainly of unheralded matinée recitals before skimpy audiences in theatres controlled by his sponsors, and while his reception was generally warm (in Chicago the reviews were so enthusiastic that he was given a return engagement), he decided that he hadn't done as well as he should have. His self-esteem was not improved when, in St. Louis, a vaudeville actor who specialized in vocal imitations of musical instruments invited him to join the act.

At the end of his tour, Rubinstein returned to Europe so thoroughly depressed that he went into semi-retirement for four years, holing up in London and keeping one jump ahead of starvation by teaching piano to a succession of far from promising children. His financial plight became so grave that at one point he had to draw heavily on his reserves of artistic integrity to resist an offer to play the piano in a variety show starring trick bicycle riders and

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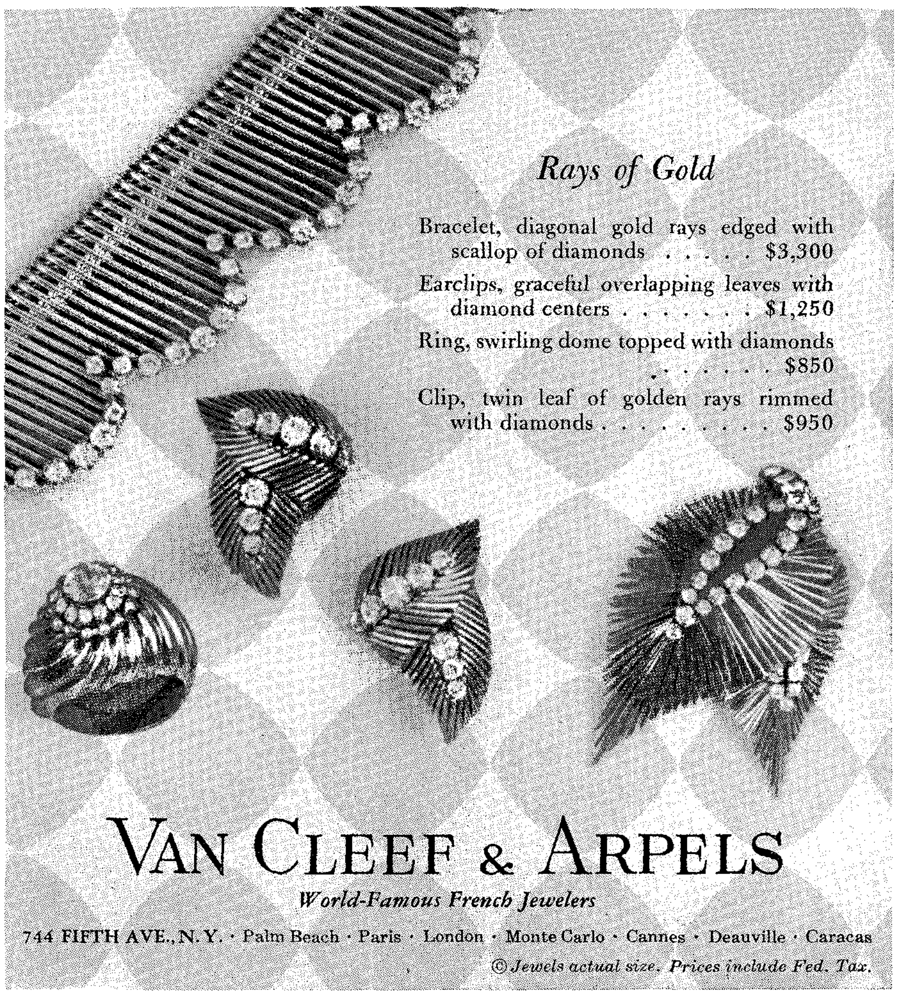

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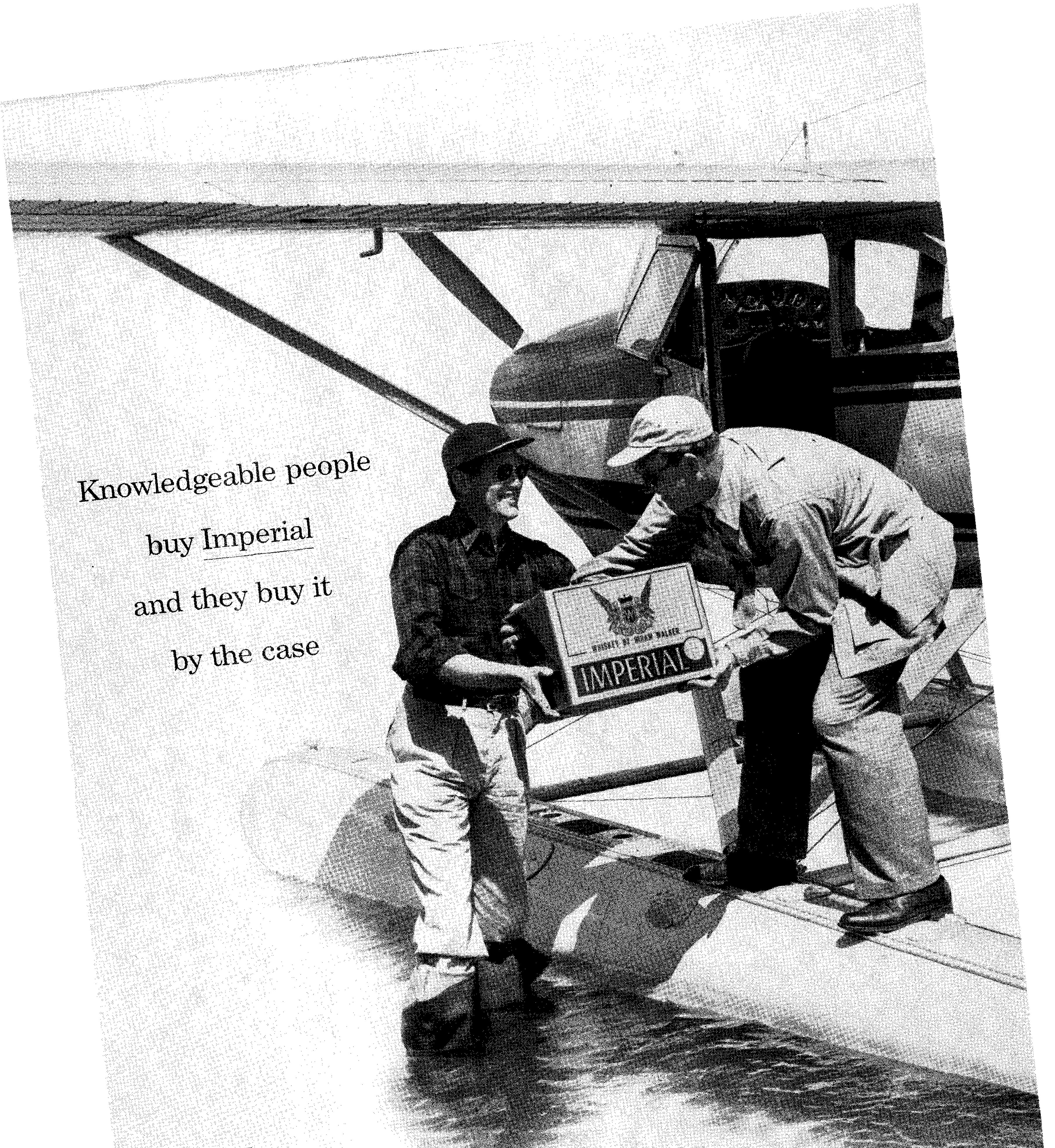
a troupe of monkeys. And before long he did begin accepting engagements that, if not quite so garish, were still of a kind that would have appalled Joachim and Barth, such as a leading role in musicales that Muriel Draper put on in London. Success in this field was easy enough, for he never lost the natural facility he had displayed as a child. To this day, it takes him no more than three hours of study to learn a sonata, and once he has learned it, he never forgets it. There are countless stories of his feats of musical memory. He mastered the whole of César Franck's "Symphonic Variations" in the course of a thirty-six-hour train trip from Paris to Madrid, and much earlier than that, after another visit to Paderewski, during which the great man played his new and still unpublished E-Flat-Minor Sonata, Rubinstein created a tremendous furor in Warsaw by giving a public performance of it there on the very day the score left the printer's.

Although Rubinstein originally lent himself to stunts of this kind merely to keep the wolf from the door of his London flat, he soon came to prefer them to serious practice. Gradually, he acquired a following among admirers of pyrotechnical displays, and began touring Europe as a sort of musical showman; he struck the keys forcefully, improvising when he felt like it, and if he missed a handful of notes here and there, no one seemed to care. Drifting into Continental café life, Rubinstein was taken up by pseudo-intellectual cliques, and by the time he reached the age of twenty-five, in 1914, he was beginning to be regarded as essentially a playboy rather than a concert pianist. He had not had a piano lesson since skipping out on Barth, nearly ten years earlier. There was more and more night life, more and more champagne, never enough hours for sleep or for practice. Once, at the end of a sumptuous lunch, with several wines, at the Casino in Monte Carlo, he asked the waiter to bring him a brandy and a copy of the program of that afternoon's concert. After drinking the former, he consulted the latter and was horrified to see that he was listed as the scheduled pianist, and to realize that he had completely forgotten the engagement. Momentarily frightened though he was by episodes of this sort, he was too fond of the way of life they represented to give it up.

Rubinstein might have gone on in this way indefinitely if it had not been for the First World War. When the fighting started, he was back in London, and immediately tried to enlist with the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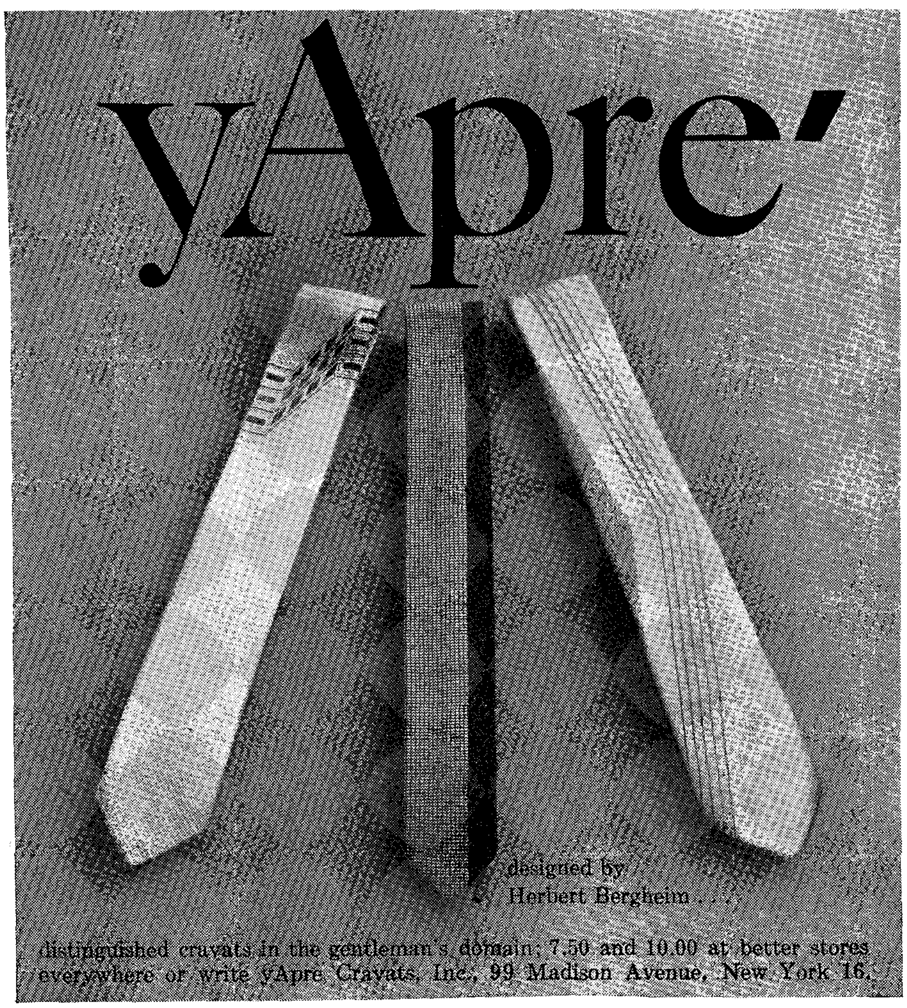

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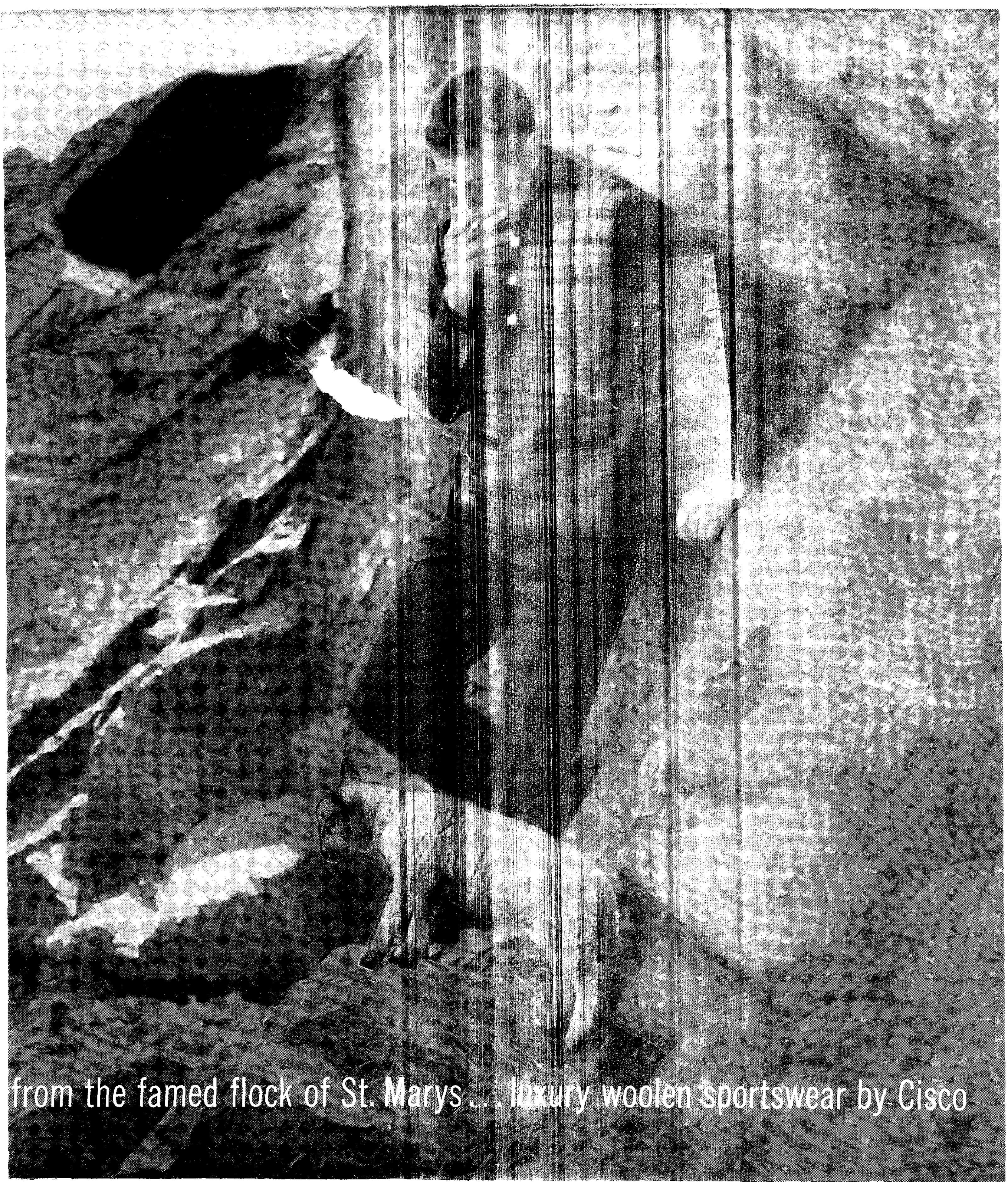
Polish Legion, an organization founded by Józef Pilsudski to try to free Poland from both the Germans and the Russians. However, when the authorities discovered that Rubinstein spoke French, German, and English fluently, they decided that he would be more useful as an interpreter at Allied headquarters. A few months later, he and Eugène Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, were sent on a tour of Allied Army camps, and when that ended, Rubinstein found himself on the military sidelines and in Paris again. He got a concert engagement in Spain, and this brought him others there. Rubinstein rapidly became a national favorite. Then his fame spread among Spanish-speaking people abroad, and this led to a tour of South America so prolonged that the war was almost over before he returned to London.

Much of Rubinstein's elation over his reception by the Spanish-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic was dispelled when, only a few months after he left South America, he set out on a second attempt to conquer the United States. It was almost as disappointing to him as his first. The theatrical improvisations that had done so much to endear him to Latin audiences didn't go over at all well with the comparatively dispassionate North Americans who attended his recitals here, and they rebuked him for neglecting to play the notes called for in the scores; after hearing a performance he gave at Carnegie Hall, the *Times* critic described him as "a miniaturist" and his style as "casual." At the time, the nation's concert halls were dominated by a Big Four consisting of Paderewski, Godowsky, Rachmaninoff, and Hofmann, so Rubinstein, even if he had shown himself less lackadaisical about his art, would almost certainly have been relegated to the position of an also-ran; as it was, he found it hopeless to try to run at all. He went back to Europe disgusted, and determined never to set foot in the United States again.

As swirls of smoke from his Upmann eddied languidly above his head, Rubinstein digressed to recall some of his early feelings about composers. "Brahms was my first love," he said. "That was when I was eight, and had just arrived in Berlin. Then at seventeen or so, in Paris, I had the usual adolescent attack of Wagneritis. It hit me badly. I couldn't sleep for nights after my first 'Ring.' The usual attack of anti-Wagneritis followed, but in time, naturally, the attacks cancelled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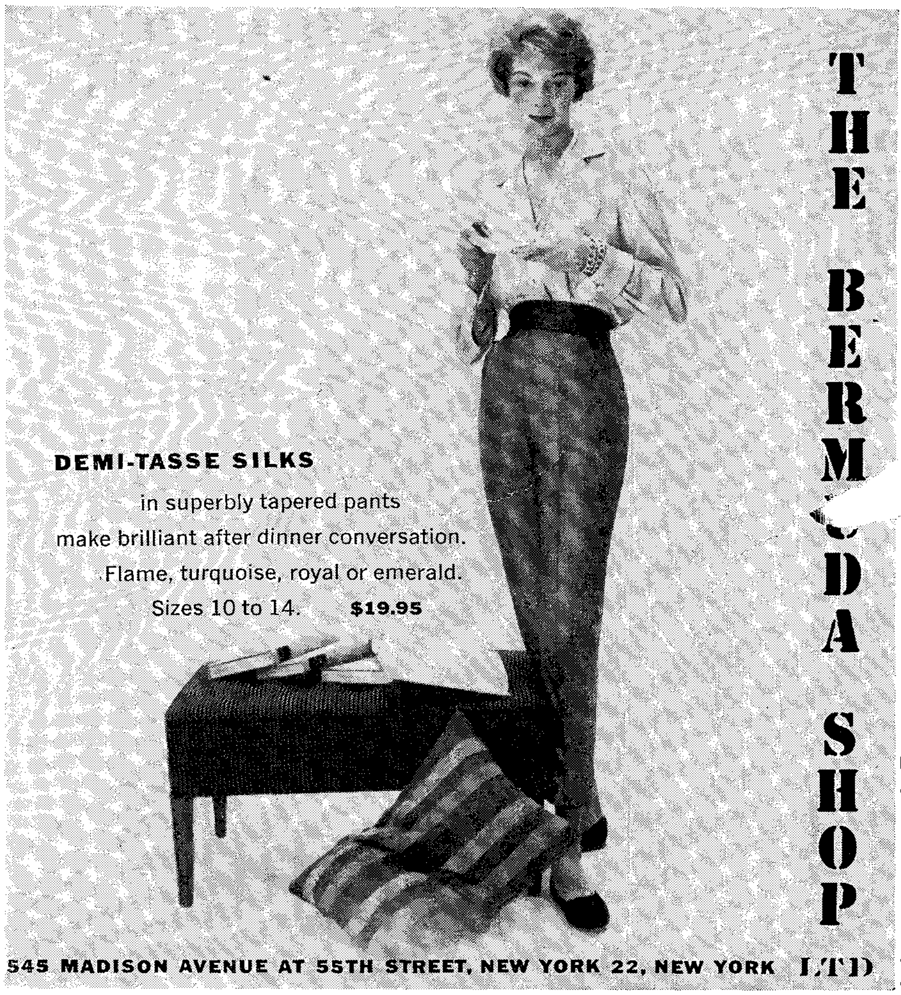

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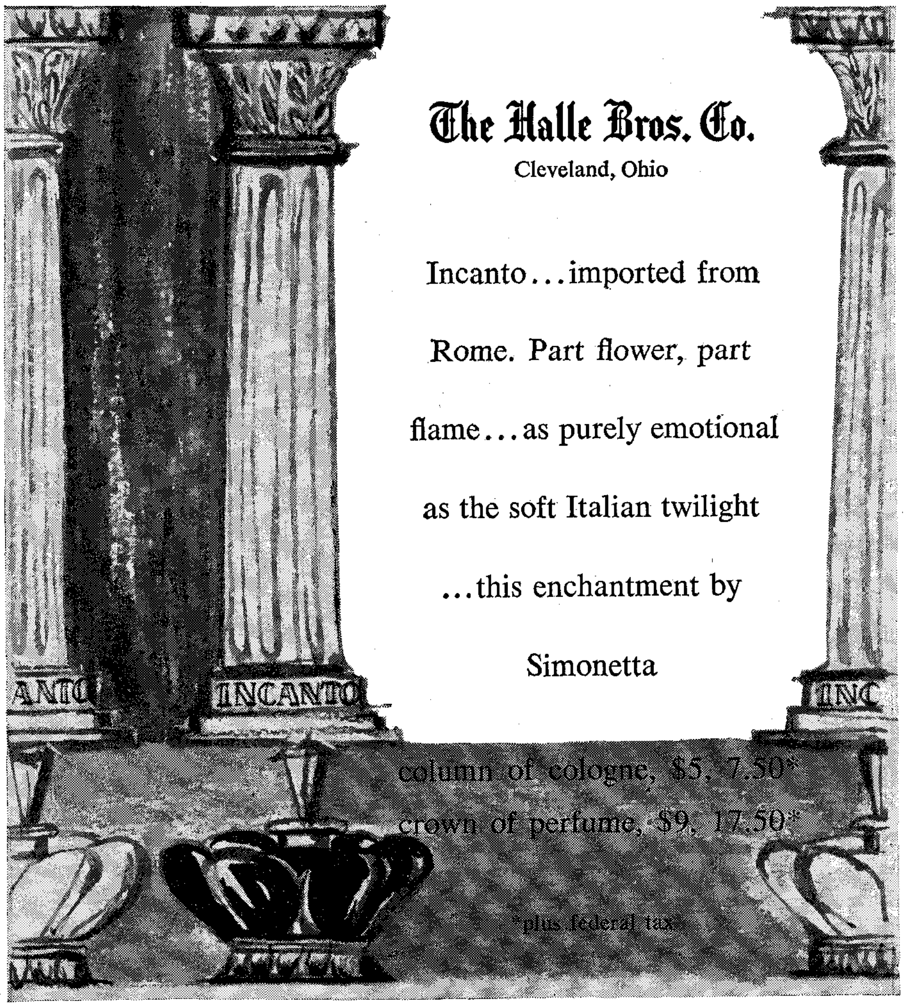

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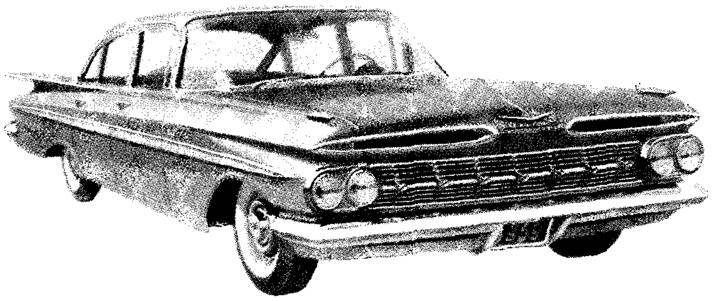
each other out, and I became able to pick and choose. After that, I had a violent love affair with Tchaikovsky. I'd get drunk merely playing Tchaikovsky. And then I found that I couldn't bear to hear him played by others. Some men, you know, don't mind getting drunk themselves, but they hate to see anyone else in his cups. Next, I became fascinated by the magnificent climaxes and colorful orchestrations of Richard Strauss. But all these fleeting passions have gone, leaving only the great loves: Schumann, the eternal Romeo, with that wonderful shy sensuality of his. [illegible]ubert and his incredible melodies—you know, I still discover new nuances in them from time to time. Mozart, a sample of Heaven on earth. And, of course, Chopin."

Rubinstein sat silent for a moment, and then continued softly, "I was fifteen, and still in Berlin, when a friend—a frail young Polish pianist with dark, burning eyes—brought me under the spell of Chopin. My friend wasn't much interested in musical technicalities. All he cared about was expressing the feeling that he believed Chopin was trying to convey. I've heard all the important pianists of my time play Chopin, but *no one has ever made him mean as much* to me as that young man did."

Leaning forward, Rubinstein refilled my glass, but poured only a few drops into his. "I can assure you it wasn't always like this," he said, smiling ruefully at his meagre ration. "Not when I was in Paris before the First World War. Hardly! I remember when Leopold Godowsky drew me aside one day and said, 'You could be the best of all, my boy, if you would only work a little.' Imagine! And that from a man who was one of the world's great pianists himself! The trouble was that I thought I could get by without working. I wouldn't have minded being the best of all, naturally, but not at



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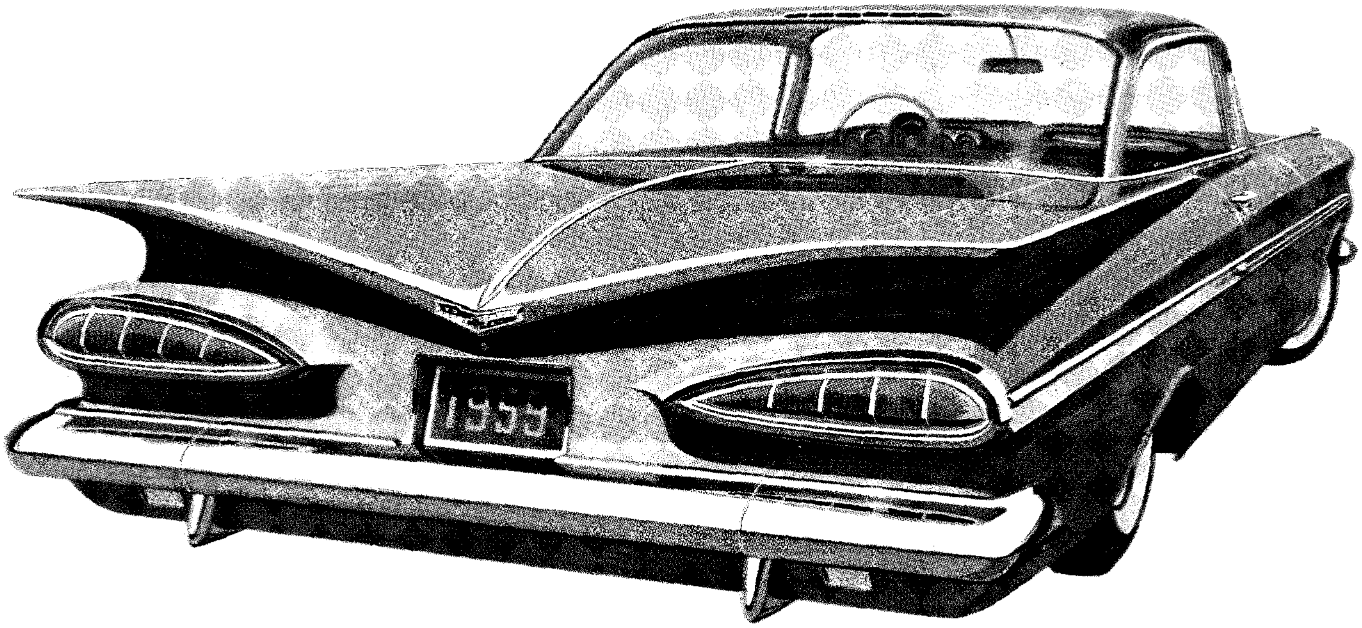

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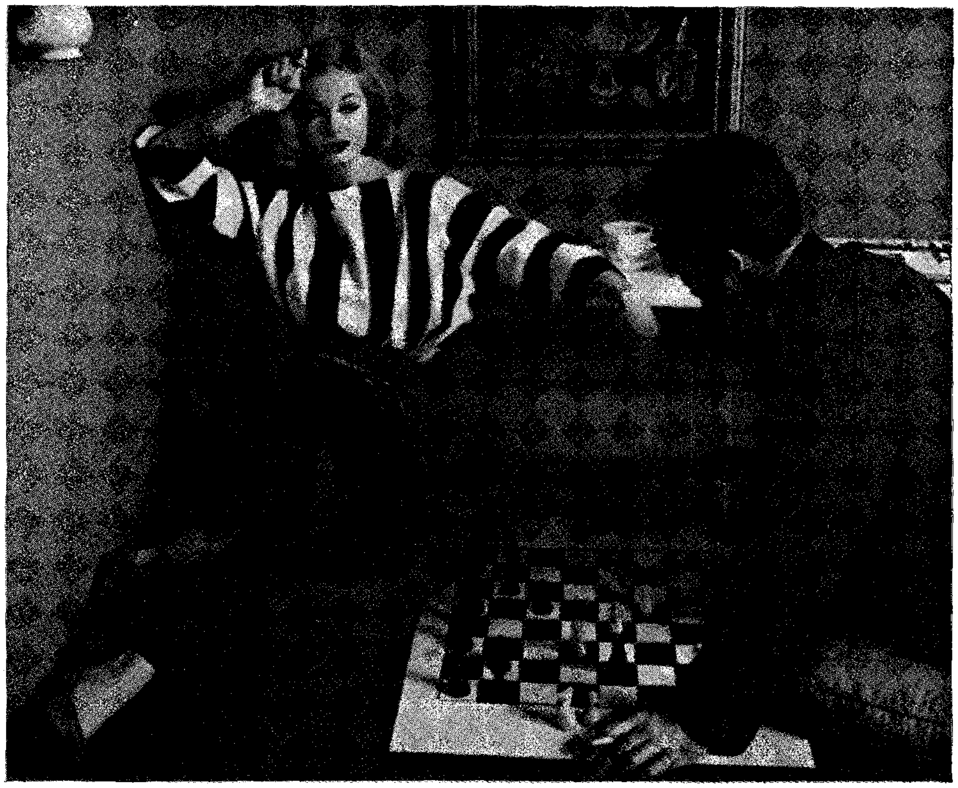

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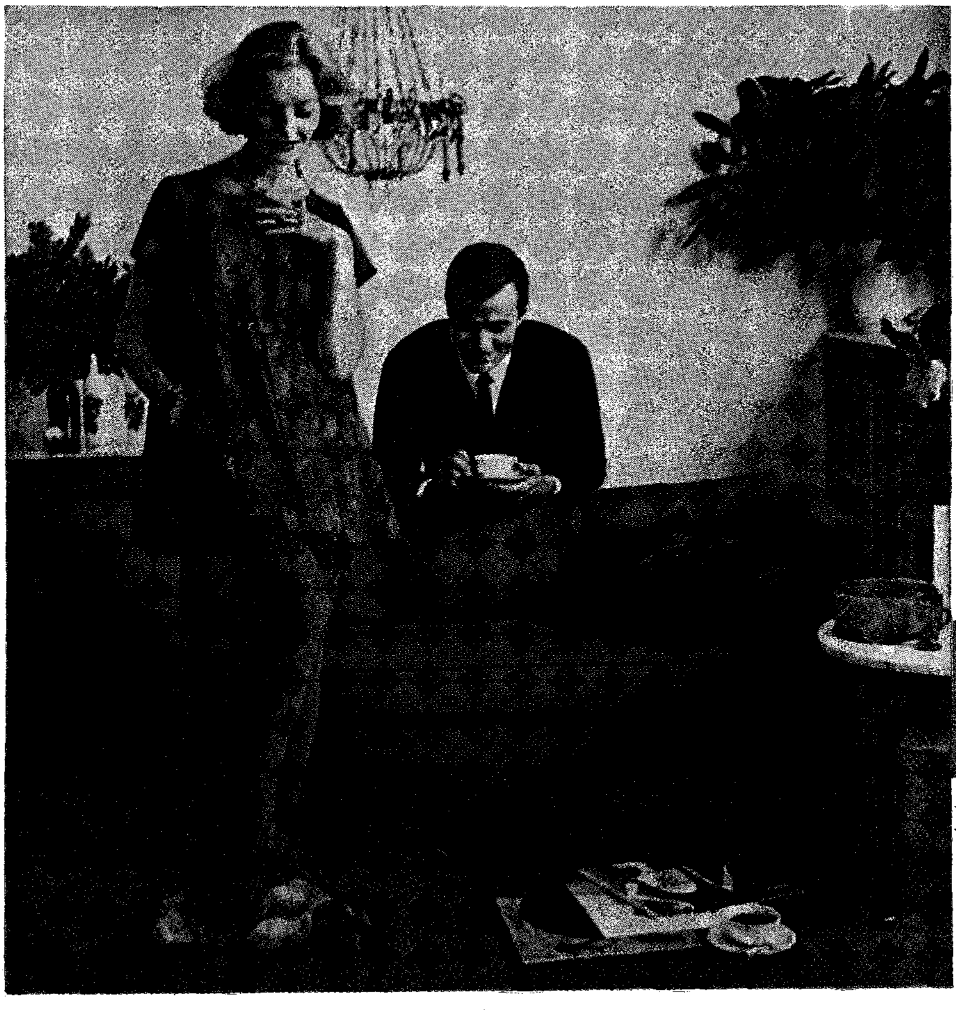

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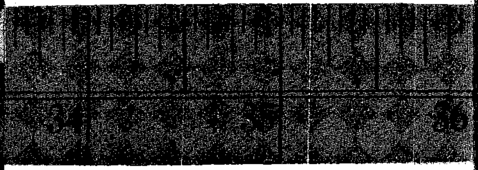

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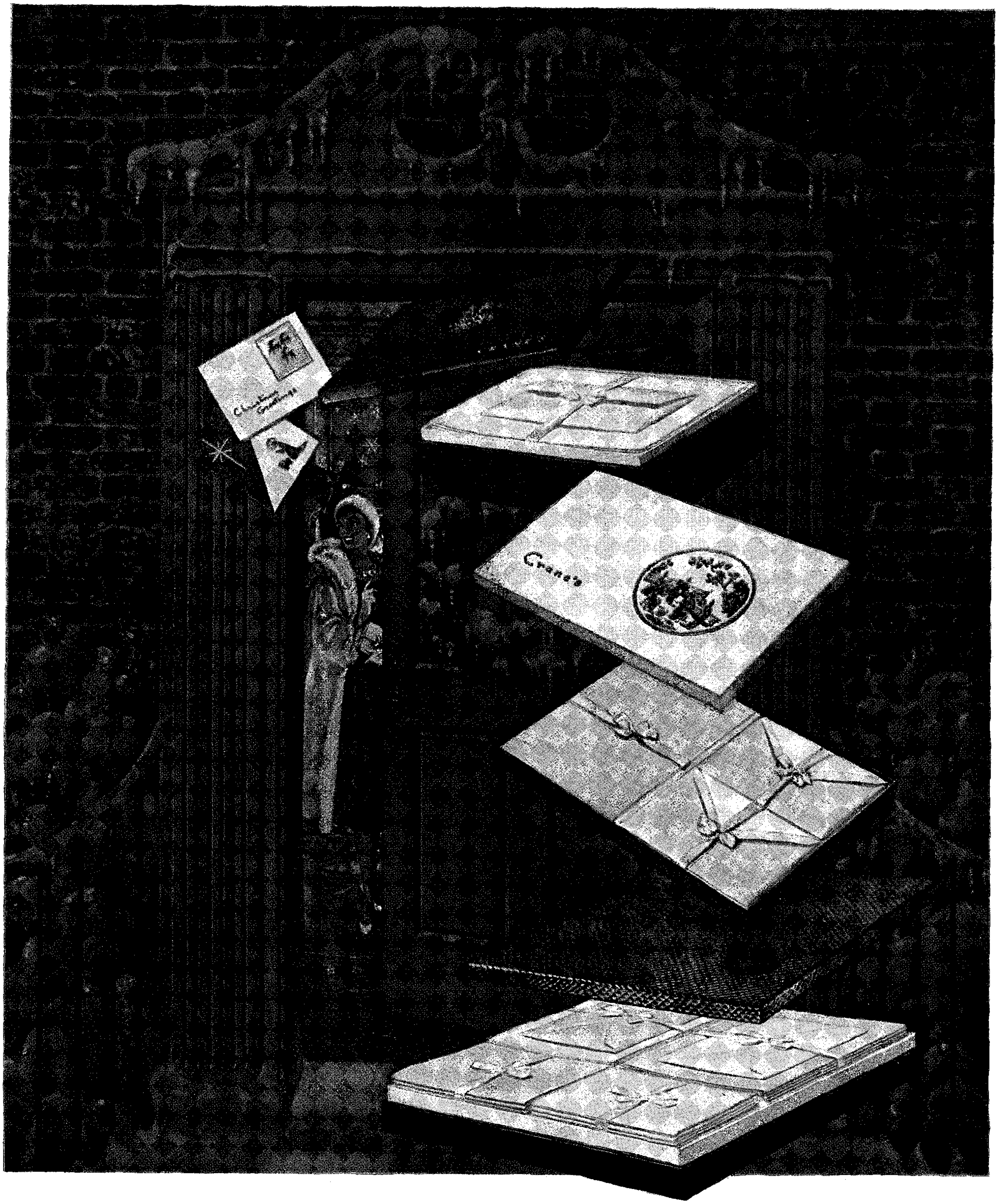
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Stubbing out his cigar, Rubinstein shook his head, as if the wastrel pianist he was telling me about were somebody else, whose motives mystified him. Then, acknowledging reality, he went on, "Debussy—by the way, he lived out his last years in the house right next to this one, and died there, in 1918—was another person who didn't seem to approve of the sort of life I was leading. At any rate, he always acted very withdrawn when I was around. With Ravel it was different. He was something of a dandy himself—a small, slender, agile man who wore a mustache and a square beard. We people in the Astruc crowd adored him. He wasn't widely known at the time—that didn't come until after 'Bolero,' which was first performed in 1928—and there was some critical sniping at him to the effect that he was merely an imitator of Debussy, which, naturally, hurt his feelings. Ravel once told me plaintively that he had learned the art of orchestration from Saint-Saëns' Second Piano Concerto, and not from Debussy at all."

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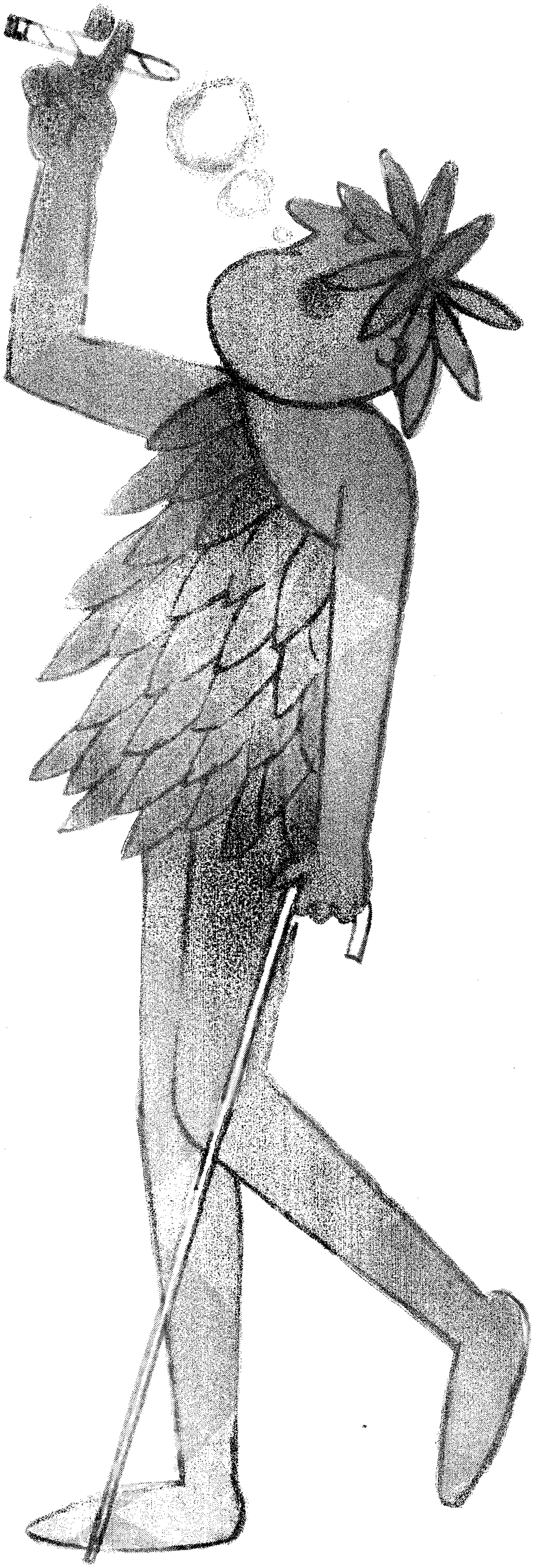
Rubinstein said, "Now and then I get to thinking back over the turning points in my life—everybody does, I suppose—and when I do, I usually find myself wondering what would have happened to me if I hadn't had lunch one day in 1916 at the home of a certain Mme. de Errazuriz. Mme. Eugenia de Errazuriz, her name was. She was Portuguese, had a lot of money, and was quite a connoisseur of music. She had a beautiful house here in Paris. After lunch, I played her the entire score of 'Salome,' since I was in my Richard Strauss phase at the time. She seemed to appreciate it, and asked how she could help me, and without an instant's hesitation I said, 'By getting me into Spain.' It was no spur-of-the-moment notion on my part, but the expression of a dream I'd had ever since I was a little boy. Sometimes I think it all started when I first heard that simple Spanish folk song called 'La Paloma,' but, however it began, by the time I had lunch with Mme. de Errazuriz I was thoroughly under the spell of the haunting harmonies and strong rhythms of Spanish music. I'd been yearning for a long time to visit Spain, but the Spaniards wouldn't have me, because of passport difficulties. In fact, passport difficulties beset me throughout my early life. The trouble was that, as a Polish patriot, I'd avoided military service in the Czarist Army. For years, whatever travelling I did was with a counterfeit Russian passport, and the Spaniards wouldn't accept it. Well, my telling Mme. de Errazuriz that I wanted to go to Spain was followed by a whole series of miracles, for she turned out to be a woman of considerable influence. First, an impresario called to ask if I'd accept an engagement to play the Brahms D-Minor Concerto in San Sebastián. Impossible, I thought, because of the passport trouble, but it soon developed that Mme. de Errazuriz, with the help of a couple of ambassadors, had straightened that out. Then she got a friend of hers to talk to Sir Edward Gray, the British Foreign Minister, and explain to him that I couldn't get transportation through France in wartime, and he arranged a ride for me on a British warship going to Bilbao. In San Sebastián, I found that the name of another pianist had been scratched off the program and my name written in by hand, and also that the local music lovers hated Brahms. They sat through it, though, and afterward, to my astonishment, I was invited to give a second concert there. At that one, I played the Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor,



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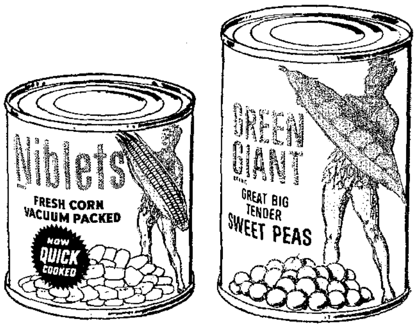

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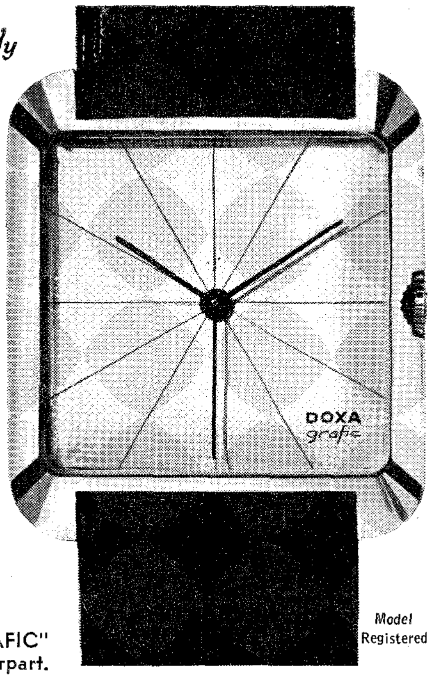

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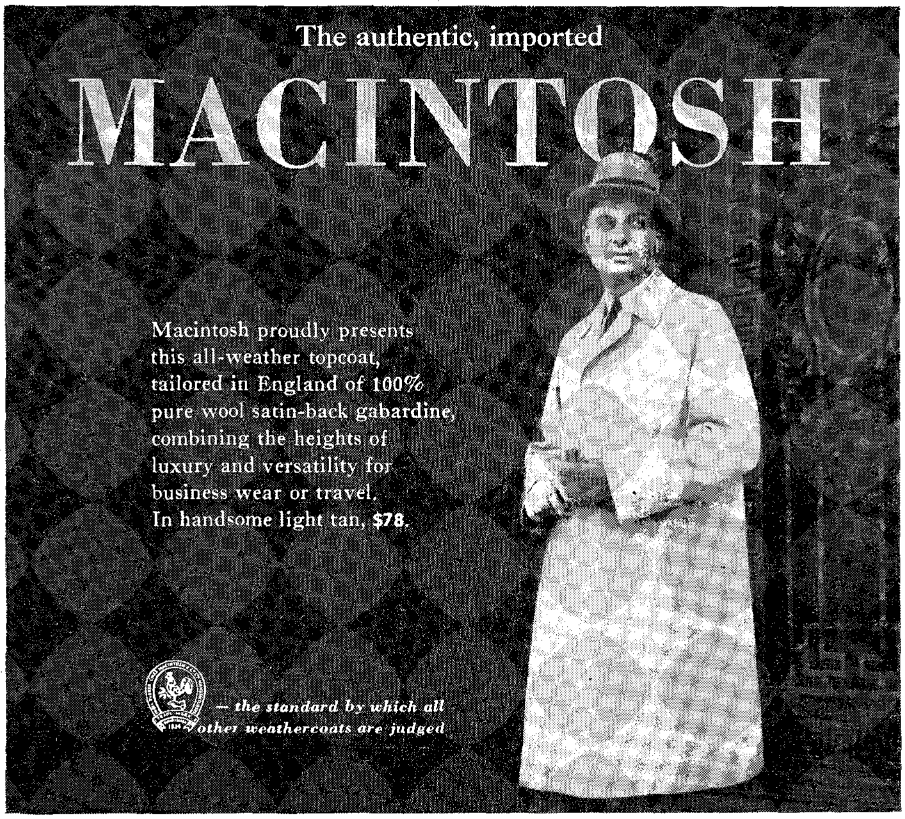

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and Queen Victoria Eugenia, who was in the audience, asked me to her box. The rest was easy. A local croupier who doubled as an impresario offered me a tour of twenty concerts. By the time I left Spain, I'd given a *hundred* and twenty concerts, and I had money, a big reputation, confidence in myself, a picture of Alfonso the Thirteenth inscribed 'To the best friend of Spain,' and a diplomatic passport describing me as a 'Polish pianist.' That got me to South America, where, I'm happy to say, they loved me."

For many years after that first visit, the best friend of Spain declined to play Spanish music in public, feeling that only Spanish musicians could do it full justice. Then he met the widow and daughter of Isaac Albéniz, one of his favorite Spanish composers. Just for the two of them, he played Albéniz's "Iberia" Suite, and was surprised to hear the daughter whisper, "Isn't that amazing, Mother? It's exactly the way Father used to play it!" Since then, Rubinstein has played the works not only of Albéniz but of two other modern Spanish composers—Manuel de Falla and Enrique Granados—wherever his professional wanderings have taken him, and he is credited with being largely responsible for making their names known to audiences north of the Pyrenees.

These, however, were by no means the only modern composers Rubinstein helped to popularize in concert halls throughout the world. He has always had a high regard for modern music, and long before he ever got to Spain, he was playing it in many cities where its very existence was all but unknown—and thereby jeopardizing his own prestige among traditionalist audiences. He was a pioneer proselyte of the works of Ravel at a time when the latter had scarcely been heard of outside France; at a recital in Warsaw, he insisted on

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playing Debussy's "Jardins Sous la Pluie" from start to finish, despite the jeers and catcalls of his compatriots, who, like many listeners everywhere, did not take kindly to the strange new Impressionist music; he was among the first to give music lovers in other countries an idea of what the group of young French composers known as Les Six (Darius Milhaud, Arthur Honegger, Francis Poulenc, Germaine Tailleferre, Louis Durey, and Georges Auric) were up to; he took a special pleasure in repeatedly playing the works of Dukas, his once disapproving fatherly critic, before audiences in both hemispheres; and he once spent a year helping to gain international recognition for the compositions of Karol Szymanowski, a fellow-Pole. His efforts on behalf of these composers, and others, have not been unappreciated; among those who have dedicated piano works to him are Milhaud, Poulenc, de Falla, Szymanowski, Heitor Villa-Lobos (Rubinstein discovered him playing the cello in the pit of a movie theatre in Rio de Janeiro), Sergei Prokofieff, and Igor Stravinsky, who, some years ago, after hearing Rubinstein play his "Petrouchka" score, asked him, "How can you extract more feeling out of that piece than I ever put into it?"

Rubinstein was urging me to have a bit more port when his wife, Nela, a handsome and vivacious woman in her middle forties, entered the room, taking off a white apron she'd been wearing over a distinctly chic black dress. Her husband proposed that she, too, have an apéritif, but just then the maid announced lunch, so we moved into the dining room. When we were seated, Rubinstein poured the wine, explaining sadly, as he allowed himself just a drop, that he had had his quota for a day when he was due to give an evening concert. "But at the party tonight I can have all the champagne I want," he said defiantly, and turned his attention to the first course, a delicious fresh mushroom soup, made according to a Polish recipe. Then he went on to say that he and his wife had returned from a short concert tour only two days earlier, and that she had spent the better part of the time since then preparing dishes for a supper party they were giving for "a few intimate friends" immediately after his concert. They both urged me to come, too, and I was delighted to accept. Mrs. Rubinstein remarked that she had arranged to have the piano movers in at five that afternoon to take his concert grand to the Palais de

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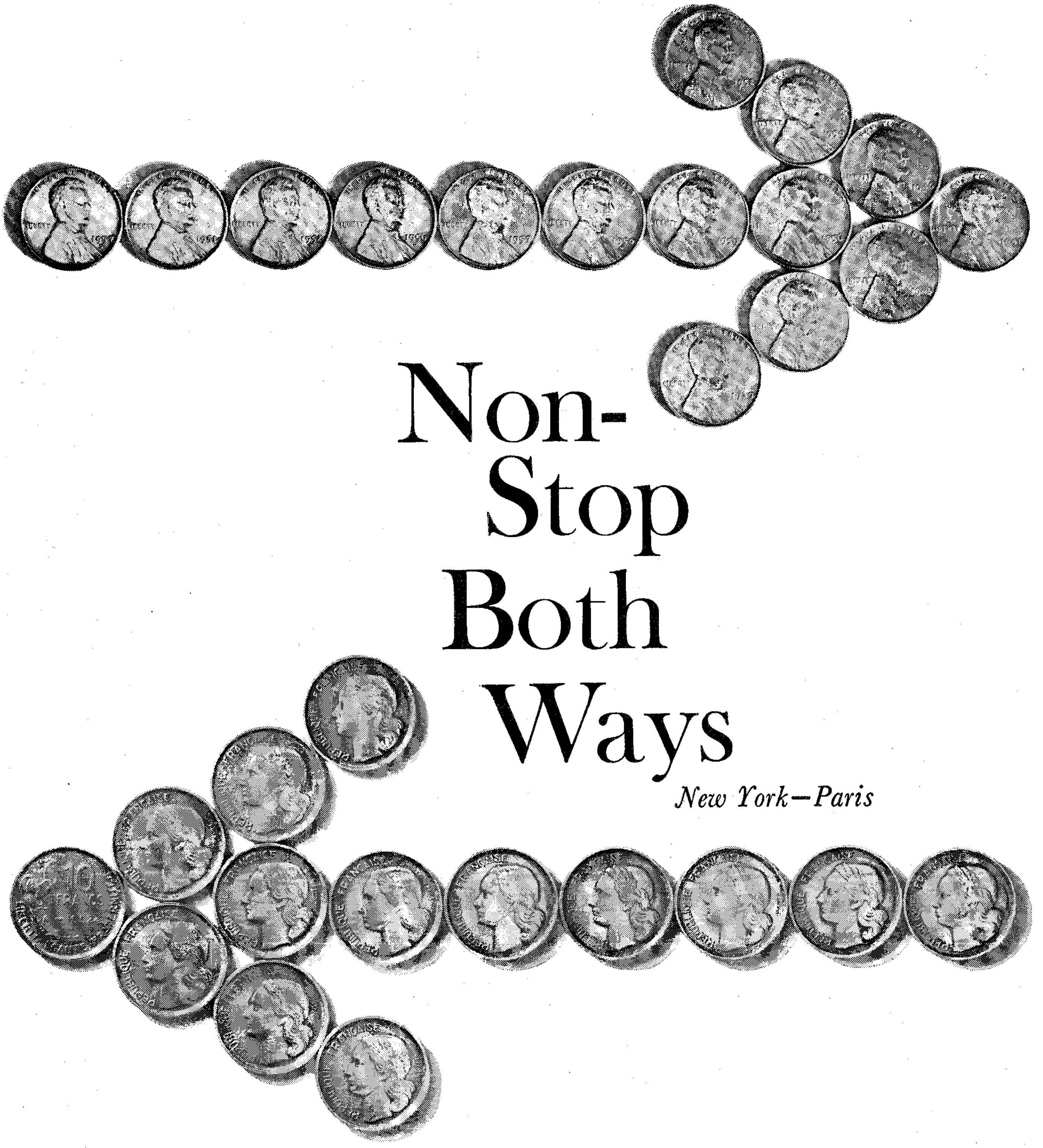

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Chaillot in plenty of time for his performance, which was to begin at nine. She acts as her husband's secretary, accountant, chef, travelling companion, housekeeper, consulting physician and psychiatrist, and musical adviser—the last a role in which she is a knowledgeable and exacting critic. During the preceding two days, in addition to getting ready for the party, she had unpacked their luggage, repacked his for a flight the next morning to keep an engagement in Spain, repacked hers for a flight the next afternoon to see the children in New York, attended to his correspondence (letters, telegrams, and cables), fended off friends pleading for tickets to that evening's concert, which was already sold out, and prodded him often and insistently enough to make him get a haircut.

"I don't know where Nela finds the energy to do all the things she does," Rubinstein said. "You wouldn't recognize this house if you could see it as it was before she got busy on it. It was all right, in its way, when we bought it, back in 1938, but the next year we went to the States, and then came the Occupation, and the house was taken over by the Nazis—for nothing more brutal than a dental clinic, we've been given to understand, but, of course, people may just be trying to spare our feelings. When we returned after the war, we found that the dentists had stolen everything, including five thousand rare books—first editions of Gogol, Pushkin, and Dostoevski among them—and some pictures that meant a lot to me, such as a drawing of myself by Picasso, with whom I once spent a good many lively evenings in Montmartre, and a self-portrait from his Blue Period, showing him in blue trousers and blouse, holding a knife behind his back as he approaches a bed with a beautiful nude on it. When the Germans moved out, some French civilians moved in, and it took us endless litigation and a lot of money to get our house back. After we sold our Beverly Hills place, Nela set to work renovating and remodelling this one, bringing over furniture and carpets that we'd been using in California, putting in new bathrooms, a new heating system, and a new kitchen—a big, modern American one. I think she's as fond of that kitchen as I am of my concert grand."

Rubinstein and his wife first met in the spring of 1928, but the story of their romance really began in 1902, in Warsaw, when Emil Mlynarski, founder of the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra and the guiding genius of

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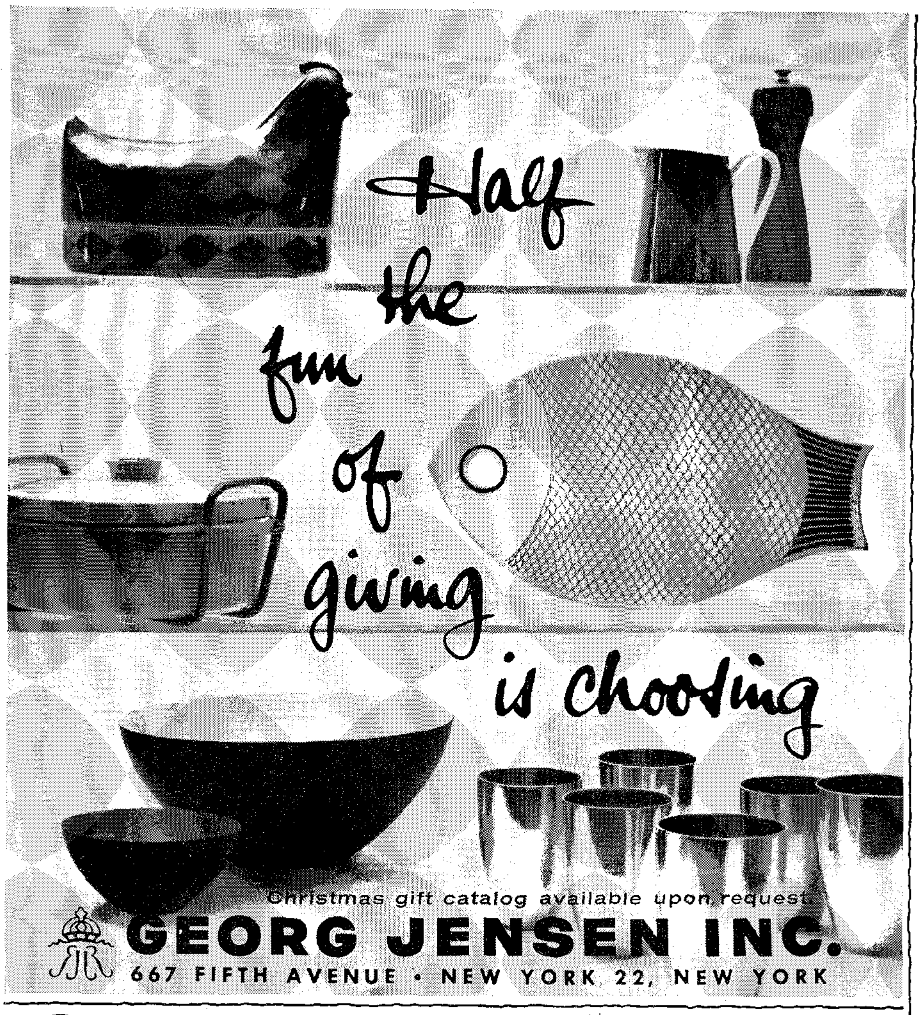
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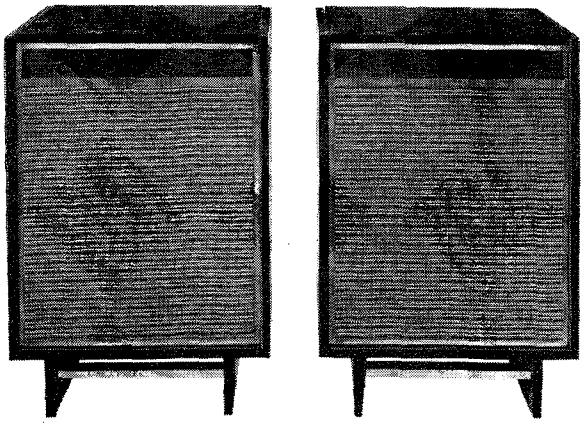

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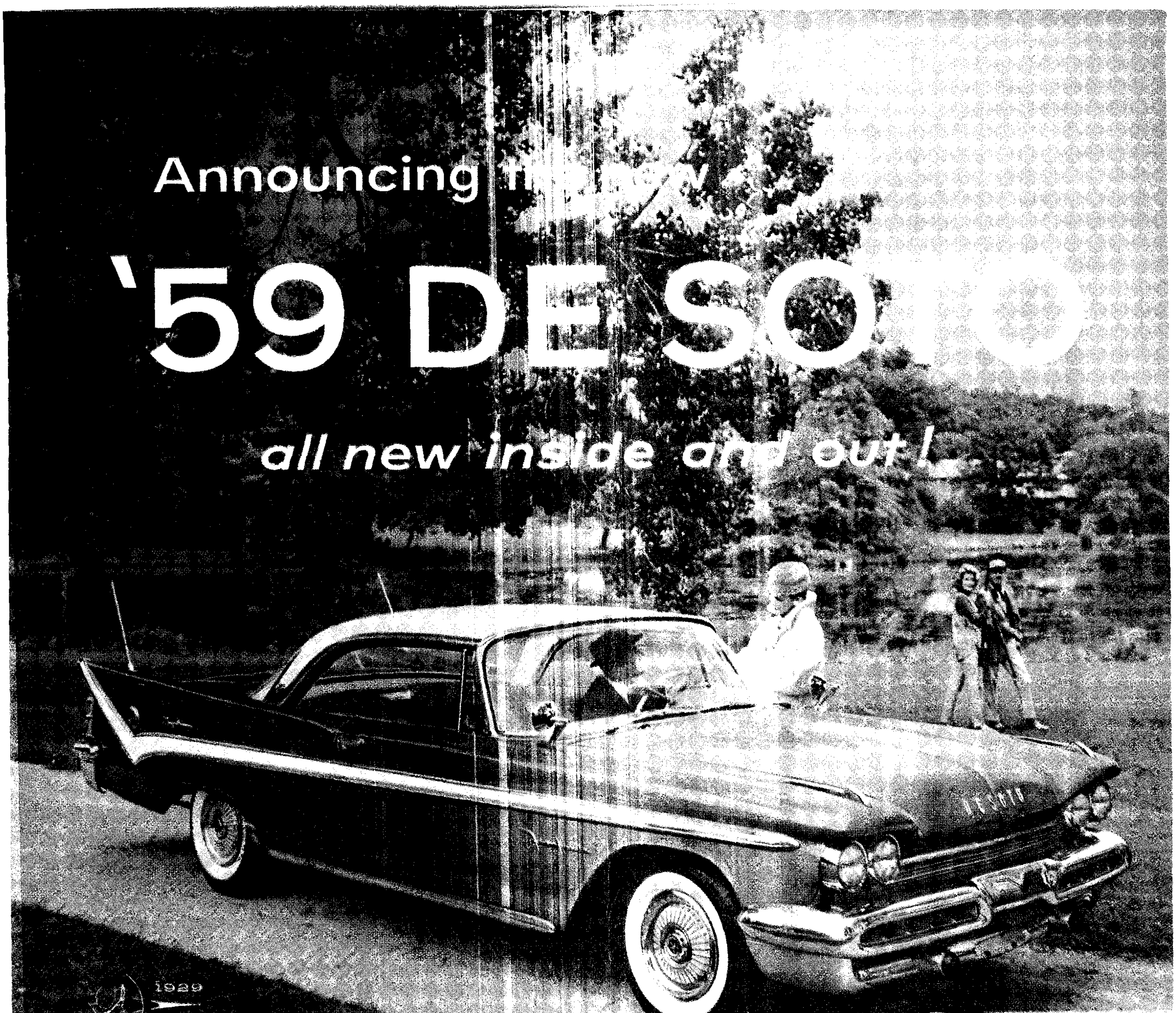
both the Warsaw Opera and the Warsaw Conservatory, conducted a concert at which Rubinstein, a thirteen-year-old oddity imported for the occasion from Berlin, performed as soloist. Child prodigies being the perishable commodities they are, it is quite probable that Mlynarski expected to have few, if any, further dealings with the young pianist, but after a lapse of thirty years he came to know him very well indeed, for in the course of time a daughter was born to the Mlynarskis, and that daughter is now Rubinstein's wife. The couple's meeting occurred when Rubinstein, by then thirty-nine, gave a recital in Warsaw. Sitting entranced in the front row was Miss Mlynarski, who had attained the age of fifteen, and at the end of the program her father took her backstage and introduced her to the pianist. As Rubinstein and his wife tell it today, each fell instantly in love with the other, but because he had long been given to spending his money as fast as he could earn it, he felt that he was in no position to become a serious suitor. Accordingly, in the best tradition of operetta romance, Rubinstein dismissed an impulse to ask the young lady to marry him then and there, and instead disappeared for four years, during which he concentrated so assiduously on building up his bank balance that he didn't get around to sending Miss Mlynarski so much as a postcard. Eventually, she came to the tearful conclusion that it had all been just a beautiful dream, and married another man on the rebound. Not long afterward, Rubinstein returned, still not exactly wealthy but able, he thought, to support a wife in proper style, whereupon the other man, an understanding fellow, bowed out and the marriage was amicably terminated. The romance had a storybook ending with a wedding in London in July, 1932.

Somehow, what with honeymoon expenses, gay parties for swarms of well-wishing friends, and, possibly, some miscalculation in Rubinstein's original figures, he found that by the time he and his bride were ready to settle down, his savings were nowhere near what he had thought they would be. For some time before his marriage, he had occupied a single large room with bath in an undistinguished building on the Rue Ravignan, in the upper, classically disreputable reaches of Montmartre—bachelor digs where he could sit contemplating a charming old garden in the courtyard while a sort of valet-chef cooked his meals on a gas ring in a screened-off nook. Now, in the light of



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the mystifying state of his finances, he felt that he could do no better than return with his bride to the same building. There, by dispensing with the services of the valet-cook, they were able to take an apartment that had just as pleasing a view of the garden and also a dining room and a real kitchen. This, however, was to be merely a *pied-à-terre*. In 1933, they set out on a concert tour of South America, and during a stopover in Buenos Aires Mrs. Rubinstein gave birth to the first of their four children. This was Eva, who a couple of years ago abandoned a promising stage career (her last role was that of the older sister in the Broadway production of "The Diary of Anne Frank") to marry the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., who is now the chaplain of Yale University.

On arriving back in Paris with their daughter, the Rubinsteins hoped to switch to a still larger apartment in the Rue Ravignan house, but none was available, so they simply rented another room in the building, on the opposite side of the garden from their quarters, and installed the infant there, with a Polish nursemaid. This arrangement, which meant that the inexperienced and anxious young mother was forever scuttling across the garden to see how her baby was getting on, established a routine that she has been figuratively following ever since, as she struggles with the dilemma of how to be her husband's constant companion and still spend all the time with her children that she feels she should. Fortunately, the dilemma is self-liquidating; Eva, whose first child was born in January and whose second is expected next month, obviously contributes to it no longer, and the same is true of her second child, Paul, a twenty-three-year-old graduate of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, at the University of Pennsylvania, who

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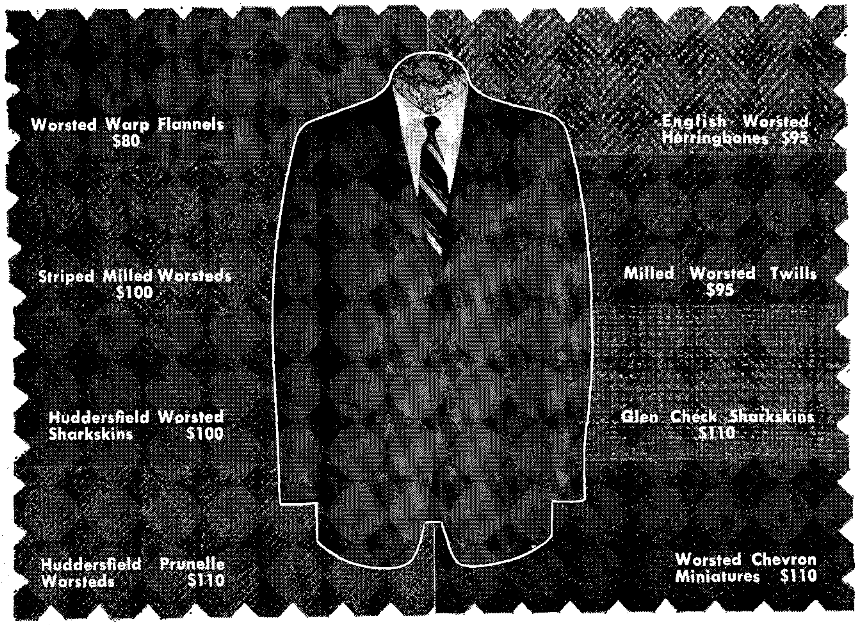
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THE lunch continued with another Polish dish—partridge wrapped in bacon and served with red cabbage—which Mrs. Rubinstein passed up in deference to the fit of a new dress from Italy she was planning to wear that evening. "If I didn't like Nela's mushroom soup so much, I'd call *this* my favorite dish," Rubinstein said. "Even though I left Poland as a small boy and have never really spent any time there since, I've always had a weakness for Polish cooking."

"We used to go back fairly regularly when Eva and Paul were very young, but we wouldn't stay long," Mrs. Rubinstein told me. "We'd just turn the children over to my parents, in Warsaw, while we went on tours all over the world."

Her husband nodded. "That's almost the literal truth—all over the world," he said. "I think the only places I've missed so far are Afghanistan and Tibet. Funny, the things that come to mind about some of them. Take Astrakhan, in southern Russia, where I gave a concert in the twenties. What I remember most about it is the caviar they served at a party after the performance—best I've ever tasted. Oh, yes, and at three in the morning the local Maecenas offered me his mistress."

"And what happened then?" Mrs. Rubinstein asked, with sudden interest.

"I replied with the Astrakhan equivalent of 'No, thanks,' " her husband said.

His memory stirred by the thought of the Astrakhan party, Rubinstein began recalling other bizarre incidents from his travels—in Europe, Australia, and North and South America. His account of what was apparently a triumphal progress from city to city and nation to nation during the twenties and early thirties seemed the saga of a confidently successful pianist. Yet I was aware, in a general way, that all had not been well with him in those days, and that there was a long touch-and-go period when even his most loyal friends seriously questioned his ability to make anything of himself. When I brought this up, he candidly confirmed it, saying that he had suffered increasingly from misgivings about his work. It had been his unfortunate lot, he explained, to be caught in the middle of the period when what has come to be known as the romantic era of pianism, in which improvisation flourished, was giving way to today's perfectionist approach, which demands that the artist adhere faithfully

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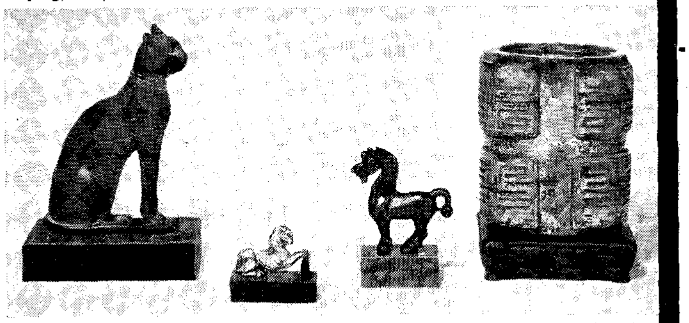

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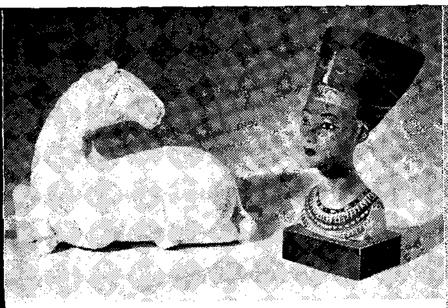

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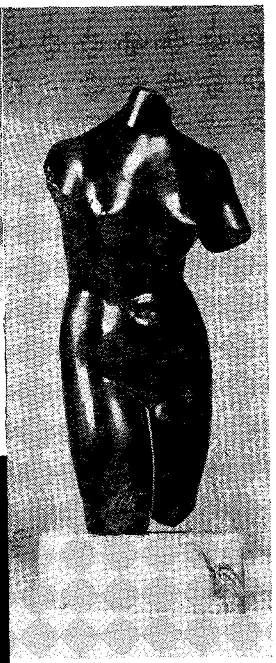

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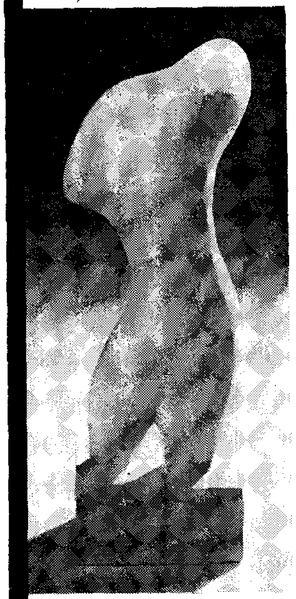

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to the score, playing it precisely as the composer wrote it. The giants of the romantic era—from Liszt to Rachmaninoff—were keyboard magicians, overwhelming susceptible audiences with their technique and the grandeur and sweep of their playing, even though by present standards they might have been deficient in taste and accuracy. They were pianists par excellence, capable of realizing the tremendous potentialities of the instrument, and they did not hesitate to take liberties with the score, omitting some of the notes and hypnotizing their listeners by filling in with notes of their own in dazzling combinations—imaginative staccatos, thundering octaves, shimmering arpeggios. It was their bold claim that even the greatest composers had their careless moments, and that, as Godowsky put it, "we owe it to them to correct their errors." Surprisingly enough, they were supported in this contention by a number of contemporary composers—Strauss, Ravel, and Stravinsky among them—who readily conceded that there was nothing sacrosanct about a printed score.

Then the pendulum swung the other way. The perfectionist approach, which nowadays, in the opinion of some critics, is likely to be carried to such extremes that the essential beauty of the music, together with its intended mood, is sacrificed to clarity and precision, began its ascendancy in the concert halls of the Anglo-Saxon countries shortly after the First World War. Its champions were not only pianists, like Horowitz and Schnabel, but such artists as Beecham, Toscanini, Casals, and Heifetz, who established high standards of style, taste, and accuracy. Why the change came when it did is hard to say, but Rubinstein suspects that the perfectionist approach is here to stay, at least for a good long while; he is not at all sure that the great romantic-era pianists he used to worship would fare well with present-day audiences, whose ears have been conditioned by high-fidelity recordings to detect the slightest signs of laxness—deviations that might once have passed unnoticed in the excitement of being in the presence of a dramatic recitalist.

However that may be, when the big change came, pianists who were too old or too inflexible psychologically to adapt themselves to the new order were squeezed out. Rubinstein survived by the narrowest of margins. With a remarkable display of stamina and determination, he started over again from scratch at an age when many men in his profession begin to think of retire-

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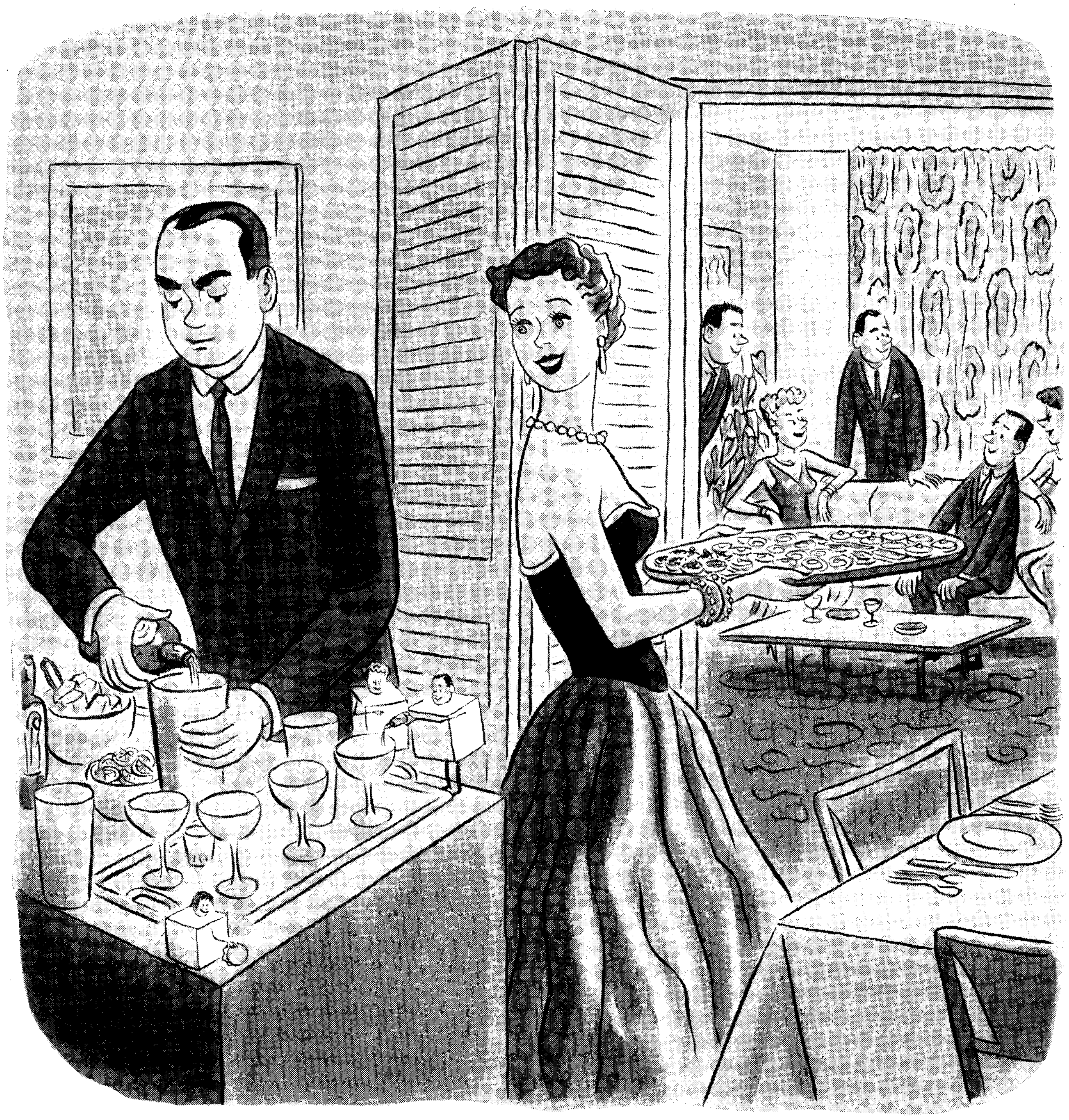

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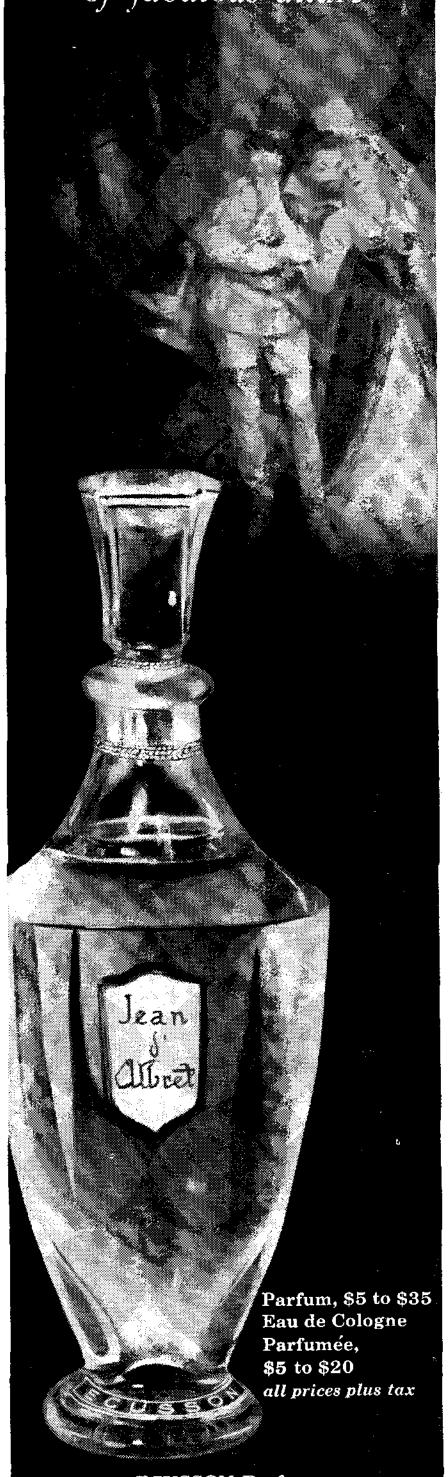

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ment, and in consequence he is the only concert pianist active today who has bridged the two eras. He was forty-five when he finally came to grips with the problem, and by that time the brilliantly disciplined playing of Horowitz, fifteen years his junior, was the talk of Paris. For Rubinstein, the outlook was anything but hopeful. After a quarter of a century of coasting along, he was facing a confused future with little money, a dubiously regarded artistic past, and—now that he had a wife and a small child to support—unaccustomed responsibilities. "Those were gloomy days," he said, speaking to me but glancing fondly across the table at Mrs. Rubinstein. "I didn't want my kids to grow up thinking of their father as either a second-string pianist or a has-been. So in the summer of 1934, I bundled my wife and baby into a small Citroën and we drove up to Saint-Nicolas-de-Véroce, a tiny village in the Haute-Savoie—isn't Nela's chocolate mousse wonderful?—where we stayed in a modest *pension de famille*. I rented the only piano in the community—an old upright—and moved it into an empty, windowless garage just below our room. That became my studio. It had no electric light, so I put a candle on top of the piano, and then I buckled down to work—six hours, eight hours, nine hours a day. And a strange thing happened. By the time we returned to Paris, after spending the whole summer in that village, I'd begun to discover new meanings, new qualities, new possibilities in music that I'd been playing regularly for more than thirty years. I'd always been satisfied with the way I played it—messing up the tempi, improvising, dropping enough notes during a concert to make up a whole new program—but I was far from satisfied now. Instead, each time I played a composition, I'd try to play it a little better than I ever had before. I've kept on trying along those lines ever since, and I'm *still* not satisfied."

Although Rubinstein, in the years since his ordeal in the Haute-Savoie, has worked his way up to the peak of his profession, he suffers from moments of harrowing uncertainty, in which he envisions himself as once again the obscure and impoverished figure that he was in his youth. He has seen great artists of the past—Joachim, Busoni, Paderewski—deteriorate before the eyes and ears of their public as it gradually became obvious that they were no longer up to mastering difficult passages in their repertoires, and he hopes to step gracefully down as soon as he de-

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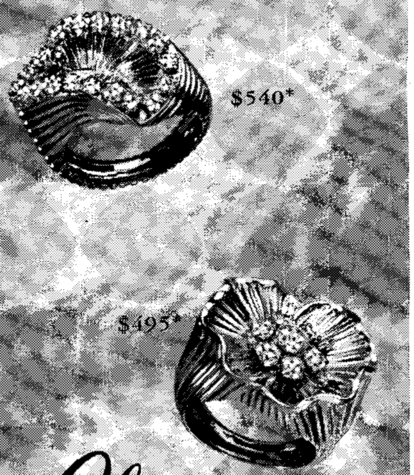

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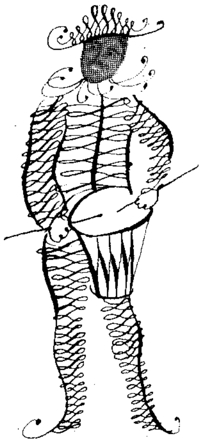

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tects a similar weakening of his powers, and before anybody else does. "I spent the better part of my life hoping eventually to step into the shoes of the masters in my profession," he told me as we moved back to the drawing room for coffee. "And now I am involuntarily waiting for some of the younger artists to step into mine. I don't know which is the more trying."

The new Rubinstein that emerged from the candlelit garage in Saint-Nicolas-de-Véroce set out immediately to establish a new audience for himself in Europe, but it was not until 1937, when he made his third stab at conquering the United States, that his vastly improved musicianship became apparent to the world at large. That Rubinstein, after his second disappointment here and his resolution never to try again, did try again, eighteen years later, may be attributed to a combination of circumstances. One—the most obvious—was that he knew he was a better pianist than he had ever been before. Another was that the improvement in his artistry coincided with the growing popularity of the modern phonograph, which meant that a number of people in the United States who owned one of the new instruments had come to know and admire him by listening to recordings of Chopin and Tchaikovsky he had made in London. A third was that many of the pianists who had previously led the field were succumbing almost simultaneously to old age or death. But perhaps the most important of all was that in 1936, in Chaliapin's house in Paris, Rubinstein met Sol Hurok, the influential New York impresario, who, well aware of all these developments, sensed that Rubinstein was ready for American audiences and that American audiences were ready for him.

Hurok's intuition was sound. On November 21, 1937, Rubinstein played the Tchaikovsky Concerto with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall—and that, at last, was it. The response, both lay and professional, was so enthusiastic that concert managers were soon offering him double his customary fees to satisfy the demands of audiences all over the country. These audiences, and their successors, have been loyal to Rubinstein ever since, and he, in turn, has become much fonder of America than he would have thought possible in 1906 or 1919. He and his family remained here during the war years, and in that time his attitude underwent such a complete reversal that in 1946 he and his wife became American citizens. Two years

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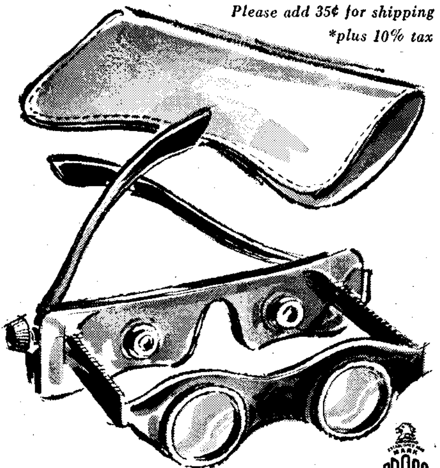

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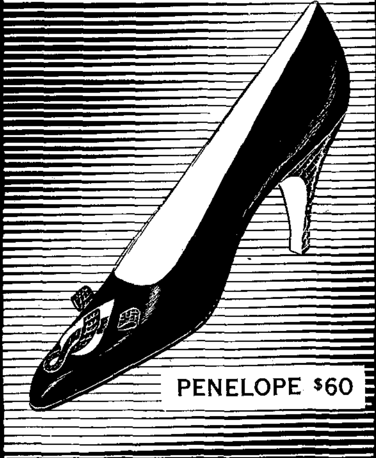

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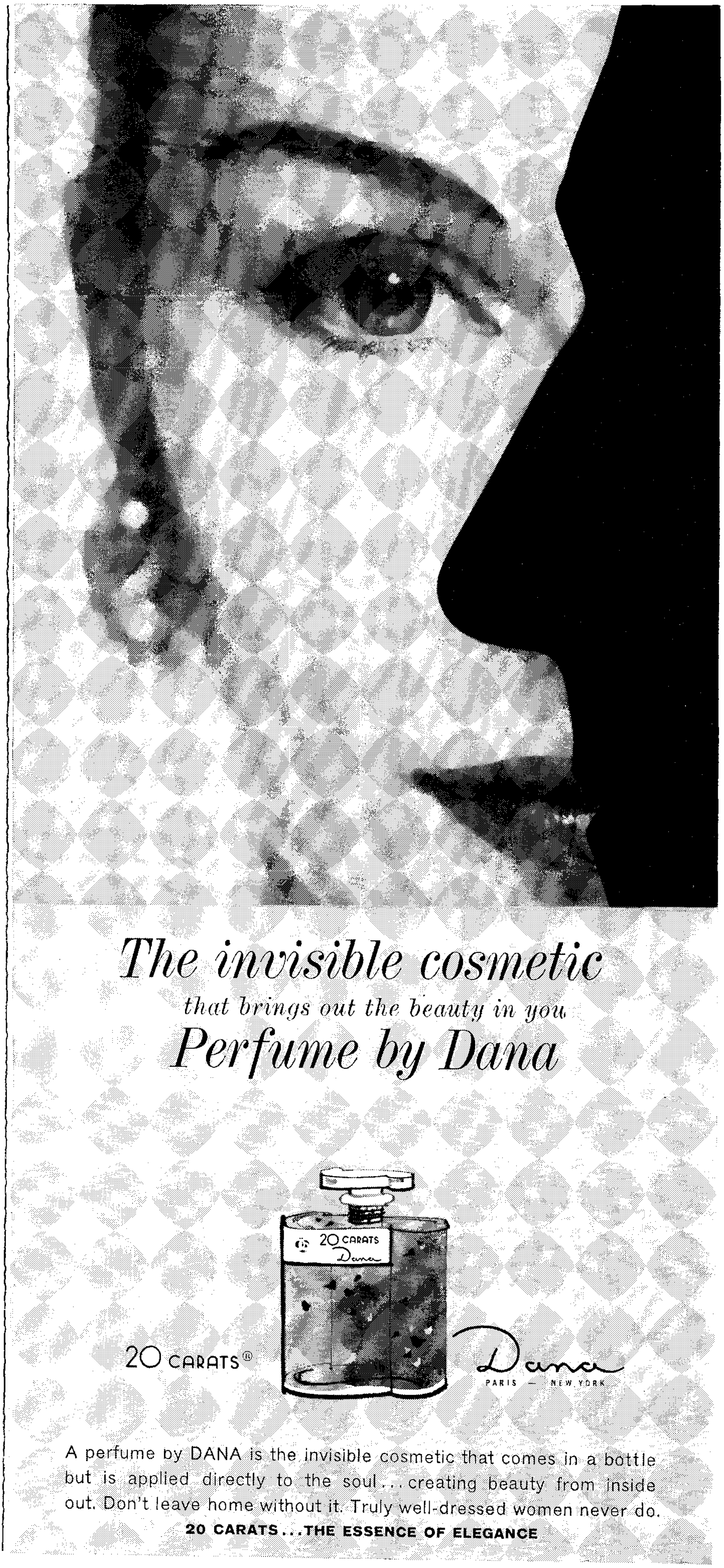
ago, New York was treated to a dramatic demonstration of Rubinstein's rapport with his American public when, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance here, he personally hired an orchestra made up of members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, engaged Alfred Wallenstein to conduct, and in twelve days gave five concerts at Carnegie Hall, each of them a sellout. Rubinstein underwrote all the other expenses of the marathon, too, and the total bill must have been enormous, for, despite the gratifying attendance, he just about broke even. He was content, however, for, as he put it, "After all these years of banging the piano, I actually accomplished something, because I believe I played those works a little better than I ever had in the past." The critics agreed that he had indeed come into his own. "If he doesn't play everything better than anybody," Irving Kolodin wrote in the *Saturday Review*, "there are very few who play anything as well as he does."

IT had just occurred to me that Rubinstein's manner was growing a little abstracted when his wife, alert to all such signs, said she had a couple of errands to do, and suggested that I go along with her. "After sixty years of playing in public, Artur still gets a trifle panicky before a concert," she told me as we got into her car, a small Aronde. "So I thought maybe we should leave him alone, and give him a chance to get some rest. Not that there's anything neurotic about Artur—nowadays, at any rate. I've seen many of the world's leading artists in my day, and he's one of the very few who are also well-balanced human beings. He always wakes up with a smile and goes to bed with a smile. Naturally, he does have his glum moments, just like the rest of us, but I'm happy to say that for



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the most part he's convinced that he's leading a perfectly wonderful life."

Smiling to herself, Mrs. Rubinstein zipped efficiently through the Place de l'Etoile. Actually, she said, she was not planning to do any errands but, rather, was going to show me the house in Montmartre that she and her husband had lived in when they were first married. "We had some marvellous times there," she said, "but I sometimes wish I'd had just a glimpse of the way Artur used to live in his one room when he was a bachelor. He's always had ideas of his own about money, you know. He has a peasant's mind when it comes to business matters, distrusting orthodox investments. Instead of buying stocks and bonds, he has preferred to put his surplus into paintings, comfortable living, and gifts for friends and members of his family. Just lately, as it happens, he has become a little more conservative—to the extent of putting some money into a stocking, he says—but before we were married it was always either a feast or a famine. He once slept for two nights on a park bench here in Paris because he couldn't pay for a room, but whenever he got any money he would entertain lavishly, having food sent in from some of the city's greatest restaurants. The fish course might come from Prunier's, the entrée from Larue, and the dessert from the Café de Paris. Once, I've been told, Baron Edouard de Rothschild turned to his wife at the end of one of Artur's dinners and asked plaintively, 'Why can't *we* have food like this at home?' "

Adroitly maneuvering her way through an intricate tangle of traffic as we approached Montmartre, Mrs. Rubinstein continued, "We moved from here to New York in 1939. For a year, we rented a charming house on East Forty-eighth Street, and then we went out to California. That's where our two younger children were born—the only native Americans in the family. We were lucky to have the second set of them ten years after the first—they've kept us young. We lived in Brentwood, a Los Angeles suburb, for a while, and then bought that beautiful big house on the hilltop in Beverly Hills. It was thanks to Artur's American recordings that we could afford it, and he called it the House That Victor Built, but to the children it was the House Next to Ingrid Bergman's." Mrs. Rubinstein fell silent, and I reflected that Victor wasn't the only enterprise that, at one time or another, has made it possible for Rubinstein to afford extra luxuries. He has recorded music for

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SOME 20 MILLION theatre lovers throughout the country have made it clear to their families and friends that they are unavailable for any form of social intercourse that will take them away from their homes between 9:30 and 11 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, on Thursday nights. They have decided to reserve this period to watch the remarkable series of dramatic offerings of *Playhouse 90* over the CBS Television Network. So far this season they have had no cause to regret their decision: they have seen the brilliant performances of many of the most versatile talents in the entertainment world–Melvyn Douglas, Oscar Homolka, Piper Laurie, Jackie Gleason and Edward G. Robinson. This week they saw the noted German actress Maria Schell and next Thursday you can watch Roddy McDowall as the tormented sailor in Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness." In store are dramatic adaptations of Henry James' "The Wings of the Dove," Ernest Hemingway's "The Undefeated," and William Faulkner's "The Wild Palms." Draw up a chair.

Nothing can quite equal broadcasting's capacity to convey a sense of personal proximity to a news event. CBS News reporter Ned Calmer had no sooner finished describing the final illness of Pius XII when his phone rang. "Tell the Pope's doctors" said a troubled voice from the unseen audience, "that the one infallible remedy for hiccoughs is 16 drops of vinegar in a level teaspoonful of sugar. If relief is not immediate, repeat the dose." Calmer, incidentally, is one of three CBS News correspondents, together with Bill Downs and Winston Burdett, who had frequent contact with the Pope during their coverage of the Vatican beat since World War II. These days when you see or hear a CBS News reporter present a succinct summary of world events, chances are he knows whereof he speaks from first-hand experience.

CBS

two motion pictures, and in one of them, M-G-M's "Song of Love," he ghosted the individual pianistic styles of Robert Schumann, Franz Liszt, and Johannes Brahms for the actors assigned to those parts. In addition, he collaborated with Heifetz, Piatigorsky, and Jan Peerce in a movie called "Of Men and Music;" appeared in person in two other films, "Carnegie Hall" and "Night Song;" and in 1956 performed on N.B.C.'s televised spectacular called "Festival of Music."

Mrs. Rubinstein still had her mind on family matters. "Much of the furniture in our Manhattan apartment came from the Beverly Hills house—you know, those oversize chairs and couches with the yellow, red, and black pillows," she said. "We brought them with us when we sold the place, four years ago—and quite a wrench that was, because we loved the climate and the easy way of life in California. But New York seemed a better American headquarters for us. Of course, what with the pianos and Artur's innumerable books, the apartment is really much too small for us. But at least we're all bound to see a lot of each other, which is nice. Artur likes to stay up fairly late—until one or two in the morning, usually—but unless he's awfully tired he makes a point of getting out of bed in time to see our two youngest off to school in the morning. Then it's two hours for breakfast, followed by work at the piano in pajamas and dressing gown. When Artur's preparing for a recital, there's one thing you can be sure of—he won't practice any of the works on the program. He feels that if he does, it will take the edge off the freshness of his approach. Instead, he may practice some concerto that he's not scheduled to play in public for weeks. He remembers everything he's ever played, and that's practically the entire repertory for piano. A few years ago—remember?—he gave a recital in New York without having any idea what he was going to play. No program at all. He wasn't showing off—it was just that he likes to choose what he's going to play after he has sized up his mood and the mood of the audience. Well, after the session at the piano comes lunch, which takes another two hours, with lots of talk and coffee. Then, about four in the afternoon, he announces he's going out for a while. Artur loves to walk in Manhattan. He may come back with a few more books to be crowded in somewhere, or maybe he'll stop in at Bloomingdale's for one of his favorite delicacies—smoked salm-

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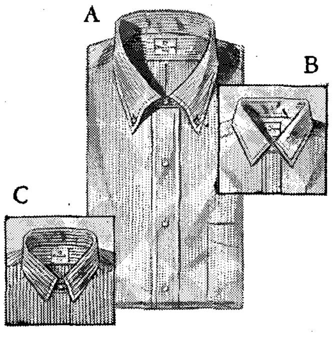

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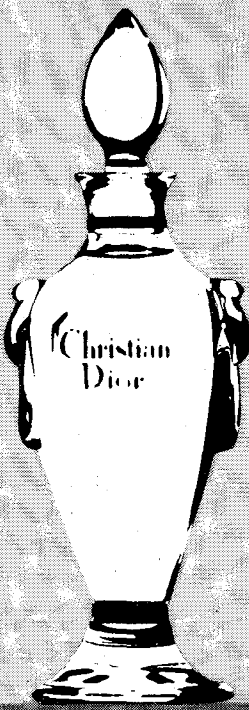

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on, or caviar, or a Pischinger *Torte*. Wherever he goes, he's pretty sure to be home by six-thirty, in time to have early dinner with the children and me. And afterward we see that their homework gets done."

Part way up the Rue Lepic, we stopped in front of the home she had come to as a bride. It was a large, old-fashioned apartment house with a gray façade from which the paint was peeling. Mrs. Rubinstein, leading the way inside, showed me the door to what had been her husband's bachelor quarters, and then we looked at the garden, which appeared to be badly neglected. "We were terribly happy here," she said, with a gentle smile, as we walked down a dimly lit corridor redolent of garlic. "You might not think it possible, the way it looks now, but we gave some lovely parties in that garden. We'd string up colored lanterns and hire a street trio to play and sing. All the people in the neighborhood were our friends, and if we had to be out of town for a few days, half a dozen women right in this building would offer to take care of the children while we were gone. Now we hardly know who our neighbors are, in Paris or New York."

Before Mrs. Rubinstein dropped me off at my hotel on her way home, I remarked that, although her husband had invited me to return to their house at eight-thirty that evening and ride with them to the Palais de Chaillot, I would rather not if there was any chance that my presence might add to his tension. "None at all," she said reassuringly. "It's just a matter of his getting the rest he needs, and by eight-thirty it will be too late to worry any more about that. So do come."

AFTER admitting me to No. 22 Square du Bois de Boulogne that evening, the maid followed me into the drawing room in order to keep a supervisory eye on two men from a catering service, who were setting up a number of small tables and gilt-backed Empire chairs in preparation for the post-concert party. As I, too, stood watching them, Mrs. Rubinstein came downstairs, wearing what was beyond any doubt her new Italian dress. *"Ah, comme c'est jolie, Madame!"* exclaimed the maid, and Mrs. Rubinstein spun about on her heels like a little girl showing off her party dress. The maid brought her a cup of coffee, which she sipped absently.

"Artur hasn't even finished dressing," Mrs. Rubinstein told me. "It's

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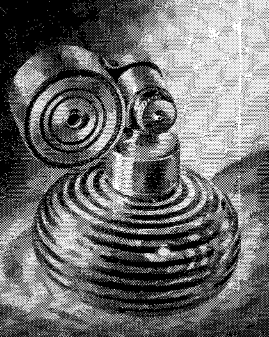

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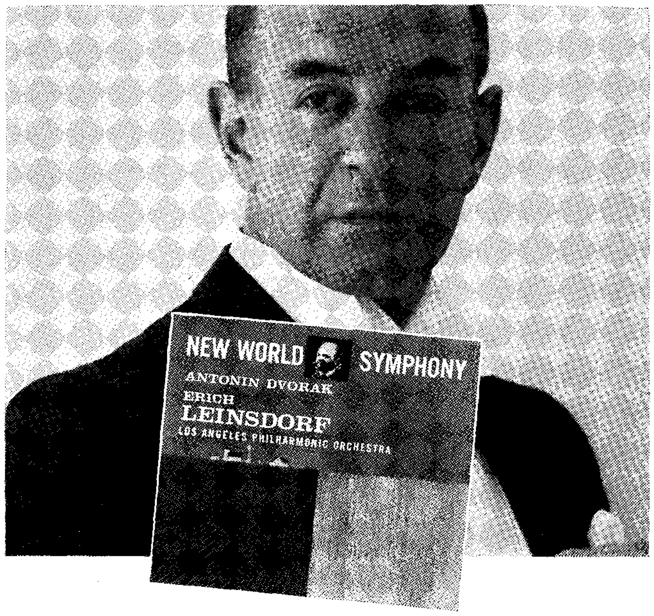
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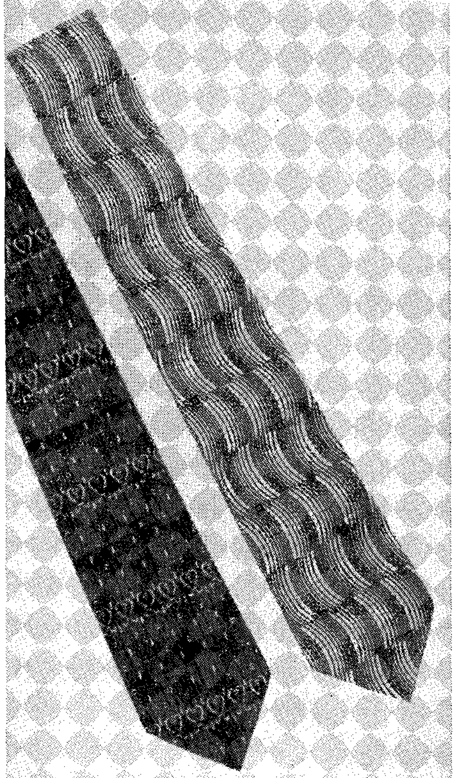

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all my fault, too. My hairdresser took longer than I'd expected, and so I didn't put Artur's things out when I should have. What time is it, anyway?" I looked at my watch and told her it was twenty-five minutes of nine. "Oh, my God!" she cried, and ran back upstairs. The threatened crisis evaporated, however; a scant five minutes later she came down again, followed by a fully dressed Rubinstein. He was smiling, but there was a tenseness about his eyes I had not seen there before, and when, in putting on his topcoat, he missed an armhole on the first try, he muttered with exasperation. Outside, we all got into the little Aronde, and Rubinstein sat silent and motionless throughout the mile-long drive, hands thrust deep in his side pockets, hat pulled down over his eyes. When we reached the Palais de Chaillot, his wife drew up at the side entrance, kissed him, and, with one index finger, made a crosslike sign on his forehead. He smiled wanly and was gone.

The auditorium—the second largest in Paris, with twenty-seven hundred seats—was sold out. Mrs. Rubinstein hurried to her box, and, on reaching it, dropped limply into her chair. "I'm shaking," she said. "But I'll know at once if Artur's all right tonight, and if he is, I'll be, too."

The auditorium lights dimmed, people cleared their throats in anticipation, and a moment later the dapper, stocky figure of Rubinstein appeared on the floodlit stage. He responded to the conventional applause not by bowing from the waist but by merely inclining his head, American style. Then he gave his lapels a determined downward tug, swept back his coattails, and took his place at the piano.

As far as I could determine, Mrs. Rubinstein stopped breathing between his entrance and the moment when the first notes came floating from the piano, introducing the austere theme of the Andante of Schumann's Symphonic Etudes, Opus 13. Then, after listening for a few seconds, she turned toward me with a thank-God-all's-well look. It soon became apparent, though, that the audience wasn't ready for the melancholy mood of Schumann; there was a lot of coughing and stirring about, and at the end Rubinstein received only perfunctory applause. But with his next offerings—two of Schubert's four impromptus, Opus 90—he swiftly won over his audience, and from then on it was all his.

The Schubert was followed by Liszt's B-Minor Sonata, and then it was inter-

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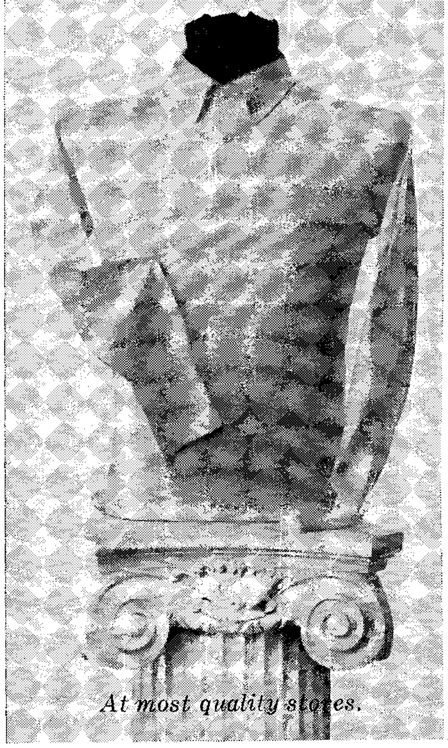

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mission time. We hurried backstage while Rubinstein was still taking bows, and reached his dressing room just as he did. His face was covered with perspiration and his shirt front was wrinkled, but he looked exuberant.

"Well?" he asked his wife.

"Oh, Artur!" Mrs. Rubinstein exclaimed, and embraced him. He kissed her hands with a courtly air, and then asked her earnestly, "Which of the Chopin études do you think I should play when I go back out there? The 'Revolutionary'?" Whoever got up the program, being unable to specify any more than that the pianist would play four of the twenty-seven Chopin études, had prettily glossed over the dearth of information by writing, *"M. Rubinstein va effeuiller quatre fleurs du bouquet choisies par lui à l'impromptu."*

"No, Artur, not the 'Revolutionary,'" Mrs. Rubinstein said. "You've worked hard enough tonight. How about the sad one I like so much?"

"You mean the G-Flat-Major?" her husband asked, and she nodded eagerly.

Several friends of Rubinstein's straggled in. He kissed the hands of the women, embraced the men, and laughed and talked. Many performers keep to themselves during intermission, but Rubinstein welcomed the cheerful bedlam as if the concert were over and the party had begun. Then a bell rang and the crowd departed, and Rubinstein began to fret because he still hadn't decided which of the Chopin études to play. "Don't worry," his wife told him. "You'll sense just which four are right once you're ready to play them."

By the time we had reached our box, Rubinstein was already seated at the piano. After a couple of Ravel compositions came the Chopin, and from the expressions of the people around me as one étude followed another I could see that Mrs. Rubinstein had been justified in assuring her husband he would be

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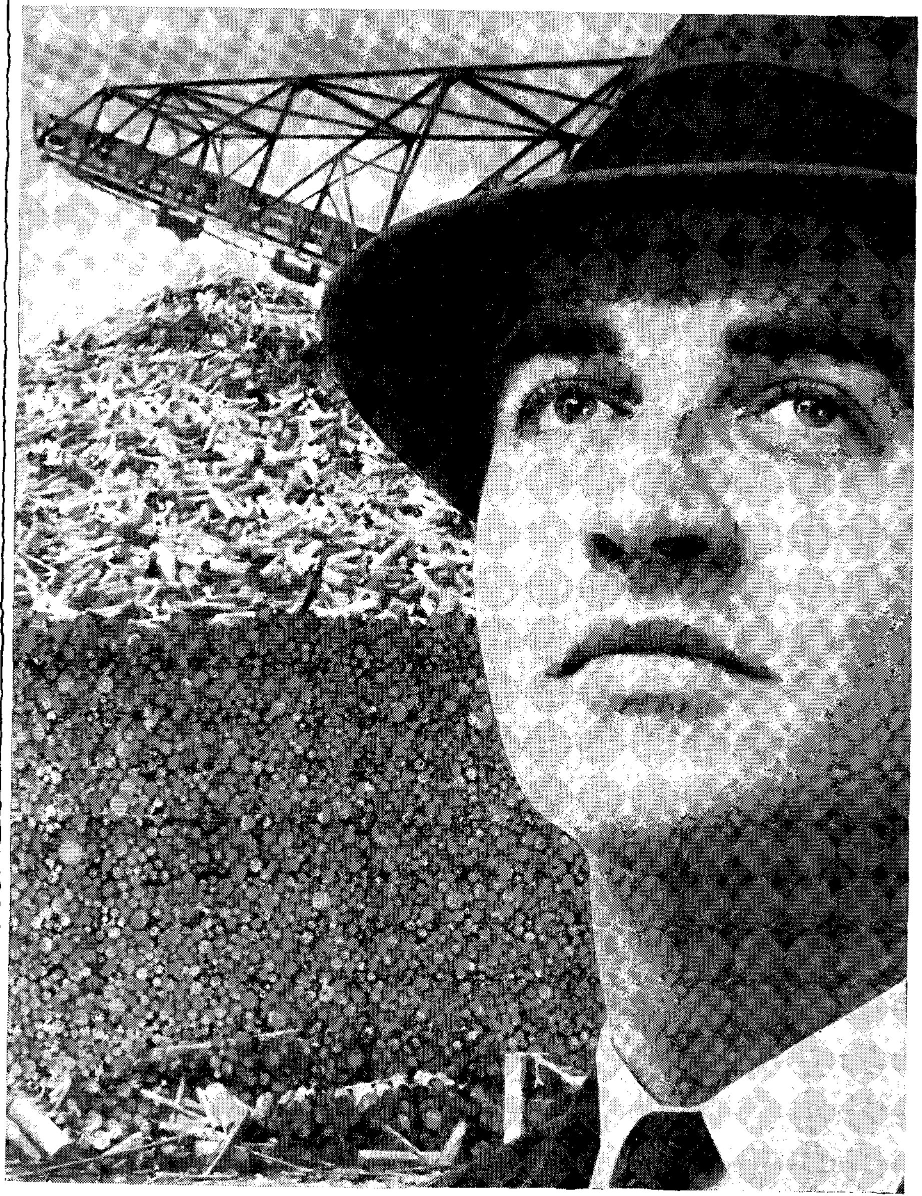

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able to sense which ones to play. The four études he chose *à l'impromptu* seemed, indeed, to be the only appropriate ones for that gathering. The next number was the final selection on the program—Chopin's Andante Spianato et Grande Polonaise, Opus 22—and as he played it the vast auditorium grew very still. I got the feeling that it had shrunk to the size of a large living room, and that Rubinstein was playing his cherished Chopin for a few friends instead of twenty-seven hundred people. With parted lips and head thrown back, he gazed upward like a man in a trance, and appeared to be deriving his inspiration from some inner voice.

Then the music stopped, and for some time there was silence, while the audience groped its way back to reality. When at last the spell was broken, the place fairly exploded with applause—shouts as well as clapping. Rubinstein reappeared to play several encores, and people left their seats and ran up on the stage to crowd around his piano, standing there motionless and apparently bewitched. Finally, he began playing de Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance," and his wife sighed with relief, and said, "Now we can get ready to go home. This is always his last one." Rubinstein played it as a stunt piece; during one passage he repeatedly raised his hands high above his head and brought his fingers crashing down on the keyboard, seemingly at random but actually with incredible precision.

Backstage there was the expected swarm of admirers. Rubinstein appeared inclined to welcome all of them individually, but his wife, familiar with the art of making a rapid and tactful exit, soon had him on his way out to the car.

"Playing a concert is child's play compared to the aftermath," he said, slumping down in the seat as we drove off. "Old ladies show up with their pretty daughters, and I find myself looking at the daughters and forgetting that it was their mothers I used to look at in the same dressing room forty years ago."

THE house on the Square du Bois de Boulogne was illuminated by floodlights. About a dozen guests had already gathered in the drawing room, and while Mrs. Rubinstein greeted them, her husband went upstairs to change. More and more of the "few intimate friends" kept arriving, until there were about sixty people. A large buffet had been set up in the dining room, prominently displaying Mrs. Ru-

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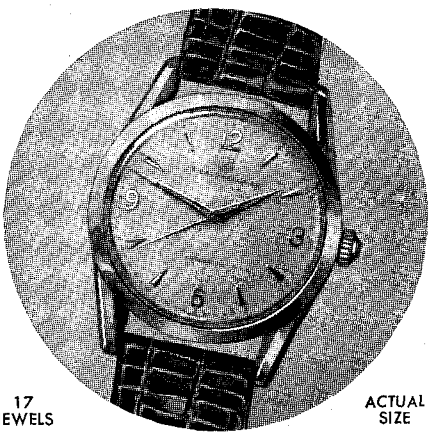

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binstein's specialties, and on every table were bottles of champagne.

Rubinstein reappeared, wearing a dinner jacket, and looking as spruce and rested as if he'd just waked up from a long nap. All the guests stood up and raised their glasses to him—a scene out of the romantic past. Rubinstein was clearly enjoying everything immensely—his food, his champagne, his cigar, and especially his friends, as he moved from one table to the next, talking, laughing, hand-kissing. His smile faded only when an elderly couple drew him aside to thank him for the fine time they'd had ("Why, you can't leave yet! It's only a quarter to two!"), and he was still going strong at four-fifteen, when he reluctantly said goodbye to the last batch of guests. This band of loyal stalwarts—the Marcel Achards, the Garson Kanins, and Professor Louis Pasteur Vallery-Radot, who is a grandson of the chemist—tottered wearily to the door after Rubinstein, cigar in hand, eyes bright, and complexion cherubic, had embraced them, one and all.

I was about to leave with them, but Rubinstein seized me by the arm and drew me back to say that he thought I might like to have a talk with Professor Vallery-Radot about Debussy. "He's a wise old man," he went on, peering out at the gray early-morning dampness into which his friends had disappeared. "You ought to hear him on the subject of Debussy. As a matter of fact, he was in the house next door on the day Debussy died there. But that's not anything to think about right now. Come along, and you and Nela and I will have just one more glass of champagne, as a nightcap."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

Although no Indian sites were located, large numbers of petroglyths and photographs, signs or symbols left by prehistoric man, were discovered in the narrow canyon below the damsite.

These will be of interest to visitors when the new lake is completed, Mr. Shutler said.—*Salt Lake City (Utah) Tribune.*

Particularly if there are some Kodachromes among them.

•

Physically the Silver Anniversary issue is the biggest issue of Esquire ever published. Regional editions included, it runs to 344 pages. All told, it represents a gain in advertising pages of 129.5% over last October, and you'll find 22 spreads—or exactly 5 times the number of a year ago. —*Adv. in Ad Age.*

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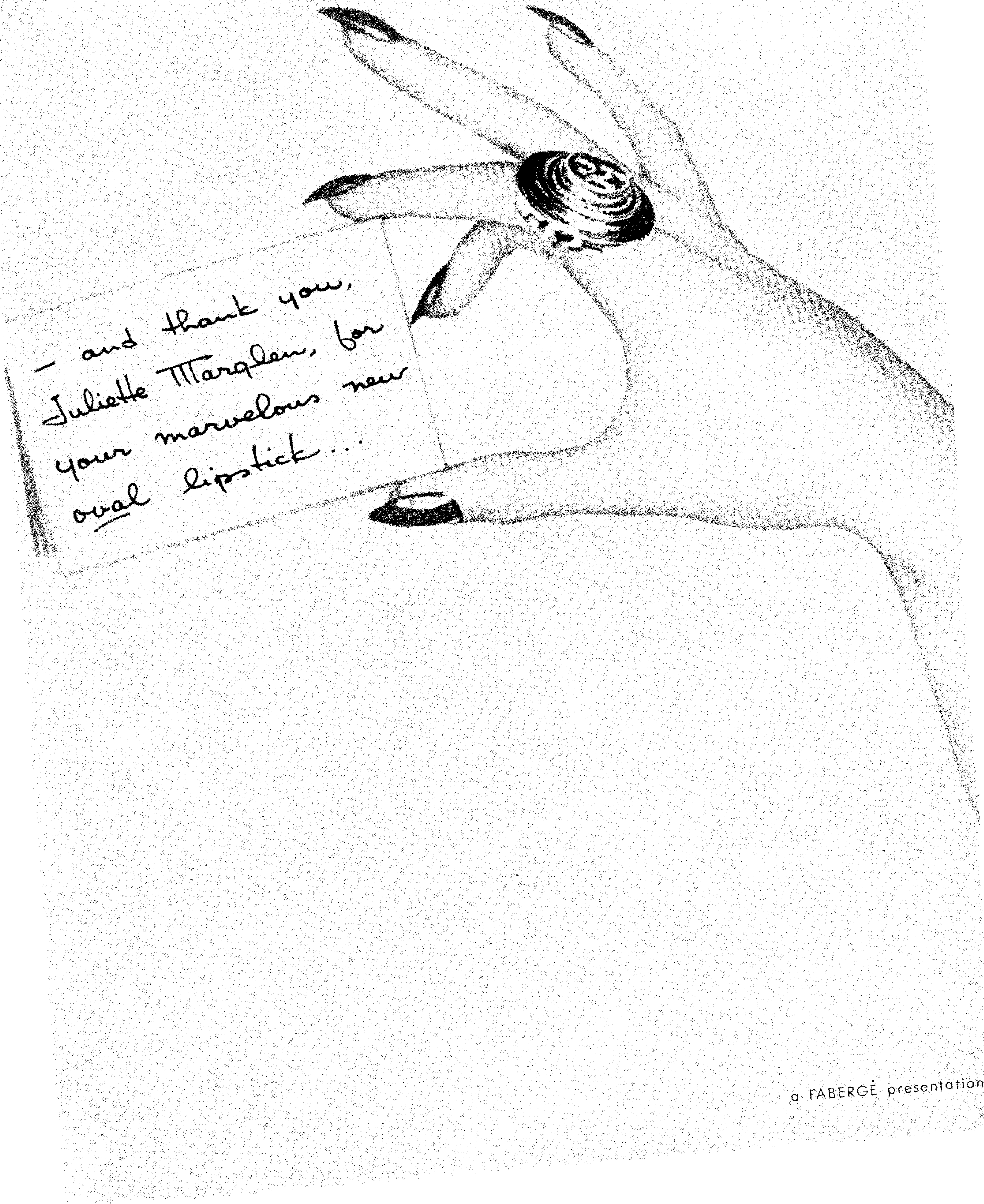
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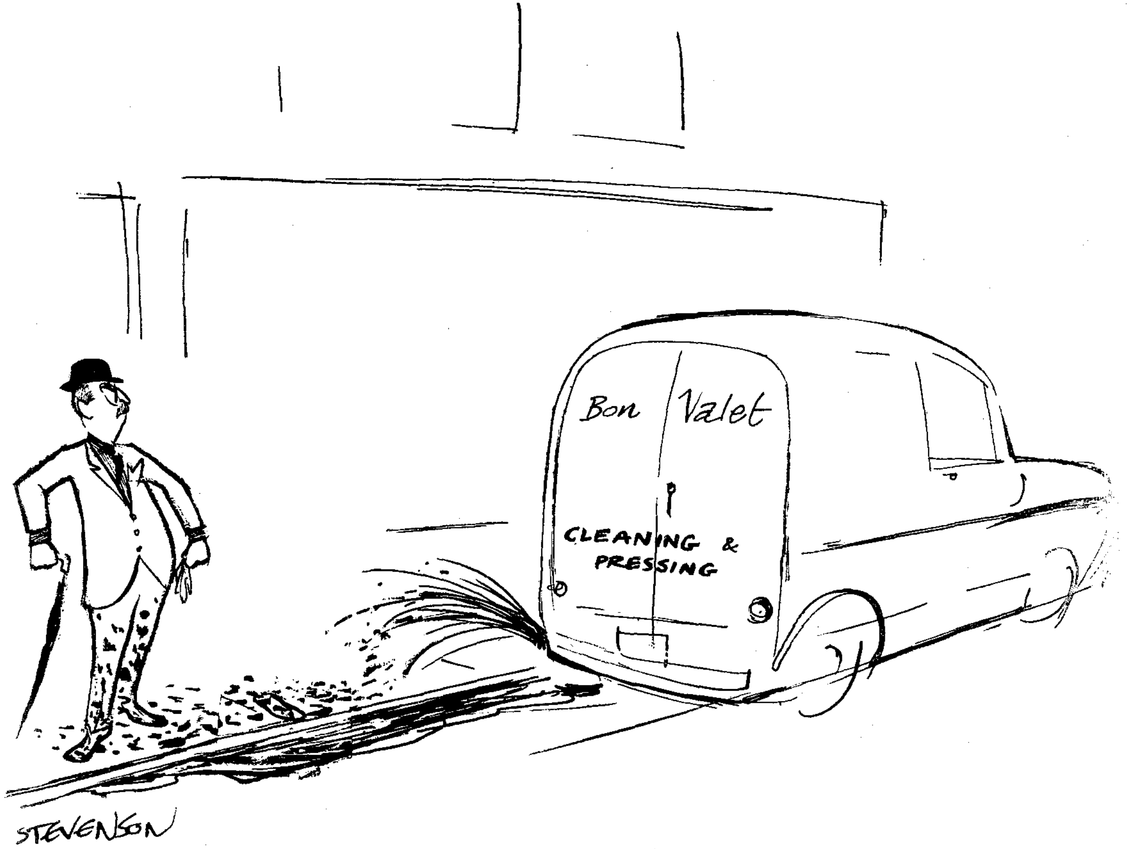
THE THEATRE

A CHANGE OF PACE, AND TWO MORE FARCES

THE arrival of "The Pleasure of His Company" at the Longacre last Wednesday was a gratifying occasion, if only because it interrupted, momentarily, a small flow of farces that has begun to turn the Broadway season into a small swamp of nifties, or wisecracks. The new comedy makes some effort to present rational human beings in civilized—if by no means always likely—situations. Its performers do not bound across the stage—at least, not invariably—like hurdlers in a track meet. Instead of setting up boffolas for one another, they set up quotations, from respectable sources like the Old Testament, Shakespeare, Bacon, Marvell, and Keats. As the last fact may have suggested to you, "The Pleasure of His Company" is a play about life in a bookish and prosperous home. To my mind, it possesses many of the stigmata of family-life serials on radio and television. Each member of the family has a clear, shrewd, loving understanding of the other members' characters, and spends all his time displaying it. I was reminded of a long-lived radio series called "One Man's Family," which abounds in intramural psychoanalysis, mother-daughter chats, grandfather-mother chats, father-in-law-son-in-law chats, and cozy family byplay in general. "The Pleasure of His Company," like "One Man's Family," takes place in San Francisco, where upper-class home life must be exceptionally radiant and arch. "Hello, Percy," says a girl to her grandfather, and "Hello, Percy," says he to her—a family joke, plainly, since neither party is named Percy. "Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow," a romantic father calls to his daughter from a balcony overlooking the living room, and the glowing young creature replies in the words of Juliet. I don't say that these heart-warming tribal rites have not been managed with a certain degree of sophistication by the authors and the director of the play. The direction, by Cyril Ritchard, is not only slick but somehow worldly. The writing—authorship is attributed by the program to "Samuel Taylor with (Cornelia Otis Skinner)"—is graceful and often witty, even when it doesn't belong primarily to Shakespeare, etc. I've heard that since opening night the stable has decided to take the parentheses off Miss Skinner's name and let her run as a full partner in the entry, and in that case she deserves a full share of credit for everything in the script but the quotations. "Everything" includes an air of tender smugness and an overdose of hearthside character reading, as well as some very pungent lines.

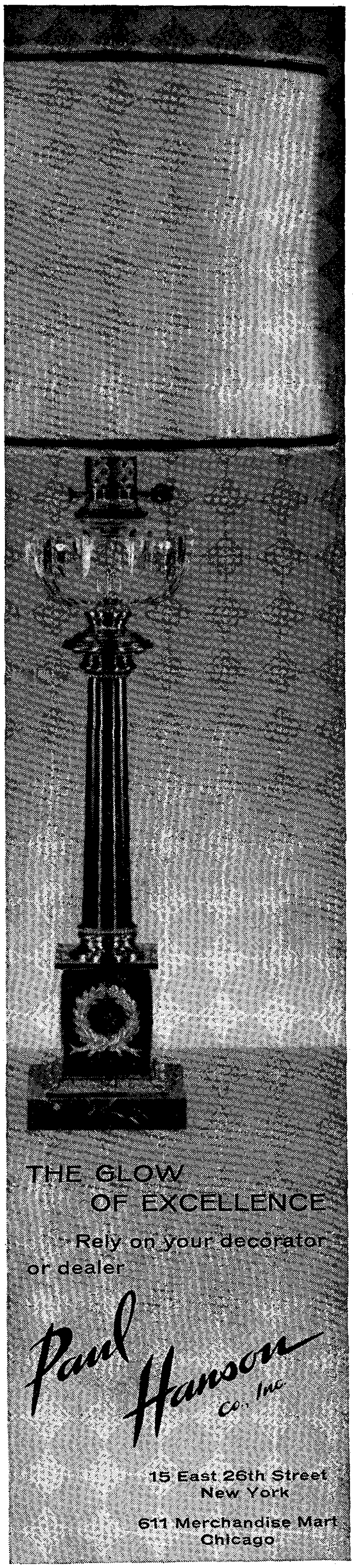
The prosperous San Francisco home is in a particularly high state of effulgence when the play begins, because the daughter of the family is about to marry the manly young cattle breeder of her choice. The girl's mother and stepfather favor the match, and her grandfather tolerates it; gay, wise tolerance is the old dog's specialty. Her real father, however, begins to oppose it as soon as he arrives on the scene, shortly before the wedding. *His* specialty is selfish hedonism, and he sets to work seducing his daughter, in a spiritual sense, by making her suitor look like a clod and by offering her a trip to Venice and the isles of Greece in a white yacht. There is something uncompromisingly infantile about Pogo Poole, as the smart London periodicals call this jaunty sportsman and playboy. He has been divorced by several wives in his time, almost certainly because he bored them to desperation. His charm overpowers his daughter at first. The two of them prattle in French together, dance together, and, in one self-consciously delightful outburst, improvise music together from the sounds of foghorns in the Golden Gate. But, to give the girl her due as a family-serial-type psychologist and student of human nature, she comes to understand the essence of Pogo's character pretty quickly. She also understands the conventions of popular entertainment. If she goes away with her father, she explains, at considerable length, it will be because she knows what is best for everyone concerned. Postponement of her wedding will suit the deepest moral needs of Pogo and herself, and will hurt no one, especially since, as she points out, she fully intends to marry the cattleman as soon as she has had her fling. In short, she implies, doing practically all of the authors' work for them by



now, her quasi-incestuous elopement will give the play a wholesome, rather than a brutal, ending. Her flow of maidenly wisdom is in keeping with what I take to be one of Mr. Taylor's and Miss Skinner's most urgent messages; namely, that women are calmer, steadier, shrewder, and, in general, more responsible and intelligent than men. This theory is not only well known in family-life plays on radio and television, it is almost standard there.

Mr. Ritchard's performance as the self-indulgent father is a masterpiece of suave speech and movement and nonchalantly faultless timing. Dolores Hart's beauty and her simplicity of manner make the daughter an attractive figure even in her transports of all-knowingness. I don't feel that Miss Skinner, who, like Mr. Ritchard, has made a dual contribution to "The Pleasure of His Company," is much more than competent in the role of the girl's mother, but Charlie Ruggles, George Peppard, and Jerry Fujikawa do excellent work in smaller parts, and on the whole the acting is remarkably helpful. Along with the direction, and the surface smoothness of the writing, it has the effect of making "The Pleasure of His Company" seem at times a brighter and fresher piece of work than it really is.

WITH *the exception* I've just described, last week brought nothing to Broadway but farces. It's possible that one of the latter, "Once More, with Feeling," by Harry Kurnitz, will try your patience less sternly than some of the specimens that have preceded it this season. The play, at the National, deals with certain aspects of the life and work of symphony musicians. Mr. Kurnitz's treatment of the subject is cynical, in that it asks the audience for laughs instead of belief, but it is also lightly informative and it has a solid point of view. The point of view is expressed in the amazement of a hard-working impresario when he hears music spoken of as something to be listened to for pleasure. To him and, for present purposes, to Mr. Kurnitz, symphony music is a commodity. Those who buy tickets to hear it are faceless consumers, sources of revenue. Those who play it, or conduct or promote the playing of it, are single-minded specialists, trained technicians in the symphony-music trade, or grift. If musicianship involves great art, you can't prove it by "Once More, with Feeling," although the play does offer a few token gestures and statements in support of the idea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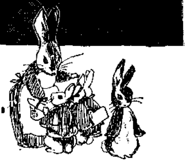
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that its chief figure is a conductor of genius as well as a farcical scoundrel, breast beater, and egomaniac. As an artist, the conductor is unconvincing, even by farce standards—so that Joseph Cotten, who plays the part, appears sometimes to be standing to one side and regarding himself with incredulity and languid distaste. Most of Mr. Kurnitz's people are more substantial—partly because they represent his hardheaded attitude toward the profession more accurately—and the playwright has given them a number of funny things to say and do. Two of them, a manager and a violinist, are dignified zealots to their cores. They have been impersonated with skill and gusto by Walter Matthau and Leon Belasco, respectively. If Arlene Francis is a shade less successful, it's probably because the woman she plays—the conductor's wife, formerly his mistress—is less than half musician and more than half diplomat and schoolteacher. If "Once More, with Feeling" is often trite and tedious, even within the limits of its special field of study, it's probably because Mr. Kurnitz has been more interested in writing nifties than he has been in writing a play.

NORMAN BARASCH and Carroll Moore, the authors of "Make a Million," the farce that came into the Playhouse last Thursday, have obviously been interested in trying to write as many nifties as Sam Levene and a cast of supporting comedians could articulate in one hundred and twenty minutes. I don't know whether they have accomplished their mission or not. In the third act, gag production has been slowed down, as it usually is in farces, by the needs of plot resolution. In any case, a lot of gags have been articulated by then, and an old trade axiom about jokes in farces has once more been vindicated—the one that says the earlier they come the better they sound. For instance, I liked a wheeze that occurred in the first act of "Make a Million," when Mr. Levene, a television producer, quoted as follows from a woman admirer of one of his shows: "I am ninety-two years old and do not expect to live much longer, as I am a heavy smoker."

—JOHN LARDNER

OFF BROADWAY

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ern verse play out of ancient Greek matter. But inasmuch as Mr. Eliot's poetic bent is generally conceded to be uncommonly fine, a particular interest attaches to his effort. For the danger in such an attempt is that the scholarly side of the dramatist's character will dominate the poet in him, and fussily insist on dragging from the Hellenic storeroom some wrinkled expedient of Greek dramaturgy that will befuddle the audience and bring the poet's work to nothing—the blank verse on one side of the footlights being met with blank incomprehension on the other. But when the poet is strong enough to resist the scholar, as the poet certainly is in Mr. Eliot's character, then we may confidently expect a different result. And, like many confident people before us, we will be disappointed.

"The Family Reunion," a revival of which opened last week at the Phoenix, is a contemporary rearrangement of Aeschylus's "Eumenides." The occasion for the reunion is the birthday of Amy, Dowager Lady Monchensey, and the anticipated return of her eldest son, Harry, to Wishwood, their country house. Among those present are Ivy, Violet, and Agatha, who are Lady Monchensey's younger sisters, and Colonel the Honorable Gerald Piper and the Honorable Charles Piper, who are brothers of her late husband. With the exception of Agatha, who has a touch of the seeress about her, they are a pretty humdrum lot and spiritually inert, as may be judged by their habit of linking hands and chanting things like "We like to appear in the newspapers/ So long as we are in the right column" and "Hold tight, hold tight, we must insist that the world is what we have always taken it to be."

But Harry, when he arrives, proves to be an entirely different sort of person. Ignoring the greetings of his family, which has not seen him in eight years, he rushes to the window and draws the curtains, so that "they" cannot look in. The lurking presences thus addressed have been following him about, Harry explains, ever since he pushed his wife from a liner in mid-Atlantic. The family refuses to credit this confession of murder, preferring to believe that the death had been an accident: "Of course we know what really happened, we read it in the papers." Only Agatha seems to understand, and her sagacious conversation ultimately brings Harry to the realization that he has been chosen by Fate to complete and expiate a family curse. ". . . And now I know/ That my business is not to run away, but to pursue/ Not to avoid being

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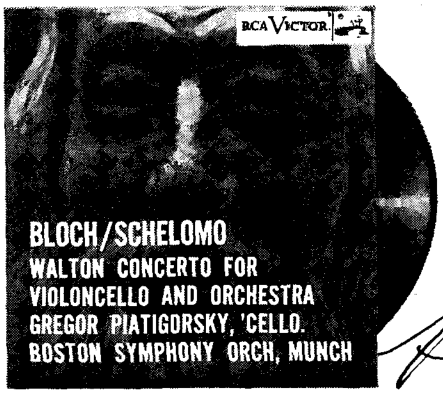
found, but to seek." That point having been settled, he sets off at once for "Somewhere on the other side of despair/ To the worship in the desert, the thirst and deprivation/ A stony sanctuary and a primitive altar/ The heat of the sun and the icy vigil/ A care over lives of humble people/ The lesson of ignorance, of incurable diseases."

That this elegant renunciation fails to carry much dramatic conviction is chiefly due to the scholar in Mr. Eliot, who does not sufficiently consider the effect—or, rather, the lack of effect—the Furies must have on a modern audience. For when the contemporary spectator looks at an Aeschylean drama, he will, by an automatic effort of imagination, try to look at it through Greek eyes. But when he looks at a contemporary play, he will, by an equally automatic process, look through his own. When he sees "Eumenides," he will temporarily adopt a belief in snaky-haired ladies who pursue evildoers and drive them mad. But when he sees "The Family Reunion," no such belief will come, however he may strain for it. The creatures hovering outside Wishwood, for all the dramatic effect they have on the spectator, might be so many bill collectors. And their nullity creates disruptive eddies in the play, so that one's sympathies incline, perversely and fatally, toward the Philistine members of the family, in comparison to whom Harry does seem a moony prig.

In the present production, the tactful performance of Fritz Weaver did a lot to convert Harry from an insufferable character to a sufferable one, but Mr. Weaver seemed entirely comfortable on the stage only when he was talking. When others were speaking, he was apt to leave his features arranged much as they had been at the end of his last line. Florence Reed added to the confusion of the play by the very excellence of her performance as Lady Monchensey, which dominated every scene in which she appeared and perceptibly shifted the drama's center of gravity toward herself. The wonderfully wise and kindly expression of Lillian Gish (whenever she made an exit, one felt she had just slipped out to feed a stray cat in the alley) carried her through fully nine-tenths of the part of Agatha. The remaining tithe, however, called for something more in the way of sacerdotalism than she was able to command. And of the humdrum uncles and aunts, I thought the portrayal—all jutting chin and English propriety—of Margaretta Warwick as Violet was altogether irresistible.

—DONALD MALCOLM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THE RACE TRACK

Tops

WITHOUT mincing any words about it, I'd say that C. T. Chenery's colt First Landing is the best two-year-old of 1958. Furthermore, he is this department's candidate for Horse of the Year. His thrilling performance in the Garden State Stakes in Jersey last Saturday showed how really good he is. Running on a sloppy track (footing he doesn't like) in a cold, driving rainstorm, he came from far behind the leaders, under the hardest sort of pressure throughout the last five furlongs of the mile and a sixteenth, and won by a head from Tomy Lee. Sword Dancer was third, and the ten other runners, among them Intentionally, Restless Wind, and Crafty Skipper, were down the course.

In contrast to the bright October afternoons we've grown accustomed to, the weather wasn't fit for man or beast (the Garden State Park management deserved a better day for its biggest show), and only the owners of the horses and a few casehardened racegoers ventured to the paddock. First Landing has never been more pleasing in appearance; Tomy Lee caught my eye, too, and Namon, a dark horse in both senses of the word, who had shown high speed in the Middle West, looked especially fit. Intentionally had a slight case of jitters. At the start—a quick one—Namon scooted to the front, stepping the first quarter in the extraordinary time of 0:22⅖ and going on to do the half in 0:46⅗. That finished him, though, and Tomy Lee, who had been hot on his heels, passed him easily and stole away to a four-length advantage at the far turn. It was there that First Landing began to move up. Tomy Lee turned into the stretch still keeping a clear lead, and although First Landing was closing the gap, the task seemed beyond him. Fifty yards from home, however, he drew level with Tomy Lee, and a dozen strides later he got his head in front.

As for the blighted hopes, Tomy Lee didn't swerve as sharply as he had in the Champagne Stakes, but he did bear out on the turns (I suspect his leg trouble plagued him), and he drifted toward First Landing all the way down the stretch. Intentionally tired after being well up there for half the route;

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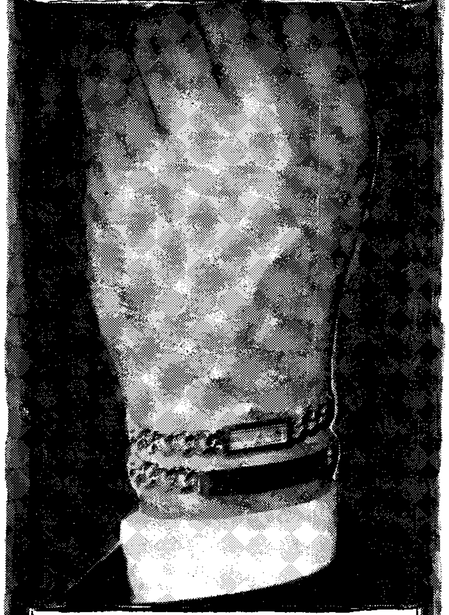

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Restless Wind, who had been bumped and forced wide at the first turn, never got going; Crafty Skipper did another fadeout; and Winsome Winner, for whom a couple of Texans gave $100,000 recently (they also put up a supplementary entry fee of $10,000 to get him into the race), was never in the hunt.

If you hadn't heard, the gross value of the Garden State Stakes was $297,250, which made it the richest horse race ever. The winner's share was $175,965, and that brought First Landing's earnings to $396,460, a new high for two-year-olds. He has won ten of his eleven starts; in the eleventh—the Futurity—he was second to Intentionally. Now he'll go to Florida for a rest. As a result of his achievements, there's going to be a lot of discussion about his merits, but it is generally agreed that this season's two-year-olds are the best we've had in some time, so he can't be just another good colt in a bad year. All he needs is racing luck. And while I'm sticking on little gold stars, Casey Hayes, his trainer, deserves a handful for sending him to the post in such a fine state of fitness. And Arcaro, who said he picked up five pounds of mud during the race, rode him to perfection. Arcaro wore three pairs of plastic goggles, one on top of another, and discarded them, one at a time, as they became too smudged to see through. Before he reached the stretch, they were all used up, so he just squinted his way in.

IT'S easy to say that if Neji had carried a pound or two less than the hundred and seventy-six he had on his back, he would have won the Temple Gwathmey at Belmont last week. As it was, Benguala, carrying a hundred and forty-seven, beat him by a head. It was the last, and the most enthralling, jumping race of the season here, and Neji made a gallant try under the highest weight ever carried by a steeplechaser in this country. After failing to take two of the early fences with his accustomed smoothness, he settled down, fairly bowling along. He took command on the turn for home, and although he swerved slightly at the last fence, he looked the winner until the final seventy yards, when, all of a sudden, he seemed to tire, and Benguala, who had always been well up, caught and passed him. I wanted to see Neji win, but I must say I wasn't surprised that he didn't. Benguala is an up-and-coming four-year-old, half Neji's age, who won the Saratoga Steeplechase at the Spa last August, and the Brook Steeplechase early in the

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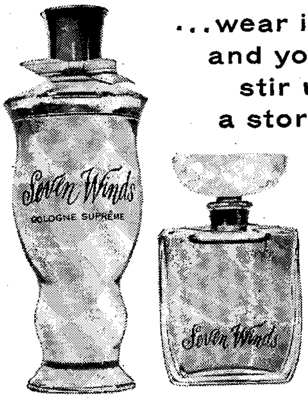

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Belmont meeting. (Neji carried a hundred and seventy-five pounds in the latter, and lost.) Another top weight who went down at Belmont last week was Langton Breeze. He had seemed unbeatable over the turf course, but the best he could do in the New York Handicap was finish fifth to Anxious Moment, to whom he gave ten pounds.

A RACE I'd like to have seen (and would have if it hadn't been on the same afternoon as the Garden State Stakes) was the Canadian Championship at the New Woodbine, in Toronto. Of course, the racing up there is always fun, but this particular fixture is getting better every year. My roving outside man reports that eight of the twelve starters last weekend came from this side of the border and that Hasty House Farms' Jack Ketch and Mahan (he won the Washington, D.C., International last year) finished one, two. Andrew Alan, who is owned by Mrs. Hirsch Jacobs, was third. At Keeneland, in Kentucky, the same day, a Hasty House runner named Solution won the Arlington Handicap. Snowballing the layout, as the gamblers say.

ONE of the tales the older trainers love to tell, to point up how good the horses were way back when, is about a little old mare who campaigned on the Prairie Circuit. It was so long ago they've forgotten her name, but they insist that once, in a handicap at a mile and a half, in which she carried top weight, she stopped halfway around the course, had a foal, and then went on to win by several lengths—and the foal finished second. Well, John O'Keefe, who puts on the show at Cranwood, the Cleveland track, reports that one afternoon last week a runner named Red Jones won a quarter-mile race there in 0:21⅕, breaking the American record for the distance, which has stood since 1890, by a twentieth of a second. And if you look up the chart, you'll find that Reddy Jones, a daughter of Red Jones, came in right behind him.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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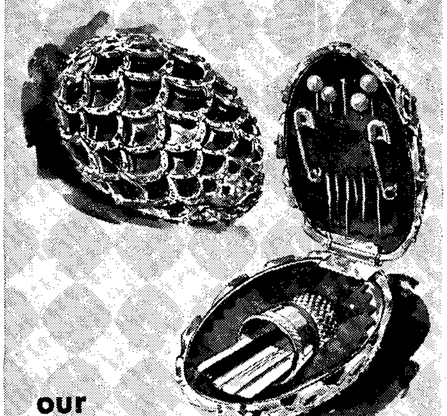

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SEVENTY-TWO IN WALKING SHOES

FOR the past three decades, during the spring and fall bird-migrating seasons, every Saturday and Sunday have found Miss Farida A. Wiley, Honorary Associate in Natural Science Education at the Museum of Natural History and director of its Natural Science for the Layman course, on the road, rain or shine, with a company of nature lovers ranging in number from five or six (rain) to eighty or more (shine). Miss Wiley came to the Museum in 1921, as a teacher in its Department of Public Instruction, of which she is now emeritus, or emerita, and after a few years indoors began instructing the public in natural science, including ornithology, on field trips. She started out easily, by crossing the street to Central Park (where she still conducts early-morning bird walks on weekdays of the weeks when Central Park birds are most plentiful and diversified), but she soon branched out, during the rewarding migratory periods, to the woods, meadows, creeks, lakes, ponds, and bays of Staten Island, Long Island, Westchester, Connecticut, and New Jersey, where, drawing upon a comprehensive knowledge of natural history and the occasional assistance of local scientists, she has expanded her didacticism to include all living things short of people. One recent Sunday, spurred on by a Natural Science for the Layman field-trip timetable outlining the day's target ("Audubon Center, Greenwich, Connecticut. Courtesy of Mr. Charles E. Mohr, Director of the Center. Co-leaders Mr. Charles Mohr and Mr. Leonard Bradley. Bus leaves from the Central Park West entrance to the Museum *promptly* at 8:30 A.M. . . . Bring lunch and *wear walking shoes*. . . . One dollar each trip"), I got up at seven-thirty, put on my sneakers, prepared three hard-boiled eggs and a ham sandwich, and reported for action. Arriving at the takeoff point, forehandedly, at eight-fifteen, I found myself one of a society for whom, or for many of whom, the day's excursion was no isolated spree but part of a continuing way of life—one link in a chain of all-day dollar trips, exclusive of transportation, payable at lunchtime.

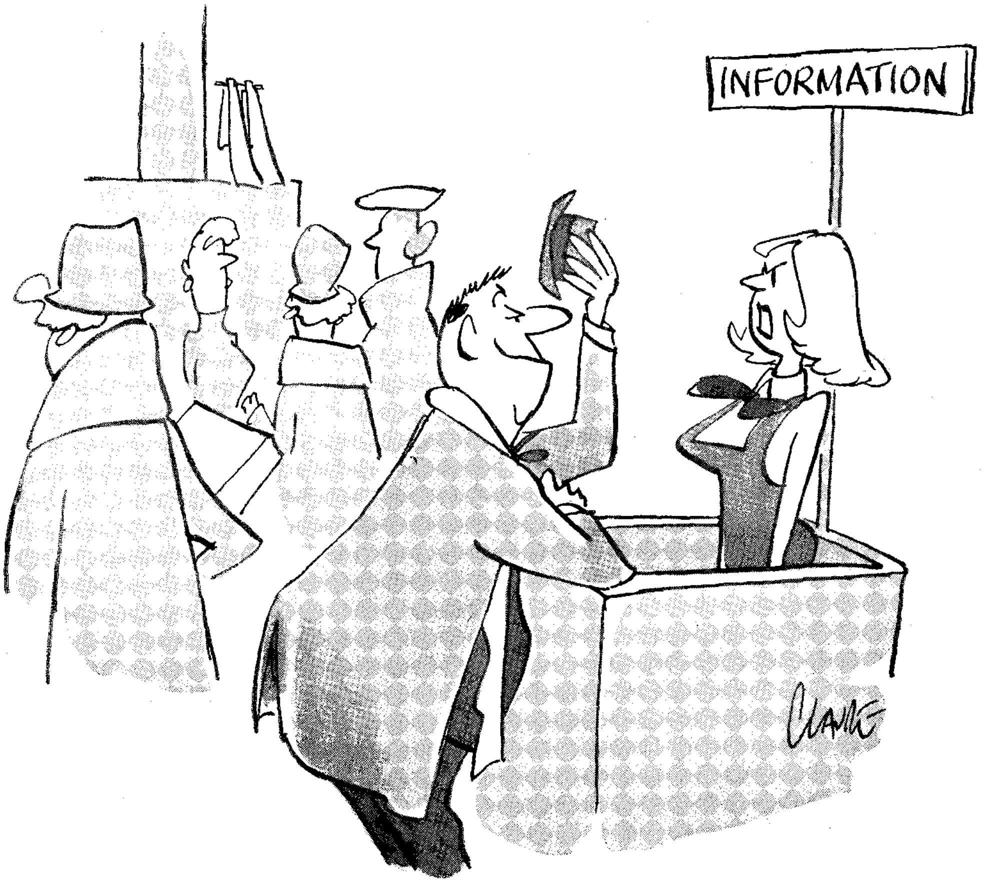
The fact that I was a newcomer to what amounted to an unofficial club became apparent to me as, waiting for the bus, a number of my fellow-travellers (mostly ladies wearing either plaid skirts and black woollen stockings or dungarees) greeted Miss Wiley and one another by name and fell into enthusiastic reminiscences of the fall season's previous junkets—to Jamaica Bay; the Hempstead Reservoir area, in Rockville Centre; and Mianus Gorge, in North Castle—and into similarly spirited look-aheads at forthcoming trips to the Tackapausha Preserve, in Seaford, Long Island; the New Jersey Audubon Center, in Franklin Lakes; and Lemon Creek and Wolf's Pond, on Staten Island. "Oh, the *color* in Mianus Gorge!" one said. "What a fine job Mr. Robert J. Hamershlag, treasurer of the National Audubon Society, has done in getting that area set aside as a sanctuary!"

Although I had not been to the Gorge, this rang a kind of submerged bell, for I recalled Mr. Hamershlag as a partner in the brokerage firm of Hamershlag, Borg & Co., with which I had had some small but not wholly unprofitable dealings prior to the stock-market crash of 1929. Just as I was about to make an observation on the market course of Chicago Pneumatic Tool in those days, the sidewalk conversation turned to apparel.

"I love that green hat; it's very becoming," one lady said to another, who was wearing not only a green hat but a green coat, a green skirt, and green stockings.

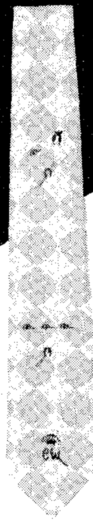
"Thank you," said this paragon of protective coloration. "I've worn it on five trips."

Our leader, a slim, erect lady with a determined chin and a brusque but feminine manner, was wearing a trim tan suit, moccasins, and steel-rimmed spectacles that in no way dulled her piercing eyes. A little after eight-thirty, amid cries of "What do you think of those shoes?," "I don't like shoes that have too many openings on hikes, because you get rocks in them," and "It certainly is a perfect day," Miss Wiley shepherded her class, now forty-two strong—one married, or married-looking, couple; several ladies who had arrived in pairs; the rest single women and single men, in a ratio of about eight to one—into a chartered forty-five-passenger bus. I obtained a seat well up in front, behind Miss Wiley and next to a lady in a plaid skirt and coat, whom Miss Wiley introduced to me as Miss Stewart. "I always call Weather before I dress," Miss Stewart said as we rolled up Amsterdam Avenue. "I'm in charge of food at Trinity School, on



"You're drunk!"

More pleasures in store for



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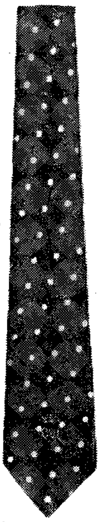

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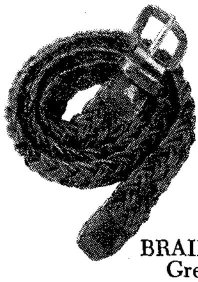

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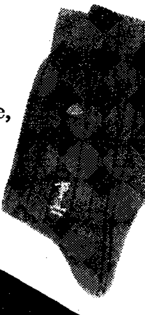

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West Ninety-first Street. Over four hundred boys. It's the oldest school with a continuous history in New York and I *think* in the country, though there's some question about the Boston Latin School. We've just celebrated our two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary, but it's really our two-hundred-and-fifty-fourth year, since classes were held before the charter. It was originally a charity school. How those boys eat! What quantities of milk and potatoes! But they're going in for salads more than they used to."

Miss Wiley observed that she had spent the summer teaching Audubon Society leaders at the Society's adult-training camp on Hog Island, off the coast of Maine, and complained of a widespread misapprehension of Audubon aims. "The Society isn't concerned only with birds but with the conservation of *all* wildlife, plants, soil, and water," she said. I asked her how she had got started, and she said that she was born and reared in Sidney, Ohio, the daughter of a man who raised fine horses as a vocation and fine trees as an avocation, and that at eleven she had begun sending in reports of bird movements to the Biological Survey, in Washington. "In the Museum, I'm not concerned exclusively with birds, either," she said. "I've written a book called 'Ferns of the Northeastern United States,' and I have another one ready to go—'Mosses and Lichens.' As a matter of fact, we probably won't see many birds today. It's not really the best time of year. Their color is subdued in the fall, they don't sing, and although some of them are still moving south, it's a little late in the migration season and they're going through irregularly. Look at that sumac!"

We were now moving north, irregularly, on the Boston Post Road, and I caught sight of some red berries.

"Smooth sumac," Miss Wiley said, looking back at her busload and addressing it. "Red berries. If they're red, it doesn't mean danger. Poison sumac has *white* berries."

She went on to tell me that her first name—pronounced "Fareeda," and accented on the second syllable—is Egyptian, and that she was named after an Egyptian lady missionary who was a friend of one of her grandfathers, a Presbyterian minister. "She converted her fellow-Egyptians to Presbyterianism," Miss Wiley said. "I don't know what they were before. I'm afraid it wasn't Presbyterian."

A good many "Look at that tree in there—isn't it lovely?"s later, in the

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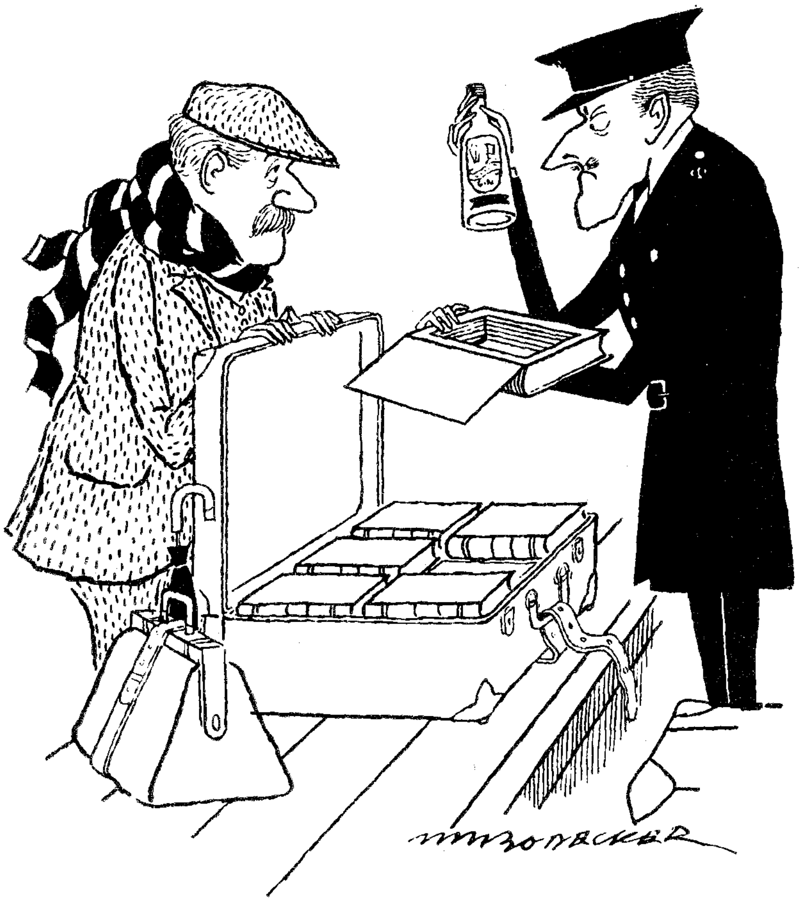
heart of Greenwich's Quaker Ridge estate country, we disembarked in a parking lot at the Audubon Center of Connecticut's main tract—two hundred and eighty-one acres presented to the Society, in 1942, by Mr. and Mrs. H. Hall Clovis, along with a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar endowment fund. Several buildings were clustered near the lot, including a four-car garage, a barn converted into a trailside museum, office, and library, and a brand-new dormitory lodge for Audubon teacher trainees. In front of the lodge, we were greeted by Mr. Mohr, the Center's director, and Mr. Bradley, its staff botanist. Both were wearing khaki windbreakers with the Society insigne (white egret on red background) on the left sleeve; Mr. Bradley had a brown visored cap on, and Mr. Mohr a directorial bright-red one. "We can sleep thirty-five or, in a pinch, forty summer-session students here," Mr. Mohr said as we entered the lodge. This contained about twenty bedrooms, a first-aid room, and a large meeting room, in which was a large placard inscribed with the names of birds identified at the Center this fall. "The lodge was given by Mrs. Avery Rockefeller and other friends," he went on. "Our trails and museum are open to the public; we get at least ten thousand visitors a year. Even in January, on a sunny afternoon, we may have as many as a hundred people."

Joined by a number of other Natural Science for the Layman laymen, mostly from the vicinity, who had arrived in private cars, we walked a few hundred feet to the museum, whose main exhibit hall boasted a couple of hornets' nests, as well as some bird migration charts, mural paintings of animals, and Society publications, among them "The Ferns and Flowering Plants of the Audubon Center," by Mr. Bradley—a hundred-page check list of the Center's plants, accompanied by a timetable of their blooming periods. "Nine hundred and eleven species," he said, as I fingered a copy. "Mostly indigenous, although a few have been introduced." I gathered, from labels under them, that the hornets' nests were not indigenous to the museum but had also been introduced.

Mr. Mohr seized a large flashlight from a shelf and addressed his guests. "No stuffed birds or animals in here," he said. "We rather frown on stuffed birds and animals. Instead, we use the technique of murals. This flashlight is very useful in pointing things out." He trained it on a mural entitled "Winter

THE STICKIEST WICKET



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Life. Animals Vary Greatly in Winter Behavior," and pressed its button, but it didn't go on, so he put it back on the shelf. Relying on his forefinger, he proceeded to point out chipmunks, worms, turtles, mice, muskrats, frogs, salamanders, and so forth, all engaged in snug subterranean naps, and stated that non-hibernators included rabbits, fox, deer, raccoons, and weasels. "A raccoon may occasionally sleep for a day or two in very bad weather," he said. "But it's too nice a day to stay in here. Let's get going."

Outside, on a hill commanding a view of the Sound and, beyond, Long Island, I watched several people watch goldfinches through binoculars. "The finches are getting their winter plumage," Miss Wiley said, "so not everyone recognizes them." She made a few calculations on a pad. "There are seventy-two of us now," she announced, with satisfaction, "counting the people who came up in their own cars. Not bad."

"There was a great flight of tree swallows through here three weeks ago," Mr. Mohr said. "Insect-eating birds like swallows have to get south at this time of year or a little earlier, or else change their diet. Myrtle warblers and a few others change to bayberries, which have a high caloric content, but most of them *don't* change."

Along with Miss Stewart, the green lady, and the rest, I followed him, Miss Wiley, and Mr. Bradley up a hillside to a field bordered with maples. "This Japanese bittersweet really takes over," Miss Wiley said, indicating a vine that appeared to be choking a small tree to death. "Our native bittersweet doesn't do that."

"The Oriental bittersweet can be a terrible pest," Mr. Mohr said.

"How beautiful it is!" a lady said. "May I pick some?"

Mr. Mohr looked alarmed.

"We gather *nothing* in a sanctuary," Miss Wiley said severely. "We do not *smoke* in a sanctuary."

Another lady unobtrusively dropped a lighted cigarette and ground it under her moccasin, and Mr. Mohr said, "All this used to be a farm two hundred years ago. Connecticut was once eighty per cent farmland, but now it's only twenty per cent. The New England farmers couldn't compete with better farmlands to the west. Consider this field, which is typical. Twelve inches below the surface—maybe only six—there's a layer of blue glacial clay that is so wet in the spring you can hardly

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walk here, and then gets baked dry in the summer. It's either a swamp or a desert. No wonder the Connecticut farmers gave up!"

He pointed out some holly, and offered a prize to anyone who could find a fringed gentian. A lady screamed, rushed ahead several yards, and pointed to one at her feet.

"Well!" said Mr. Bradley, in apparent astonishment, as cries of jubilation rose on all sides. "The fringed gentian is one of the last flowers of the season, though witch hazel is later."

"French gentian?" asked a lady with a foreign accent.

"*Fringed*," Miss Wiley said. "It has a *fringe*."

"Bluebird! Bluebird! Bluebird!" Mr. Mohr said—or, rather, sang. "Right in the hickory tree. And there's another, at two o'clock in the elm tree. Where it would be two o'clock on a clock."

"There's a cedar waxwing!" Miss Wiley called out. "And a red-eyed vireo in the Virginia creeper. Not rare, but shy. All the flycatchers have gone south except the phoebes. You sometimes see them as late as Christmas."

"She's a walking encyclopedia," Miss Stewart said.

We went down the hill and dived, single file, into a thicket, emerging on a tunnel-like trail. "Magnificent poison ivy," the Center's director said. "Just turned red. Too bad it's such an inviting color. Now I'm going to ask Len what he discovered here several years ago."

"I found a trace of a charcoal circle here, twenty feet across," Mr. Bradley said, indicating a spot in the woods. 'Why *here*?' I asked myself. Well, I found that practically all the trees in these woods were ninety years old—we took cores, and counted the rings—so I concluded that about ninety-five years earlier the farmer who owned this property must have cut his trees down and converted the wood into charcoal. Look at this shagbark hickory. It's eighty-eight years old—not quite as old as the rest—and nowhere near as big as you'd expect a hickory of that age to be. Why?"

Mr. Mohr and Miss Wiley kept mum, everybody else gave up, and Mr. Bradley said quietly, "Because it was always growing up in the shade of slightly larger trees."

"Some people don't think a beech tree is normal unless it has initials carved on it," Mr. Mohr said, waving at an uncontaminated beech. "Smell this spicebush." Throwing sanctuary eti-

We're thinking of changing the name of "The Salons of Brunovan" to "Chez Josette". The showroom is so elegant and homelike (dozens of idea-filled room settings), our *bonne à tout faire* spends more time with the telephone than with the vacuum cleaner. Calling her friends, no doubt, to come up and see her fine French furniture. Maybe we'll keep the name and fire Josette. Before we decide, see your dealer or decorator and arrange a visit.

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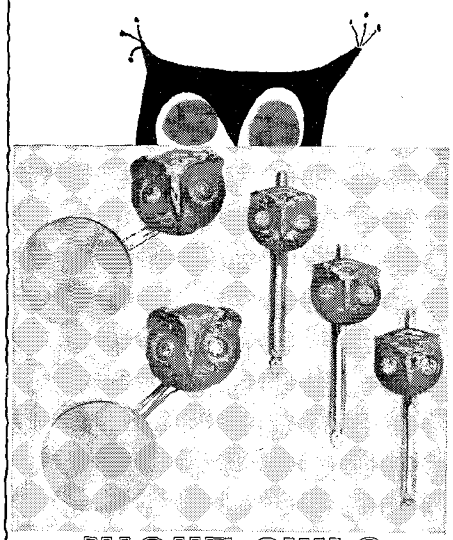
quette to the winds, he picked and crushed some leaves, and treated us all to some pungent sniffs.

BACK at the trailside museum, in a garden behind it, I ate my sandwich and eggs, surrounded by fellow-picnickers. Miss Wiley collected the day's take—seventy-two dollars—and she and the other Central Park Westers among us then repaired by bus to the Center's wild-flower sanctuary, a mile or so south. Our driver followed Mr. Mohr and Mr. Bradley, who had their own car, to this spot; the local-area private-car people followed us. "One hundred and twenty-seven acres, given to us by Mr. and Mrs. B. Tappan Fairchild and other friends," Mr. Mohr said as we arrived. "We have a third tract, of twenty-two acres, along the west branch of the Byram River, a mile west of here. Fine stand of hemlocks there. The wild-flower sanctuary was developed by Mr. Fairchild's uncle, Benjamin Fairchild, who died a good many years ago. He was a pharmaceutical manufacturer who owned about a thousand acres around here. I'm told he had a team of men digging up yellow lady's-slippers and white trillium all over the countryside, which he would then transplant on his place. Small man with blue eyes and a white mustache. He had a horror of people who picked fringed gentians, and it was justified. If you pick one, it *never grows again.*"

Miss Wiley invited the bus driver to accompany us on this leg of the excursion, and he accepted. We walked down a well-kept woodsy trail, occasionally *running into* independent, non-Museum-sponsored nature lovers, mostly family groups.

"Very fine display of native ferns—in good condition because the frost hasn't got to them yet," Mr. Bradley said, pausing before a healthy exhibit. "This is lowland all through here—good for plants that live in damp places."

He identified some maidenhair fern and a hay-scented fern, which he crunched up for one and all to smell; Miss Wiley identified several myrtle warblers that had apparently switched from insects to bayberries; Miss Stewart triumphantly identified a late-flying cabbage butterfly; and, when we gained the sunny brink of a water-lily pond, a couple sitting on a steamer rug and reading the Sunday *Times* looked up, poker-faced, as all seventy-six of us bore down on them. I identified them as Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Farnol, old



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friends of mine, habitat Manhattan. They took a second look and identified *me.*

"Why, hello," said Mr. Farnol, who is the power behind the Cigar Institute.

I waved at him, and Miss Wiley beckoned me to a large clump of ferns. "New York fern," she said. "See how its fronds taper to a point both at the bottom and at the top of the plant? That's how it gets its name—your typical New Yorker burns the candle at both ends."

Mr. Farnol, who was within earshot, waved back at me uncertainly, but I plunged after my leader and her two co-leaders into a welter of aster, holly, and blueberry. "The New England aster is darker than the New York aster," Mr. Mohr said. "More purple than pink. This lovely deciduous holly is very full of fruit this year. *Everything* is full of fruit this year, thanks to the rain. Lots of nuts and berries for hibernating chipmunks who wake up from their naps; they generally store a cache next to them, just in case. This high-bush blueberry is the tallest blueberry we have."

"This is my climbing fern," Mr. Bradley said, a few hundred yards farther on, separating some branches to show us a delicate-looking plant intertwined with a bush. "Special legislation, passed in Hartford in the eighteen-sixties, prohibits picking it, but I don't suppose everyone knows that. In any event, it's practically extinct in Connecticut. I transplanted this one from the Massachusetts border. As far as I know, it's the only one in Connecticut."

"What's this?" a lady asked, waving a desiccated stalk at Miss Wiley.

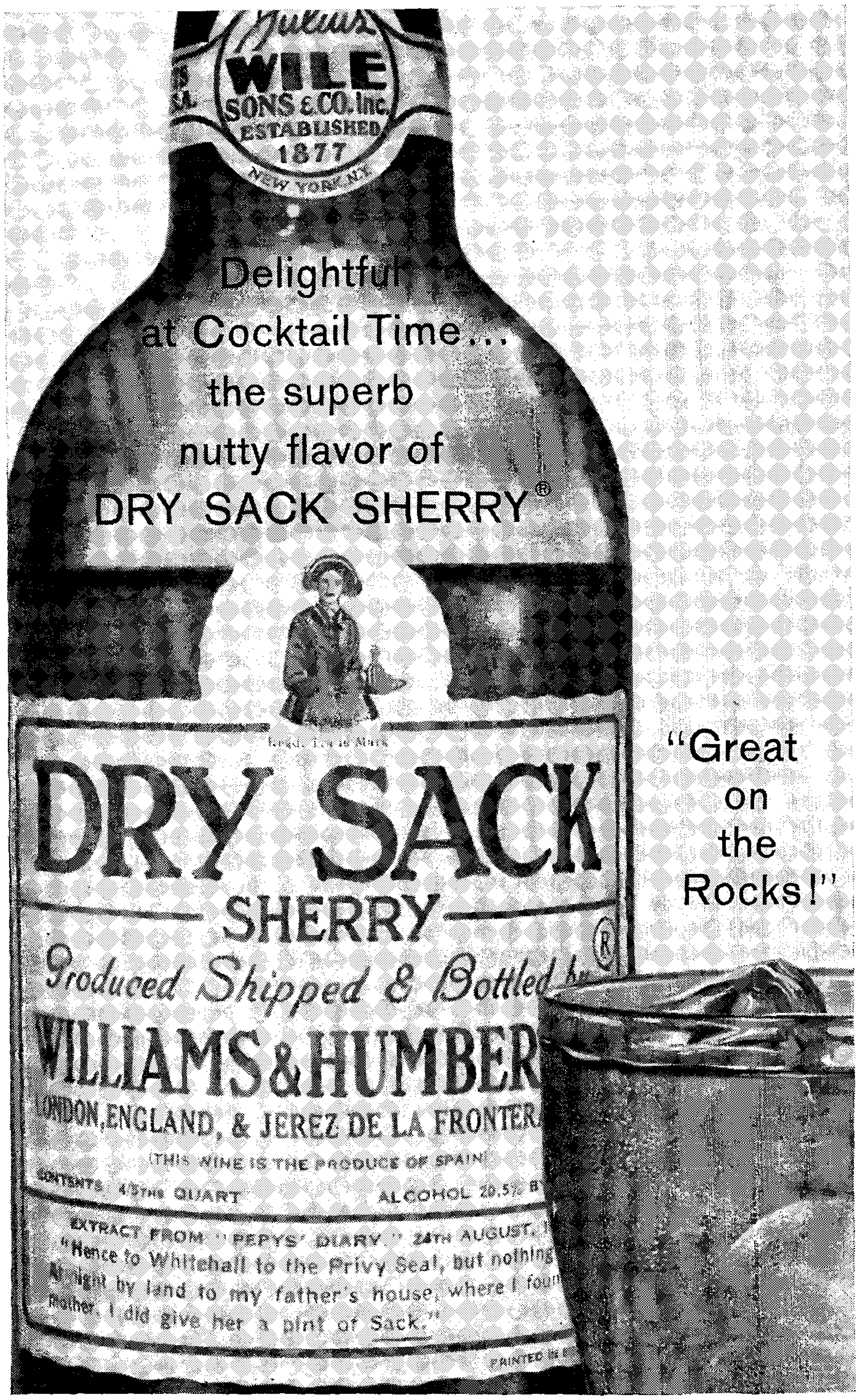
"Wild sunflower," she said. "But remember, we gather *nothing* in a sanctuary."

"I found it lying on the ground," the lady said, clutching it and looking hurt.

"Oh, all right," Miss Wiley said.

"Here is tansy, whose flower, dried, is used for a medicinal tea, and here is bladdernut, a trifoliate," Mr. Bradley said as we pushed on through woods and fields. During the next ten minutes, despite her bearish bus remark, Miss Wiley spotted a chewink, a bay-breasted warbler, a hermit thrush, an olive-backed thrush, a downy woodpecker, and several kinglets and flickers.

"Mr. Fairchild wanted a patch of blueberry here," Mr. Mohr said as we reached a patch of blueberry bushes in a clearing containing wooden picnic tables and benches and a scattering of picnickers, two of them babies, "so he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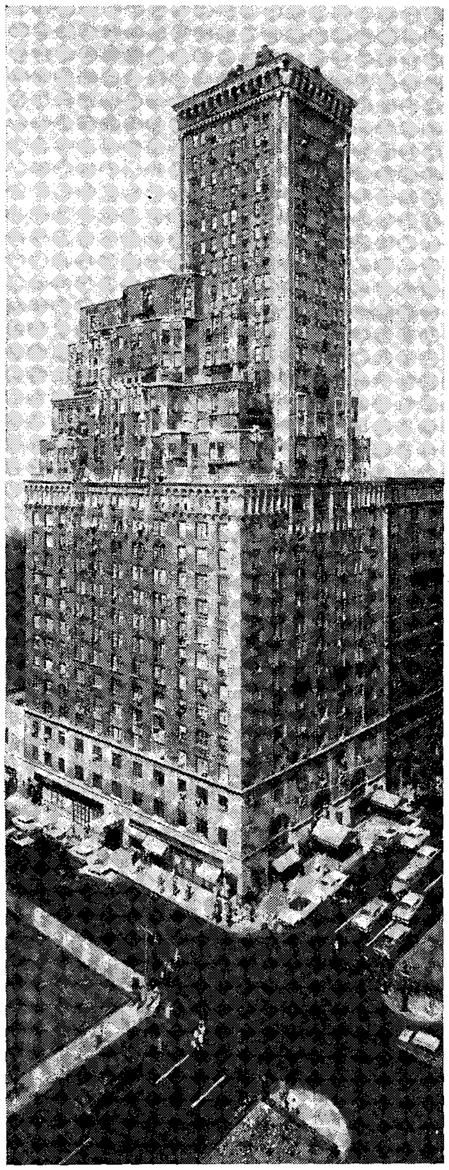

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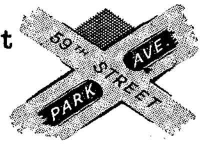


Park Avenue at 59th Street EL 5-2500

brought some bushes in during the winter, as a frozen slab. Did you know that acorns vary? The red oak produces an acorn with a cap like a tam-o'-shanter, and the bur oak has one with a cap that comes down like a coolie hat." He rummaged around on the ground and came up with examples of both.

"Hawk overhead!" someone said, but I looked up too late.

I was on hand, however, a few minutes later, for a look at some tremendous holes made in a trunk by a pileated woodpecker ("Prior to 1940," Mr. Mohr said, "no one knew what you were talking about if you mentioned a pileated woodpecker in this part of the country") and for Miss Wiley's entomological discovery of the day—a cicada skin.

On our way back to the bus, Mr. Bradley called our attention to a shadbush, a member of the rose family. "So called in some sections of the country because it blooms when the shad runs up the river," he said. "It's also called the service bush in New England, because it blooms in spring, at a time when, in the old days, travelling ministers used to show up after the winter snows and hold services, in some cases retroactive. Burial services for people who might have died several months earlier, belated christenings, marriages for couples who may not have waited."

Several ladies tittered, and as we repassed the lily pond, I looked for Mr. Farnol, but the sun was low and he had gone. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

Women who adore designer clothes will have a field day at the Christ Church rummage sale Oct. 9 in Winnetka.

The Soigne women who have been asked to attend the group's French Room tea . . .
—*Chicago Daily News.*

To meet the Zouave men?

•

The 26-year-old Korean veteran, Mel Alsbury Jr., accepted his laurels modestly and was buzzed generously by his pretty wife, her arms filled with roses.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

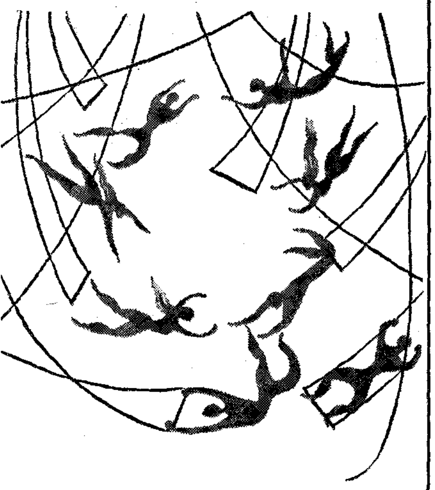
And her hands, we hope, on the controls.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Ossining* (N.Y.) *Citizen-Register*]

Turning in their best performance by far, the Ossining Indians scalped the visiting Headless Horsemen of Sleepy Hollow High School Saturday afternoon, 33-19, at the Ossining H. S. field.



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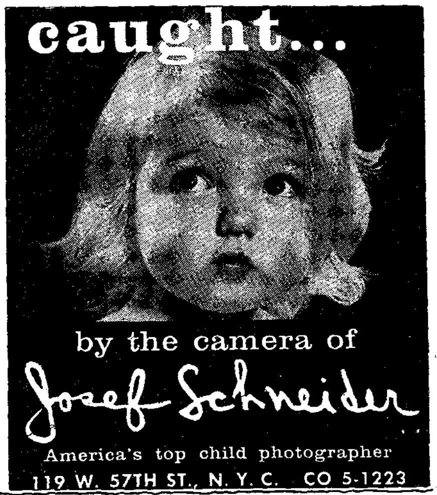
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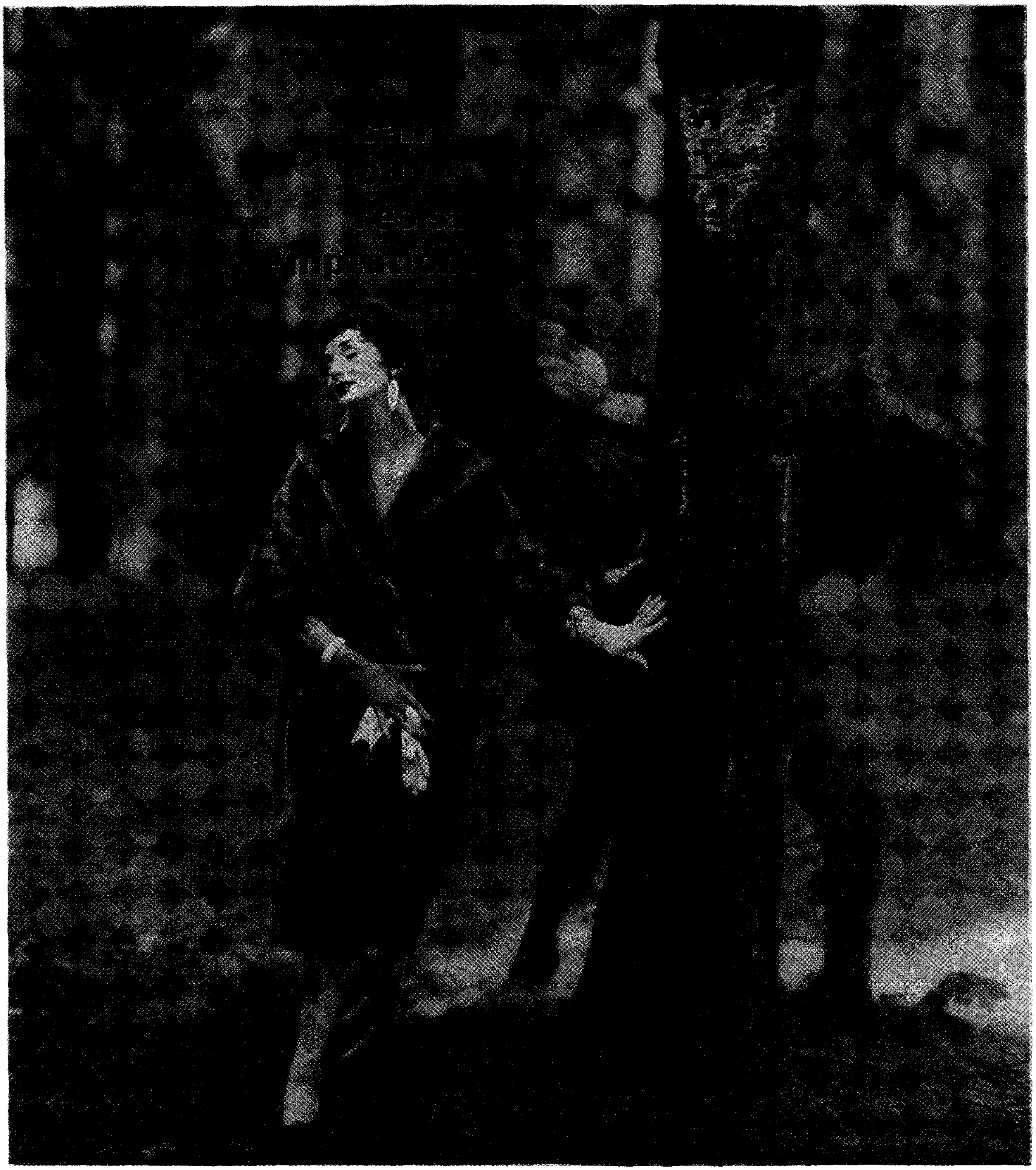

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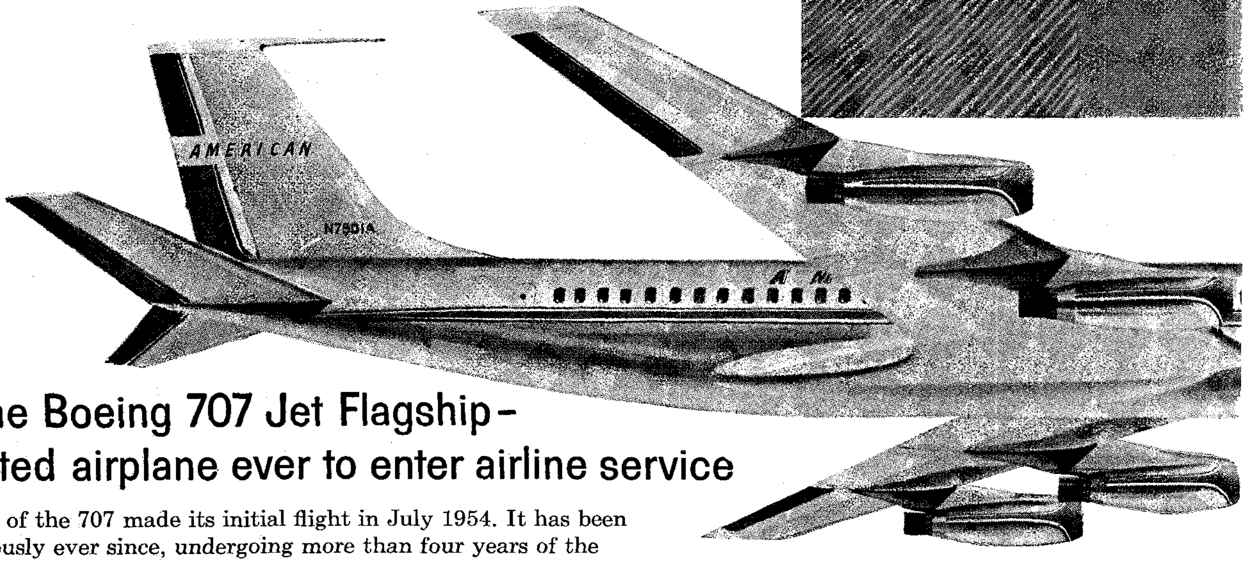

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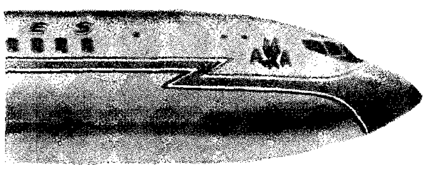

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ANNALS OF CRIME

PEUT-ÊTRE UN PEU EXCESSIF

AT forty-two, Dr. Pierre Chevallier, Resistance hero, Mayor of Orléans, and member of the National Assembly, had made few miscalculations in his career when, early in August, 1951, he returned home from Paris with the glad news that he had just been elevated to the Cabinet of Premier René Pleven. A handsome man, with high hopes, influence, and a pretty mistress, he had only recently turned to politics, but already he had much to look forward to. For the part he played in the Second World War, he had been awarded the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honor, and his fellow-citizens in Orléans, after twice electing him Mayor, had sent him as their representative to the National Assembly, where he was made president of Pleven's party, the Union Démocratique et Socialiste de la Résistance. So promising did the Premier consider the new deputy from Orléans that he named him Secretary of State for Technical Education, Youth, and Sports. Dr. Chevallier arrived back in Orléans the morning after his elevation to the Cabinet, and immediately became engaged in a violent dispute with his wife, Yvonne, over his mistress, who was married to a neighbor. As the quarrel reached its climax, Mme. Chevallier got a revolver from a closet in her bedroom and threatened to shoot herself. Dr. Chevallier urged her to go ahead. He could not have miscalculated more grievously; seconds later, he was the victim of one of the most spectacular *crimes passionnels* in the history of his Republic.

Dr. Chevallier's lack of concern when his wife produced the pistol and the confused manner in which he, rather than she, became the target are a matter of record, being part of the testimony offered by his widow when she was brought to trial for his murder. It is an uncorroborated version of how the physician met his death, for the two of them were alone in the room at the time, but, as the presiding judge pointed out during the trial, since the husband was dead, one had to be content with the account given by the accused. The judge himself seemed perfectly content, and Mme. Chevallier proceeded to testify without contradiction. The jurors showed themselves similarly content when they arrived at a verdict of not guilty.

L'affaire Chevallier was resolved in court in the city of Reims on November 6, 1952, two days after General Eisenhower was elected President. The latter victory, though vastly significant to the French people, was dwarfed by the victory of Mme. Chevallier—a triumph that had already been won, weeks earlier, in the minds of the public, with a spirited assist from the press. In tracing the glorious history of the *crime passionnel*, reporters had to go all the way back to 1884 to find a case of comparable stature. On November 27th of that year, the wife of a Socialist deputy named Clovis Hugues shot and mortally wounded a hired investigator in the Palais de Justice itself. The investigator, testifying for a Mme. Lenormand in a legal-separation action, had told of seeing Mme. Hugues and M. Lenormand "embracing in obscure little corners." Mme. Hugues sued the investigator for slander, and he was convicted and sentenced to two years in prison. But he appealed the sentence, and the case dragged on and on. Finally, when he was granted still another two-week postponement, Mme. Hugues, tired of waiting, fired six bullets into him as he left the courtroom. Brought to trial on a charge of murder, she was acquitted, since, as a sympathetic journalist of the period explained it, she was "an outraged woman who took her revenge—*c'est tout.*"

Though the scene of the crime in *l'affaire Hugues* was more striking, *l'affaire Chevallier* seems certain to be remembered longer. The national furor it created cannot be attributed simply to popular identification with "Yvonne," as Mme. Chevallier was generally called in the newspapers, or to the Gallic strain of anarchy that delights in the downfall of the mighty. More significant is the fact that, in its circumstances and cast of characters, the case is a classic of its kind; the roles have existed for centuries, and the players, including the public, fulfilled them in a manner satisfactory to even the most exacting student of formal tragedy. With its heroes and villains and clowns, the case is a piece of pure theatre that has the unusual merit of being true.

"Hold on a minute! I've told you what show I'm watching. Now let me tell you what I think of it."

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of Neuville-aux-Bois, near Orléans, she was the slender, dark-haired daughter of a farmer, and came of peasant stock—rather coarse stock, according to a reporter for the newspaper *France-Soir*. Also in the best tradition, she aspired to higher things. In 1937, when Pierre Chevallier, an interne at Orléans Hospital, first came upon her, she was a licensed midwife at the hospital. Chevallier, who was twenty-eight and a year older, at once concerned himself with a chronic stitch she suffered in her side. His attentions prevailed through several long nights on duty together, and within a week he had made himself her lover.

Mlle. Rousseau forsook her parents' house in Neuville-aux-Bois and moved into a flat that Chevallier was occupying in Orléans. As described fifteen years later by some remarkably retrospective Paris journalists, their love was a wondrous thing—self-absorbed, insatiable, abandoned, and strong enough even to survive the bitter disapproval of the young man's parents. Chevallier was a member of an old bourgeois family of Orléans—his grandfather and great-grandfather had been doctors, and his father was a well-known master potter—but this disparity of origin, so crucial in France, did not seem to trouble him at the time. He became a practicing physician shortly before the war broke out, and late in 1939, on the eve of leaving for military duty, he married his peasant mistress.

In June of 1940, after the fall of France, Dr. Chevallier returned to Orléans, and immediately entered the Resistance. He won a reputation in his city not only as a doctor who could always be counted on to treat guerrilla fighters but as a brave leader of sabotage operations. In everything he did he was ably supported by his wife, and they adored each other. She bore him two sons—Thugal, in 1940, and Mathieu, five years later. As a chief of the local Maquis, Dr. Chevallier led the Resistance forces that liberated Orléans from the Germans, and in August, 1944, he was elected its Mayor. He was a hero—able, ambitious, and, it seemed, incapable of doing wrong. He organized the reconstruction of the battered city, winning still further acclaim as he gallantly cut through the tangle of French red tape that was holding up similar projects elsewhere. He became well known as an honest and efficient administrator, and he extended his political alliances. Wherever he went, he was attended by a crowd.

At home, in their apartment near

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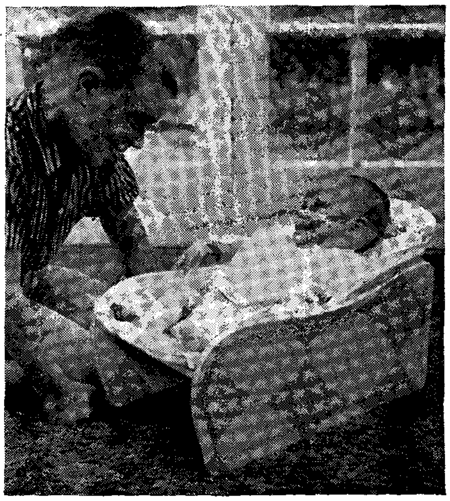

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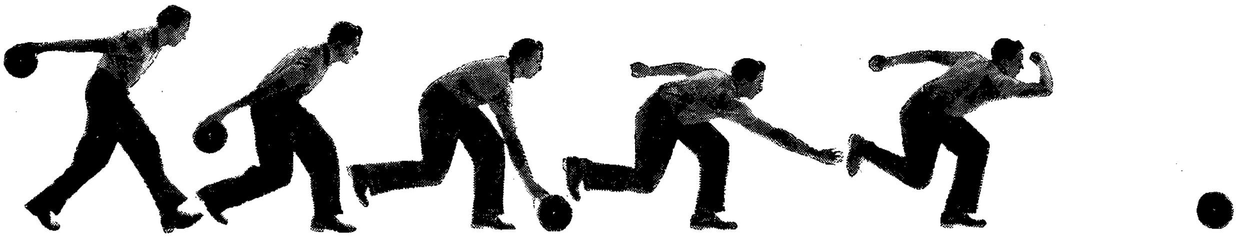

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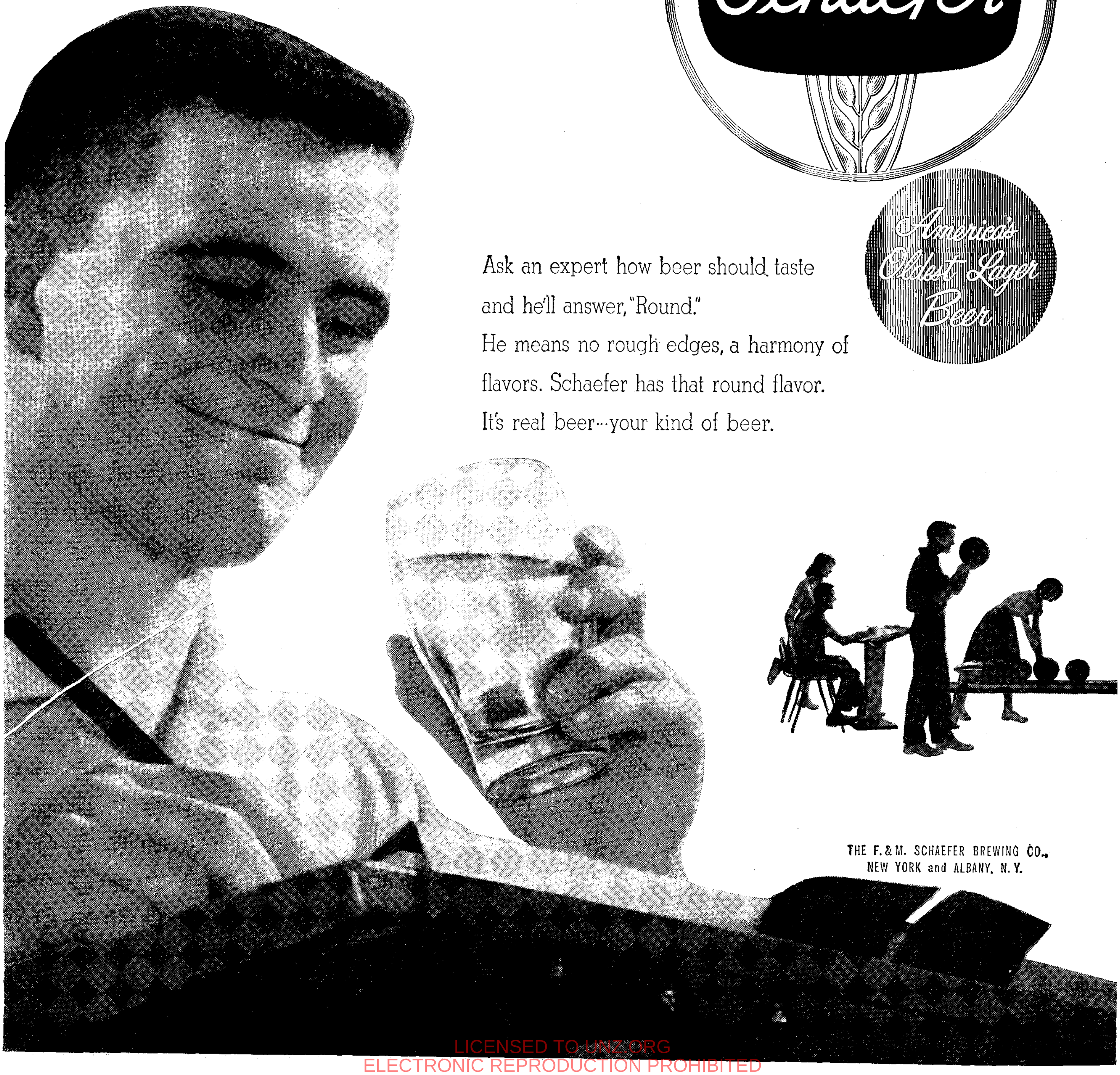

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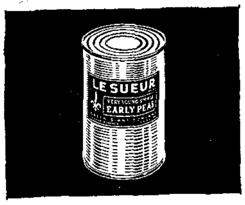

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the Orléans Cathedral, Mme. Chevallier, according to her historians in the French press, grew uneasy. She tried to adapt herself to her new role as wife of the city's leading citizen, but she could not. Lacking the resources of background and education, she was shy and clumsy, and felt that she was no longer a help to her husband but a social and political handicap. Even worse, she became aware that, more and more, this low opinion of herself was shared by the new Mayor. She vainly tried to improve herself, to cultivate her mind. Dr. Chevallier grew ironic, then sarcastic, and finally abusive. He told her that she knew neither how to dress nor how to talk. Once, on the day of an official dinner, she spent hours dressing and doing her hair in a way that she hoped would not offend him, and she waited all evening for him to come for her. He did not bother. When he finally got home, he said that he had not had time.

In 1946, Dr. Chevallier was elected a deputy to the National Assembly and was often away in Paris, but he only rarely took his wife along. At home, he was hurried, tired, cold. She could not bear it, and feared that she would go mad. At last, she asked him to resign, to come home to her for good and resume his life as a local doctor. He flew into a rage and angrily accused her of trying to drag him down to her own level, which he described in detail as a disgustingly low one. He called her a wretched peasant, and insulted their love as something vulgar. She cried at this, and he observed that crying was her sole talent. Shortly thereafter, with the excuse that Mathieu, who was ill, needed his mother's care, he moved into another room. He never moved back.

All but defeated by the worsening state of affairs, Mme. Chevallier sank for a time into a state of apathy, broken only by short periods of frenzy. In describing this phase, the French newspapers dwelt at length on her physical frustration, and, for people accustomed to American newspapers, their relish for the subject is rather startling. But it seems more likely that a growing feeling of jealous suspicion was the dominant cause of her unhappiness, and that she was searching for clues to her misery when, early in the spring of 1951, she went into her husband's room and rummaged through his personal effects. In any event, she came upon the following letter:

Pierre dearest:

I am sure now that we really love each other. That is why our situation is dra-

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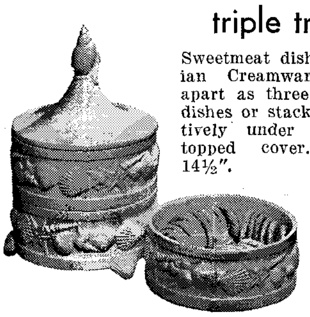

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matic. You know me now, my dear. If this was only a pleasant game between us, everything would be simple and orderly, but things have become more serious. Life without your love has no meaning for me. I love you, I am yours.

Jeannette

Mme. Chevallier thought instantly of Jeanne Perreau, a neighbor eight years younger than she, who was the wife of the proprietor of a large fabrics shop and the mother of three children. Mme. Chevallier's suspicions were well founded. A vivacious redhead, possessed of a splendid figure, Mme. Perreau was known in Orléans as a flirt, and, in fact, typified the classic "other woman" in all respects. The year before, Dr. Chevallier had encountered her on the train to Paris, and had invited her to have lunch with him. Presently, she became his mistress and began meeting him in Paris twice a week. The import of her regular absences from home was not lost on Léon Perreau, a meek but worldly man who, at her request, had already helped her break up a similar relationship with another lover. He questioned her, and she told him quite frankly what the situation was; an accommodating man, he took it all in good part.

In suspecting that "Jeannette" was Mme. Perreau, Mme. Chevallier apparently had only intuition to go on, but that was enough. Distractedly, she ransacked her desk for a recent dinner invitation from Mme. Perreau, to compare its handwriting with that of the letter. Unable to find it, she sat down and hurriedly wrote a note to Mme. Perreau, asking for the address of a friend. She gave this to her maid to deliver, and told her to wait for an answer. After a quarter of an hour, the maid returned empty-handed; it appeared that Mme. Perreau had sniffed out the trap, for she had said she would telephone Mme. Chevallier instead. A few minutes later, she did telephone, and Mme. Chevallier took down the address and thanked her politely. But no sooner had she replaced the receiver than she lost her head entirely, ran to the Perreaus' house, and accused her neighbor flatly of being Dr. Chevallier's mistress. "Now, where in the world did you hear a thing like that?" Mme. Perreau asked gently, placing her hands on Mme. Chevallier's shoulders. "You're upset—very upset," she added, and kissed Mme. Chevallier, who apologized and fled.

The effect of Mme. Perreau's noncommittal reassurance soon wore off, however, and on her way home Mme. Chevallier was seized anew with jeal-

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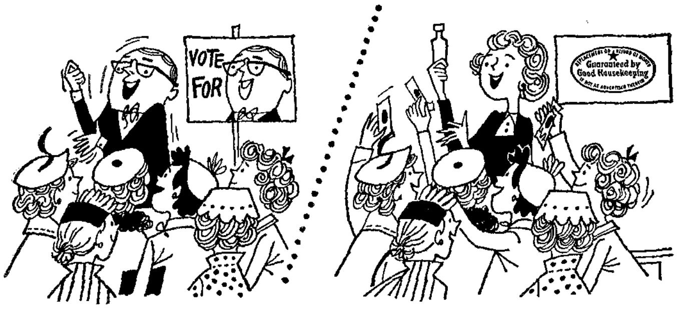

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ousy and rage. When her husband came home that evening, she demanded an explanation of the letter. At first, he said only, "You're an imbecile. You act like a starving beast. Really, you frighten me." Then, in a tone of disgust, he told her the letter had been addressed not to him but to a friend, and that he was only acting as a courier.

"And the friend's name is Pierre, too?" Mme. Chevallier asked skeptically.

"Precisely," her husband replied.

"And his girl is named Jeanne?"

"I suppose so," said Dr. Chevallier, and demanded that she leave him in peace. He reminded her that he was running for reëlection to the National Assembly, and said he didn't have the time or strength to wrangle with her.

For the moment, according to her subsequent biographers, Mme. Chevallier controlled herself. But she did not believe him, and in the days that followed she suffered increasingly from jealousy of Mme. Perreau. She would watch her husband sleeping, exhausted by his campaign, and imagine herself more in love with him than ever. She even went out into the streets and put up campaign posters for him. And when finally, on June 17, 1951, he won the election, her pride in him overcame her shyness and she hurried to the City Hall to be at his side. As Mme. Chevallier entered the building, she saw her husband standing in the midst of a throng of wildly enthusiastic citizens, who were pressing forward to congratulate him. He was excited, boyish, and beaming. And, in truth, he had a lot to beam about, for although he was a relatively young man, as successful politicians go, he had run ahead of his party in the elections. His admirers were calling him the hope of France and assuring him that he would soon be appointed to the Cabinet. Dr. Chevallier's radiant expression implied that he shared their view, and it endeared him to his wife, who dismissed all her apprehensions in a sudden new happiness. But when she tried to reach him, she could not make her way through the crowd, and though he was clearly aware of her presence, he made no move in her direction. Then, to her dismay, Mme. Perreau appeared, and Dr. Chevallier, disregarding his wife, pushed toward her. Perreau was lurking on the sidelines, and Mme. Chevallier, always less than graceful, marched straight over to him and said, "Look! My husband and your wife are flirting!" In reply, Perreau—a type

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dear to Molière—smiled uncomfortably and departed.

At last, after Mme. Perreau, too, had gone, Mme. Chevallier managed to reach her husband's side, but his expression hardened. She could not believe it, and, persevering, threw her arms about his neck. He twisted out of her embrace, making no effort to conceal his distaste from the people around him. "Go away!" he said. For a moment, Mme. Chevallier stood and stared at him, unable to move. Then, raging in shame, she ran out into the street.

The next few weeks, if one is to believe the latter-day Plutarchs of the Paris press, were even worse. Dr. Chevallier jeered at his wife's continued efforts to improve herself, at the pathetically sophisticated remarks that she had learned by heart and intruded at the wrong moment into conversations. "I can just see you in Paris at important dinners," he told her bitterly. He argued for a divorce, and suggested that she take a lover—discreetly, he cautioned her, because the Mayor of Orléans could not afford the reputation of being a cuckold. She responded with supplication, cajolery, outrage, abuse, and almost incessant tears. She could not bring herself to believe that this man she had loved and helped so much, who had loved her so much in his turn, could now turn against her so brutally. But she was no match for him, and in July, feeling that she could take no more punishment, she crept off to Les Sables-d'Olonne, a resort on the Bay of Biscay. There, in the bright sunshine by the ocean, she gradually began to think that things might not, after all, be quite as bad as they seemed, and that perhaps she herself was in the wrong—that she had, in fact, tried selfishly to hinder her husband's progress. In this mood, she wrote him a letter apologizing for the past and promising to raise herself to his high level in the future. Soon, however, she again lost heart, and bought some sleeping pills, with the idea of killing herself. She took an overdose, but they weren't strong enough, and since it is doubtful whether Dr. Chevallier ever learned of the incident, it would appear that her sole accomplishment was to make herself quite sick.

Mme. Chevallier recovered her health but not her hopes, and her mood became one of frustration and—as one reporter later remarked—"violent fury." On impulse, she went to Paris and, confronting her husband's secretary in his office at the Palais Bourbon, ordered her to come out with everything

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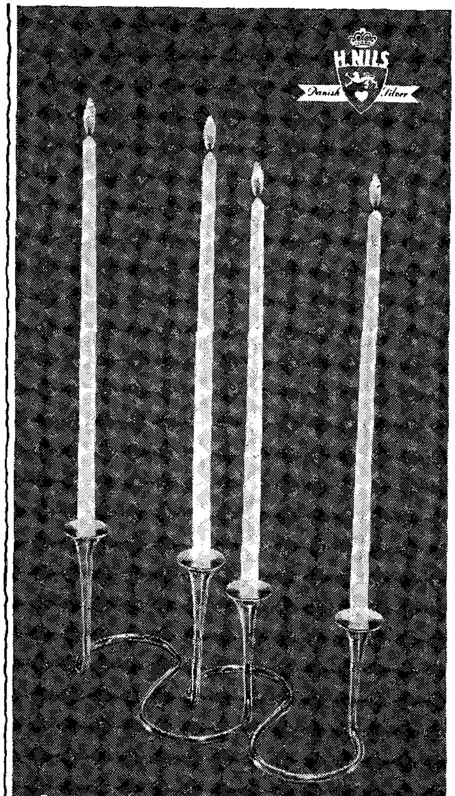
she knew about his mistress. The startled girl replied that she wasn't aware that he had one. Mme. Chevallier then went to the flat, a small *garçonnière* in the Rue Cambronne, where he stayed when he was in Paris. The flat was empty, but on the dresser lay a timetable of trains to Châtelguyon, in central France, where she knew Mme. Perreau was spending the summer. Stunned, Mme. Chevallier went back to Orléans, to hide from the world in her home.

AROUND the ninth of August, Mme. Chevallier ventured out of her apartment long enough to obtain a revolver. She had applied for a permit to own one on the ground that her husband was away a great deal of the time and she was afraid to be alone, and because she was the wife of the Mayor, her application had been approved without hesitation. Along with the revolver, she bought a large supply of ammunition, and hid her purchases in a linen closet in her bedroom. Brooding further, she finally concluded that her only hope lay in enlisting the aid of Perreau. She didn't think very highly of him, but it never occurred to her that a man would do nothing in the face of a revelation like hers—which she made, to his dismay, over the telephone. And, in fact, an unstrung Perreau appeared on her doorstep almost immediately, denying all knowledge of the affair. It soon became evident, however, that he was much less horrified by his wife's betrayal than by the prospect of a scandal, which seemed imminent in the untidy distress of Mme. Chevallier. Taking her by the arm and walking her around her living room as if she were a convalescent, he did his best to calm her. But the next day, in desperation, she informed him that, unless he acted, she was prepared to expose the entire business. Perreau, now desperate himself, suggested that she see a psychiatrist.

That night, in a ranting telephone conversation with her husband, in Paris, Mme. Chevallier told him a frantic lie. Since the day before, she said, the Mayor of Orléans had been a cuckold. "The Mayor of Orléans," replied Dr. Chevallier, "doesn't care."

On Saturday, August 11th, Mme. Chevallier called on Perreau and said that she intended to kill one or more of the people involved in the affair and, in any case, would certainly kill herself. Taking a practical view of the matter, Perreau told her, "If you kill yourself, then matters will, of course, be sim-



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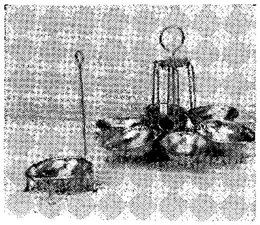

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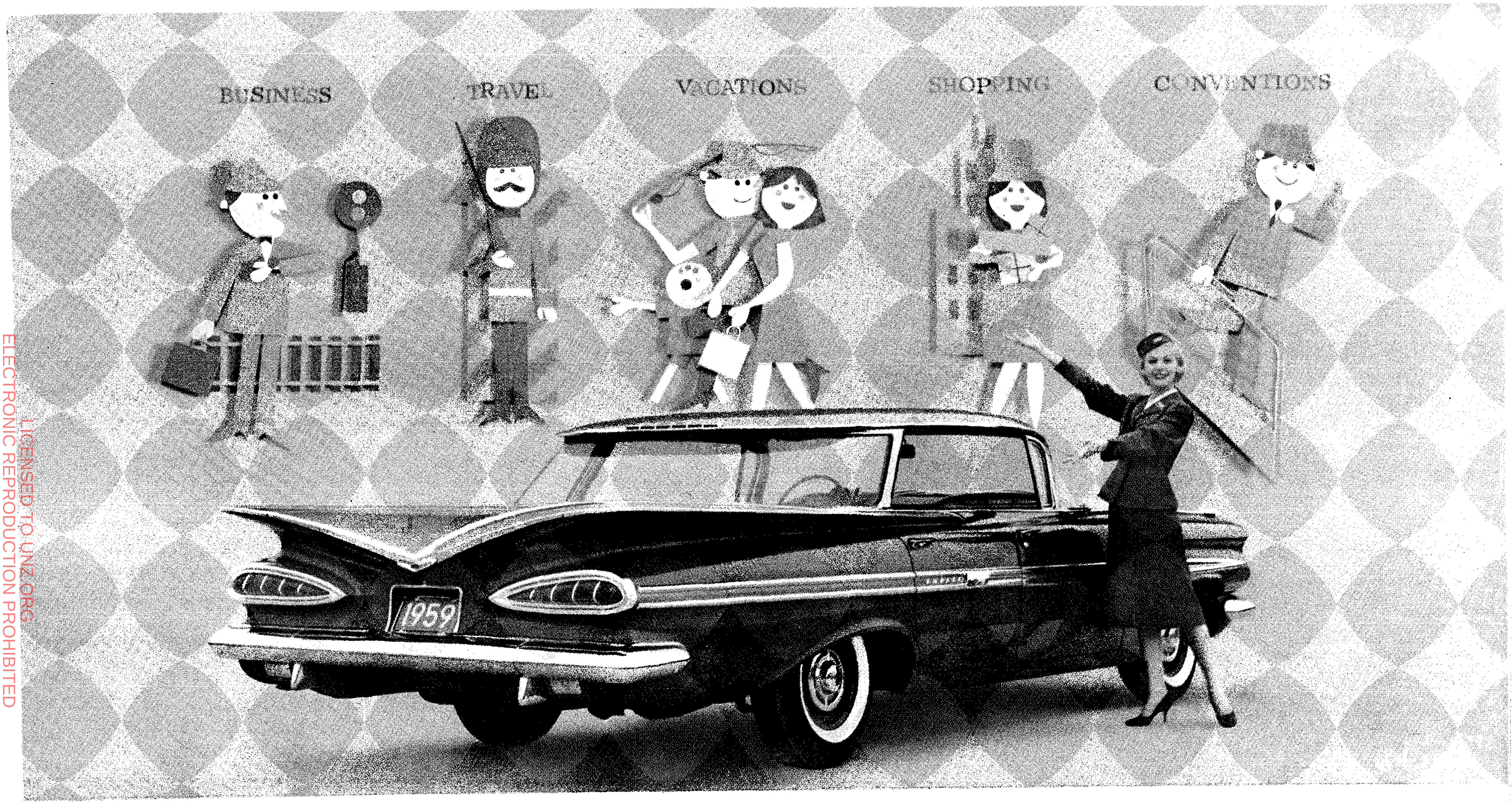

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"No," Mme. Chevallier said. "It's a crime of passion. I'll be acquitted."

A few minutes after returning from this call, Mme. Chevallier heard on the radio that her husband had been appointed Secretary of State for Technical Education, Youth, and Sports. The news had a curious effect on her. At first, she was overjoyed; filled with hope that this new success might make him so happy he would return to her, she called the telegraph office and sent off a long wire of love and congratulation. Immediately afterward, however, she relapsed into despair, realizing that the gulf between them would now be even greater. She then telephoned a friend, Sister Sainte-Françoise, and begged her to come quickly. To the nun she told the entire story, including the part about her plan to kill herself. Sister Sainte-Françoise reminded her that she had no right to do such a thing. She recommended patience and resignation, and took her leave.

A little later, Mme. Chevallier made still another call to Perreau. If he kept up his role of passive bystander much longer, she said, she would kill either her husband or herself. Perreau, too, recommended patience, and, more realistic than Sister Sainte-Françoise, specified six months of it.

Then, at last, Mme. Chevallier received a phone call from the new Cabinet member. He sounded hurried. "I'm coming by early tomorrow to change," he said. "I'll have to be quick. I have two official ceremonies in the morning." He hung up without bothering to mention the new honor that had come to him.

Dr. Chevallier set out for Orléans late that night, and arrived home at nine the next morning. His wife was standing at a front window of their apartment—waiting eagerly for him, she said later, and prepared to make another attempt at a reconciliation—when his chauffeur-driven car drew up at the entrance to the building. As her husband got out and started for the doorway, she called to her younger son, Mathieu, and told him, "As soon as *Papa* comes in, you run to him and say, '*Bonjour, Monsieur le Ministre.*' " The boy did as he was instructed, and Dr. Chevallier, without even glancing at his wife, caught him up and kissed him. Mme. Chevallier thought that her husband looked tired and harassed but extremely happy. He had brought a bag of soiled laundry with him, which he set down on the floor, asking her to find

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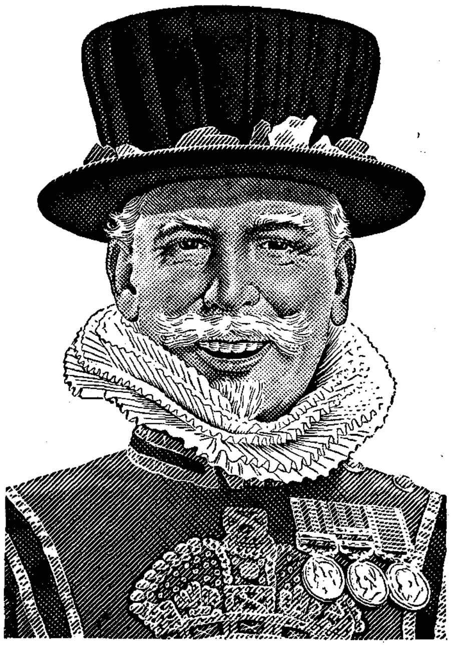

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him some clean things. Without saying anything more, he went off to his room. She went to her room, where the clean laundry was kept, and he joined her there and began to change his clothes.

At this point, the quarrel began that ended in the shooting of Dr. Chevallier. The one irrefutable fact about it is that, within a very short time after he arrived home that Sunday morning, the new Secretary of State for Technical Education, Youth, and Sports lay dead on the floor of his wife's bedroom, with bullets in his chin, groin, thorax, and neck, and a fifth in his skull. The fifth bullet was regarded as especially significant, since its location suggested that it might have been administered more thoughtfully than the others. Questioned by police who were summoned to the apartment, Mme. Chevallier claimed that she had fired all five shots in one volley. But her husband's chauffeur, sitting outside, was of the opinion that considerable time had elapsed between the first four shots and the fifth. Later, at an official preliminary inquiry, Mme. Chevallier herself admitted this. Thus, the only part of her original story of the killing that could have been supported by a witness was, instead, contradicted. Mme. Chevallier was indicted, and while awaiting trial spent fifteen months in prison without once asking to be released on bail.

BECAUSE of Dr. Chevallier's popularity in Orléans, it was thought most unlikely that a sufficient number of unbiassed jurors could be found locally for Mme. Chevallier's trial. So it was moved to the court of Reims, where it began officially on November 5, 1952. Unofficially, the case for the defense was opened three weeks earlier, in *France-Soir*, by a reporter named Jean Laborde. Under headlines like "YVONNE: CRAZY WITH JEALOUSY, FRUSTRATED IN SUICIDE," Laborde, who seemed to be privy to Mme. Chevallier's most intimate feelings and thoughts, offered his readers a great amount of trial evidence, including the text of the letter of apology she wrote to her husband from Les Sables-d'Olonne. It read, in part:

> I think of you and I realize I do not deserve all you have given me. I beg you to forgive me. I have suffered enough. I really want only to make you happy, and I will succeed, by my love, my tenderness toward you, and my deference to your superiority.

In thus documenting the agonies of this "conscientious mother," Laborde outdistanced his rivals, but they, too,

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showed commendable enterprise, and *l'affaire Chevallier* was the front-page lead story in issue after issue of all the fourteen Paris dailies. Only follow-up stories on *"la lutte pour la Maison Blanche"* between the Messrs. Eisenhower and Stevenson gave it any kind of competition. Under the circumstances, it was inconceivable that a reporter would not have his own opinion about the case, and it was equally inconceivable that he would not let his opinion dominate his coverage of the story. Editors, indeed, encouraged prejudice among the members of their staffs. In one column of *Le Parisien-Libéré*, for example, a reporter explored the question "Is It a Crime to Have Loved Too Much?," and in an adjoining column a colleague elaborated on the thesis "The Crime of Yvonne—She Didn't Know How to Love." (So dedicated, incidentally, was *Le Parisien-Libéré* to presenting every aspect of the case that it ran a picture of its trial staff, eight strong, including the operator of a wirephoto transmitter.)

France, like the United States, has no laws against pre-trial disclosures in the press, and Laborde and his colleagues left little to be disclosed in court. Their thoroughness, however, only whetted the appetites of their fellow-countrymen, a good number of whom were present within and without the courtroom at Reims when Mme. Chevallier was brought to trial. Those without were beating on the doors, and police reserves were called out to maintain order. (The Mayor of Reims, on hand to see how justice treated the deceased Mayor of Orléans, almost perished himself in the rush for a glimpse of the villainous Mme. Perreau.) Within, those fortunate enough to have been admitted as spectators watched critically as photographers set up their apparatus, while

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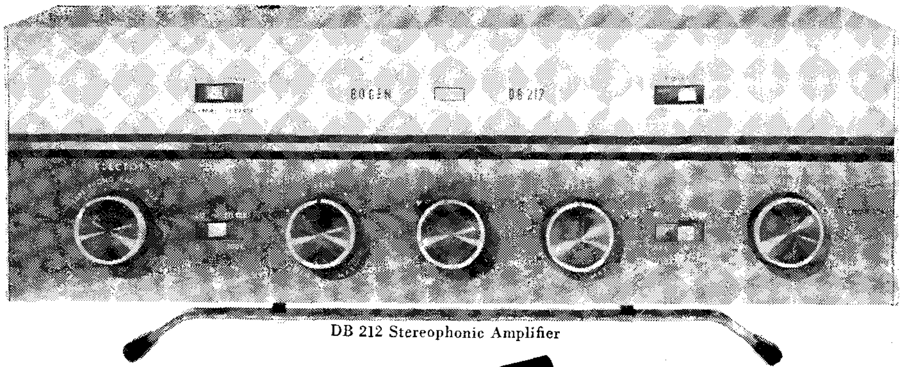

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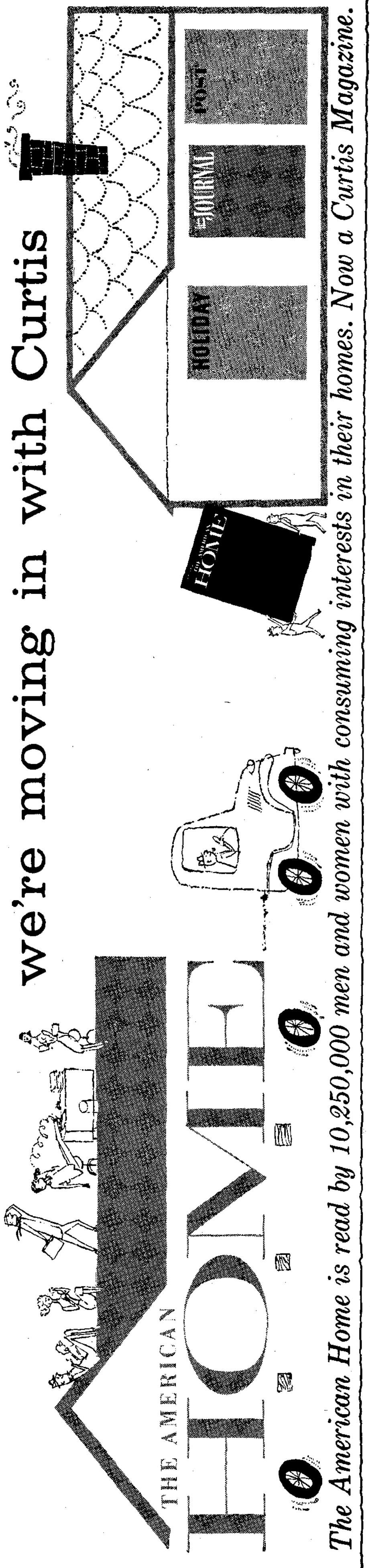

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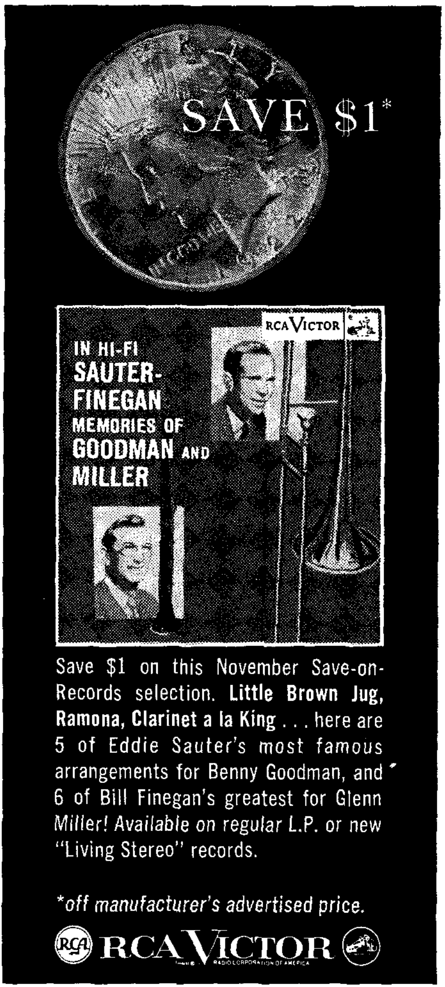
glancing every few seconds toward a narrow door at the rear of the room. When it opened, there was an instant hush, broken only by the click of cameras and the soft explosions of hard light.

Mme. Chevallier, her black hair hanging in damp coils and her head bent wearily to one side, came forward hesitantly, flinching at each flash of a photographer's bulb. After more than a year in prison, she looked shrunken and haggard. In describing her appearance, one reporter was reminded of the dying French actress, Ludmilla Pitoëff, while another bemoaned "this human ruin." The redoubtable Laborde perceived in her gaze "a desperate flame," and detected the profile of a "Romanesque virgin" and the pallor of an "Italian primitive." She wore an austere gray suit over a white blouse, and clutched a handkerchief rolled tight into a ball. And after she was seated in the defendant's box, beside a gendarme, she lowered her head. She hardly raised it again during the trial.

At the court clerk's instance, she gave her age and address, but in a monotone so low that it could scarcely be heard above the murmured sympathy of the audience, which the presiding judge, M. Raymond Jadin, did not attempt to still. A large and imposing man in his scarlet robes, he set the tone of the trial at the outset, and once Mme. Chevallier had begun her testimony, he made no effort to conceal his bias. He addressed the defendant as "Madame," instead of the customary "Accusée," and it was mainly because of his efforts to spare her feelings that the trial lasted only two days, during which the court was in session for less than sixteen hours. At one point, he said to Mme. Chevallier, "You have suffered greatly, Madame, and it pains me to ask you to remember these chapters of your despair. I will do so as gently as possible."

Judge Jadin's contribution to the trial is perhaps less astonishing from the American viewpoint if certain differences between French and Anglo-Saxon legal procedures are kept in mind. The differences are numerous and technical, but the ones most important to an understanding of this trial concern the role of the presiding judge. In the United States, the judge's duties are principally to see that the rules of the court are observed and the rights of the defendant protected, and to explain points of law to the jurors. He rarely questions a witness, and a display of prejudice on his part automatically constitutes grounds for a mistrial. In



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France, on the other hand, the presiding judge asks *all* the questions on direct examination, basing them on a dossier of statements made under oath by witnesses at the preliminary inquiry. To a considerable extent, therefore, he replaces the prosecutor and the defense counsel, who are ordinarily allowed only to cross-examine witnesses and deliver final summations to the jury, which decides on both verdict and sentence. Moreover, in France the defendant is never legally a witness, and consequently does not testify under oath. The defendant's right to lie is taken for granted, and the immunity to charges of perjury that this affords corresponds roughly to the protection offered by the Fifth Amendment in the United States. And the jurors in a French murder trial, though perfectly aware that the defendant is the murderer, may decide that no criminal motives or implications are involved, and so bring in a verdict of not guilty.

ASKED to illuminate the court about her life with her husband, Mme. Chevallier appeared to be too upset to make a coherent start, so Judge Jadin made it for her, saying, "You became acquainted with the Doctor in Orléans Hospital." She broke down a number of times during her two-hour testimony, and each time the Judge picked up where she had left off, basing his interpretation on what had been brought out at the preliminary inquiry. Mme. Chevallier had only to sob or hesitate a moment for him to seize the initiative. It was clear that Judge Jadin subscribed unreservedly to the high public esteem in which she was held, for he informed her that hers was a love in the purest sense of the word, and that no one could possibly believe she had not adored her husband. In short, he said virtually everything that she herself might have thought of saying in her own defense, with the result that her attorney, Maître Pierre Acquaviva, was quite content to remain silent in his seat.

Judge Jadin's efforts in behalf of Mme. Chevallier faltered momentarily when, toward the close of her testimony, it developed that she had purchased twenty-five cartridges for the purpose of destroying herself. The size of the supply somewhat startled the Judge, who suggested to her that one bullet was ample for a suicide. She told him that she had taken an entire box of twenty-five merely because that was what had been handed her. It was shortly after this disclosure, and Mme. Chevallier's explanation of it, that

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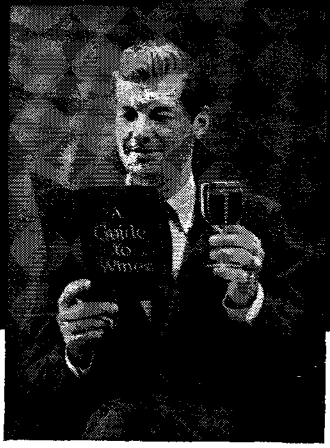

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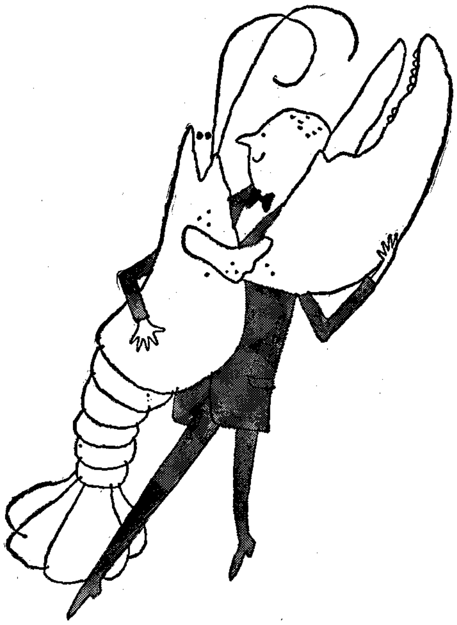

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Judge Jadin reminded the court that, for lack of any supporting evidence, the jurors would have to make up their minds as best they could solely on the basis of what the defendant told them.

"We come now to the final scene, on the morning of August 12th," Judge Jadin said a little later in his questioning, and went on to describe the Minister's homecoming and the welcome he received from little Mathieu. The following excerpts, dealing with the Chevalliers' last quarrel, are taken from the transcript of the trial:

JUDGE JADIN: You went to your room, and your husband followed. He began to undress. You asked him if he needed many clean things. He said he did, since he was returning to Paris that very evening. You thought you would never see him again. You went to the closet where his clean clothes were. You took a shirt and gave it to your husband. Coming toward him, you said, "Pierre, can't we talk this over?" He said he hadn't time, but you persisted. It was then that he said, "I don't wish to argue with a whore." Is this true?

MME. CHEVALLIER: It's true.

JUDGE JADIN: You became furious, and you said, "I'm not the one who's a whore—*it's that tart of yours. She's* already destroyed two marriages, and she won't stop there." Pierre Chevallier, turning toward you, said, "I forbid you to speak that way about that woman!"

MME. CHEVALLIER: Yes.

JUDGE JADIN: He came at you and took you by the hair and, forcing you to look at him, said, "She's better than a worthless creature like you!" You freed yourself and slapped his cigarette from his mouth. You said to him, "She's nothing but a whore!" But Pierre Chevallier refused to notice you and turned his back, saying, "Maybe she's a whore, but I intend to marry her." He began to dress before the closet mirror. He posed, throwing out his chest and hooking his thumbs under his arms, as though he were wearing a vest, saying, "I'm a Minister! I'm a Minister!"

MME. CHEVALLIER: Yes.

JUDGE JADIN: You brought out his shirts. He glanced at you and said, "She'll divorce her husband, you'll divorce me, I'll marry her, and you'll be left in your own filth." You were thunderstruck. You said, "You wouldn't do that!" "Yes," he said. "I didn't want to tell you, but you asked for it." "But it's not possible!" you said. "Very possible," he said. "You're finished." You

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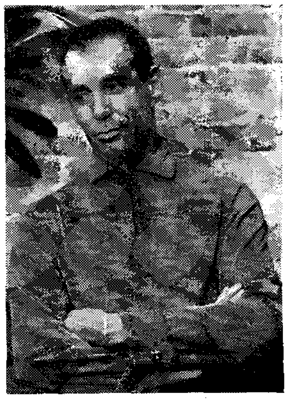

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tried to discuss the children with him. What would become of them? He shrugged. "To hell with the children!" he said. "I'll put them in a boarding school." Then and there, you realized the distance that separated you from your husband, how alien he was to you, and—I should point out again that we have only your own word for all of this—you tried to remind him of the past, which, for you, was still very much alive. "You're the only man I ever loved!" you cried. "I never once betrayed you!" He didn't answer. You got down on your knees, dragging yourself after him. "Get out of my way!" he shouted. "I've got better things to do than listen to you and your nonsense!" You implored him, "You can't mean that! You can't leave me!" He said, "Go away! You stink!" and made an outrageous gesture, simultaneously saying something that I don't care to repeat in public but that I can paraphrase in this way: "For you, there'll be no more love. I'm saving myself for her."

At this point, Mme. Chevallier broke down entirely. The court recessed, and two guards led her out. The audience whispered in sympathetic outrage until, fifteen minutes later, she reappeared and the questioning resumed:

Judge Jadin: Madame, I'm compelled to continue the description of this scene. I know how painful it must be for you. If you are tired, say so, and we will recess again.

Mme. Chevallier: That won't be necessary.

Judge Jadin: You got up then and said to your husband, "It's not true. You're not going to marry her." He said he meant to do just that. "If you do," you said, "I'll kill myself." And you ran to the closet and got the revolver, and you said, "You see, this is all I need."

Mme. Chevallier: That's true.

Judge Jadin: He looked at you and shrugged his shoulders. He said, "Go ahead. Shoot yourself. It will be the most intelligent move you've ever made."

Mme. Chevallier: Yes, *Monsieur le Président*.

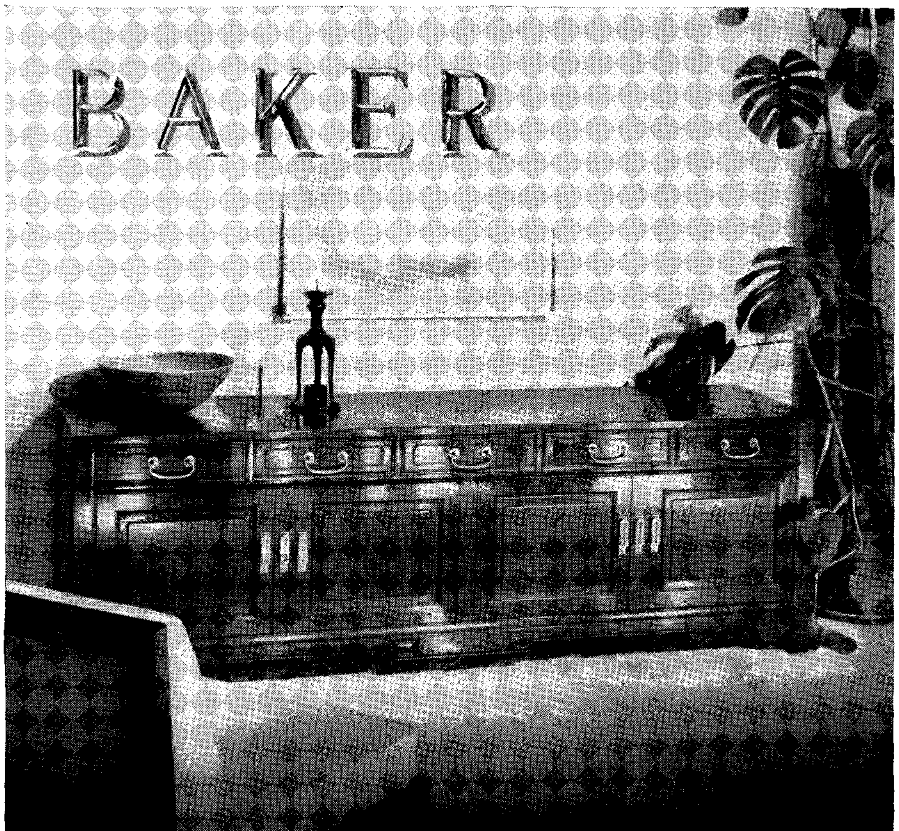
Judge Jadin: You were on the brink. You had the revolver in your hand. You said again, "I'm going to kill myself."

Mme. Chevallier: Yes.

Judge Jadin: He turned and shouted at you, "Well, go on, then!" And he added, "But wait until I've gone."

Mme. Chevallier: That's true.

Judge Jadin: It was now that the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climax occurred. You went toward your husband and you fired!

MME. CHEVALLIER: Yes, *Monsieur le Président.*

JUDGE JADIN: Four shots rang out.

MME. CHEVALLIER: I don't remember, *Monsieur le Président.*

JUDGE JADIN: Did you aim, or fire wildly?

MME. CHEVALLIER: That way—wildly.

JUDGE JADIN: Still walking?

MME. CHEVALLIER: Still walking.

JUDGE JADIN: Did he cry out?

MME. CHEVALLIER: No.

JUDGE JADIN: Just then, your younger child cried out.

MME. CHEVALLIER: Yes.

JUDGE JADIN: He was afraid.

MME. CHEVALLIER: He was in the next room. He called me. He cried "*Maman!*"

JUDGE JADIN: You went to him and took him in your arms.

MME. CHEVALLIER: I took him downstairs to the concierge.

JUDGE JADIN: And the revolver?

MME. CHEVALLIER: I left it on the table.

Now the Judge began to bear down a little on the defendant, though not hard enough to give her attorney any cause for serious concern:

JUDGE JADIN: You went back upstairs. Why?

MME. CHEVALLIER: I wanted to kill myself.

JUDGE JADIN: But in reality you never tried.

MME. CHEVALLIER: I got down on my knees beside my husband. He didn't move.

JUDGE JADIN: And you claimed at the preliminary inquiry that at this moment you raised your eyes and saw a photograph of your older boy.

MME. CHEVALLIER: That's right.

JUDGE JADIN: And it was, you claimed, the thought of this boy that kept you from doing what you wanted to do.

MME. CHEVALLIER: Yes.

JUDGE JADIN: Why, then, did you fire a fifth bullet at the body?

MME. CHEVALLIER: I didn't fire at my husband.

JUDGE JADIN: You hit him, in any case.

MME. CHEVALLIER: The gun went off as I got up.

JUDGE JADIN: Accidentally?

MME. CHEVALLIER: Yes.

JUDGE JADIN: You said at the time that the body twitched.

MME. CHEVALLIER: Yes, but ac-

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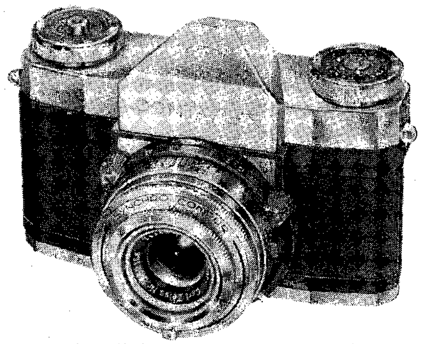

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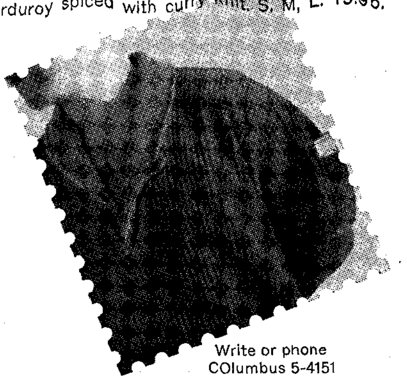

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cidentally. His head was struck, and his shirt moved.

Judge Jadin: I must remind you that at the preliminary inquiry you made a different statement. You claimed then that you fired the fifth bullet to empty the gun and avoid the temptation of suicide.

Mme. Chevallier: It was an accident.

Judge Jadin: And also, in your first statement to the police, right after the shooting, you didn't mention this fifth bullet. You stated that you had emptied the gun, but you didn't indicate that a period of time elapsed between the first four bullets and the fifth.

Mme. Chevallier: I was stunned.

Judge Jadin: It was your husband's chauffeur who established the truth. He testified at the preliminary inquiry that he heard a burst of gunfire—then, some time afterward, a fifth shot. But on this important point you lied.

In conclusion, Judge Jadin revealed that he had some reservations about Mme. Chevallier's conduct before the shooting, too, saying, "For your husband you had an animalistic passion. You should have controlled it—or, in any case, you should have realized that it gave you no right to take a life. You let it rule your existence, and you submitted to it without a struggle. I appreciate your calvary. But it didn't give you the right to kill." Judge Jadin then turned away. Mme. Chevallier was crying quietly in the defendant's box, and the spectators, clearly stricken on her behalf, sat mute. For thus criticizing the defendant, the Judge was, in turn, criticized by Laborde, who later wrote, "He tried to draw from this a psychological theory, attempting in a few words to capture that most elusive of all things—the nature of the soul."

Léon Perreau, on taking the stand, was described by one reporter as "a dry, rather elegant little man with a philosophical turn of mind." The press also recorded that he had a ferret-like nose, a receding hairline, and an expression implying that any agreements he cared to reach with his wife were no business of either the public or the court. As he entered the courtroom and gave his name to the clerk, the place fairly trembled with disapproval, and there was even some mild booing. He began his testimony by relating how the Perreaus had first met the Chevalliers and how a bond had sprung up between them, but Judge Jadin, im-

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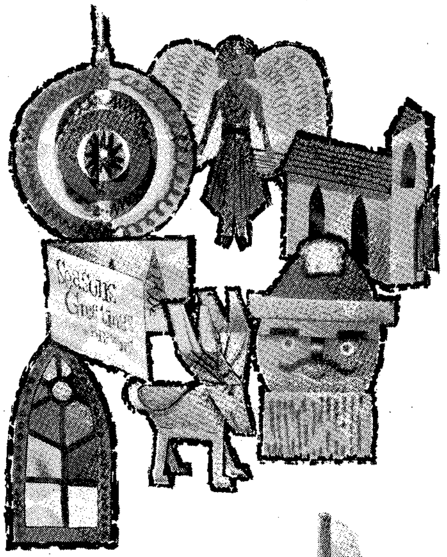

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patient, soon interrupted him. The following exchanges, also taken from the transcript, became the talk of France, and it is not hard to understand why:

JUDGE JADIN: At any rate, your wife was Pierre Chevallier's mistress.

PERREAU: That is correct.

JUDGE JADIN: Were you unaware of this?

PERREAU: Hardly. My wife let me in on it from the start.

JUDGE JADIN: You're very frank. You mean to say that your wife simply told you she had taken a lover?

PERREAU: Well, we'd come to an agreement. We weren't anything but friends any more. It was only the children that kept us together. But otherwise each of us was free.

JUDGE JADIN: I do not wish to discuss your attitude toward marriage.

But the Judge seemed to wish to discuss little else, and after briefly questioning the witness about Mme. Chevallier's remark to him at the City Hall, he returned, as if irresistibly, to the subject:

JUDGE JADIN: You mean to tell me your wife confessed to you of her own accord?

PERREAU: Well, not exactly. I'd noticed her regular absences. I asked her about them, and she told me.

JUDGE JADIN: In other words, an ordinary, everyday conversation.

PERREAU: Yes.

JUDGE JADIN: Please describe to us Mme. Chevallier's visits.

PERREAU: She came to see me a few days before it happened. She was terribly upset.

JUDGE JADIN: Well, she's scarcely made of the same stuff as you.

PERREAU: She told me her husband was my wife's lover. "No, no," I told her, but she didn't believe me.

JUDGE JADIN: I wouldn't say that that was much of a mistake on her part.

PERREAU: I wanted to avoid a scandal.

JUDGE JADIN: You didn't succeed very well.

PERREAU: So it would seem.

Here Judge Jadin turned to the question of divorce:

JUDGE JADIN: Didn't she tell you one day about a phone call she'd had from her husband?

PERREAU: Yes. Chevallier told her he wanted a divorce, and would make my wife divorce me as well.

JUDGE JADIN: And this had no effect on you?

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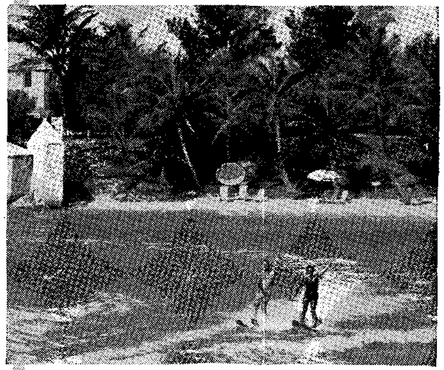

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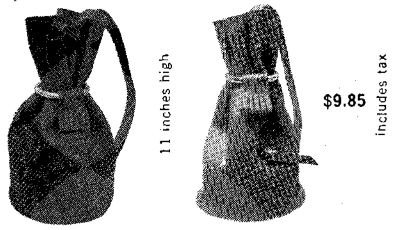

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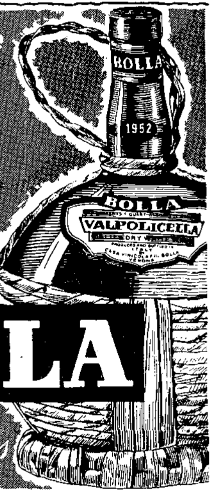

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PERREAU: I must say I was shocked by it.

JUDGE JADIN: You don't mind being betrayed, but you draw the line at being abandoned?

PERREAU: Well, I have three children.

JUDGE JADIN: What else did Mme. Chevallier have to say?

PERREAU: She clung to me as if I were her savior.

JUDGE JADIN: She still had her illusions.

PERREAU: The second time she came, she said to me, "You're so kind. Don't forsake me."

JUDGE JADIN: A bizarre situation, I must say.

PERREAU: I advised her to see a doctor—a psychiatrist.

JUDGE JADIN: You consider jealousy a sickness?

PERREAU: Well, I thought it would be better than living on coffee, the way she was doing.

JUDGE JADIN: In other words, you found her behavior inconvenient.

PERREAU: I wanted to avoid a scandal.

JUDGE JADIN: I must admit you have an answer for everything. And she asked you once what you would do if your wife had a child by Pierre Chevallier.

PERREAU: Yes.

JUDGE JADIN: And you said you were willing to be its parent.

PERREAU: Precisely.

JUDGE JADIN: And were you willing? [Perreau was silent.] Another time, she asked what you'd do if they went off together.

PERREAU: Yes.

JUDGE JADIN: And with a noble simplicity you answered, "Come stay with me, and I'll make you feel much better."

PERREAU: I didn't care what I said, as long as it calmed her.

JUDGE JADIN: You're aware that, through your refusal to act, you bear a heavy responsibility for the whole business?

PERREAU: I don't know what else I could have done.

JUDGE JADIN: Well, you weren't exactly energetic.

PERREAU: Perhaps. But I had an agreement with my wife. I observed it for the children's sake.

JUDGE JADIN: You were speaking just now of scandal. But the affair was public knowledge in Orléans.

PERREAU: Not everywhere. Just in certain circles.

JUDGE JADIN: It seems to me you

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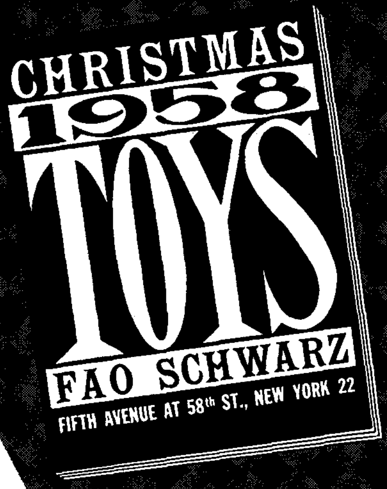
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could have told your wife to break it off.

Perreau: I did.

Judge Jadin: And?

Perreau: She told me she loved Pierre Chevallier.

Judge Jadin: And you bowed to that?

Perreau: If I hadn't bowed, it wouldn't have made any difference. And then, I was thinking of the children. I didn't believe I could regain her love with violence.

Judge Jadin: On the other hand, Pierre Chevallier wasn't your wife's first lover.

Perreau: No.

Judge Jadin: The first time, you intervened.

Perreau: Yes.

Judge Jadin: You went to the lover's house and persuaded him to break it off.

Perreau: Yes.

Judge Jadin: How do you account for your firmness that first time?

Perreau: Well, my wife was tired of him.

Judge Jadin: Truly, you're the perfect husband!

Perreau: Besides, the first lover disgusted me, and the other didn't.

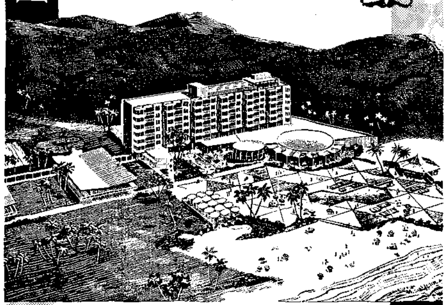
Judge Jadin: In short, you were pleased with Pierre Chevallier.

Perreau: Well, yes. You may laugh at this, but I found Pierre Chevallier rather attractive.

This astonishing remark became perhaps the most famous of those made by Perreau, but it developed that his affection for Chevallier was not entirely from the heart. Judge Jadin read a letter from Mme. Perreau to Dr. Chevallier that included this line: "My husband will make no trouble for us on the condition that he be given an interesting and lucrative post to occupy his time." The Judge then suggested to Perreau that his brother-in-law had received the Legion of Honor through the good offices of the Mayor.

"Yes," said Perreau. "I must confess that that is true."

Mme. Perreau replaced her husband on the stand. Like Perreau, she drew a harsh murmur of indignation from the onlookers, and, like Perreau, she did not give them the satisfaction of showing nervousness, much less regret. She came forward without hurrying—a trim, elegant redhead with a flamboyant coiffure set off by a saucy green hat. Before taking the oath, she drew off a glove in a ladylike manner—a gesture



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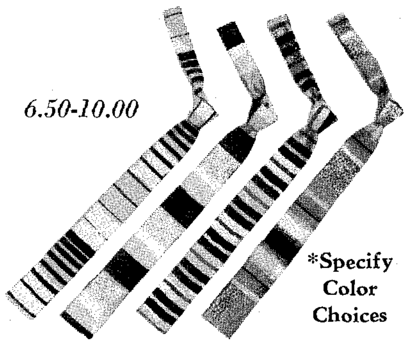

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that the photographers hastened to record. She told the clerk she was thirty-four, and without occupation. Then, plunging briskly into her testimony, she told of meeting Dr. Chevallier and his wife in 1947 and of becoming his mistress three years later, but said she wanted it clearly understood that she had made him wait six months after their chance encounter on the train to Paris. She said she had thought divorcing her husband would be impractical, especially since they had children.

"You had a previous lover, before Chevallier?" the Judge inquired.

"I don't see that that has anything to do with this trial," Mme. Perreau replied.

"Allow me to be the one to determine that," the Judge said, but he didn't press the point. Instead, he turned brusquely to the matter of Mme. Chevallier's visit to Mme. Perreau after finding the letter signed "Jeannette," and asked, "You lied to her, didn't you?"

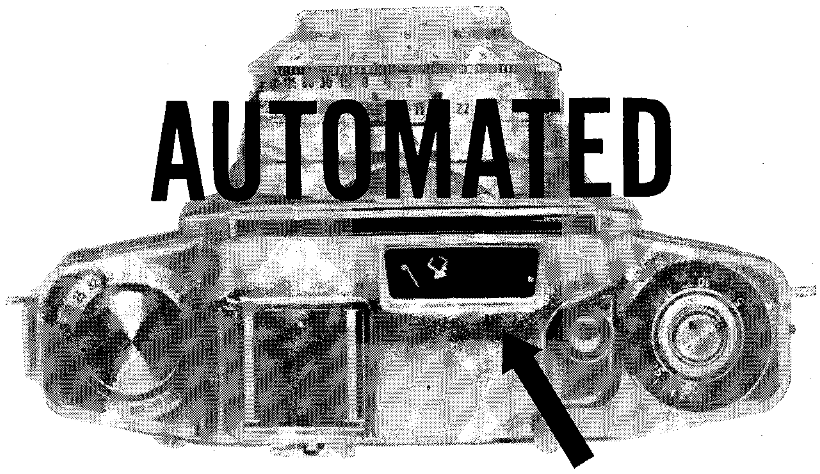
"I pitied her very much," said Mme. Perreau, and added, after a pause, "Though not enough, I must admit, to make me put an end to it."

A few minutes later, Maître Acquaviva, the defense attorney, arose to take a hand. Up to that point, while listening hour after hour to the valiant assistance lent him by the bench, he had for the most part let well enough alone, but now, with a swirl of robes and a voice of doom, he confronted the witness and demanded, "Were you never once ashamed?"

Mme. Perreau turned coolly to the bench, to ascertain whether the law decreed that she converse with this angry personage. It did, and she said, "Never. I loved him."

"And you have no regrets for what has happened?" the lawyer asked.

"Of course," Mme. Perreau replied, and, evidently of the opinion that she had been questioned quite enough, she attempted to leave the stand. But Maître Acquaviva barred her way, calling out sternly, "One moment, Madame!" And, raising a forefinger heavenward, he declared that it was she who was the principal culprit and warned her that she would one day be called before a higher tribunal to answer for her acts. This fiery speech evoked a burst of wild applause in the courtroom. Mme. Perreau, plainly enraged, waited until she could be heard, and then retorted tersely, "My relationship with Dr. Chevallier is a matter for myself and my conscience. I don't require any other judge. I loved him and he loved



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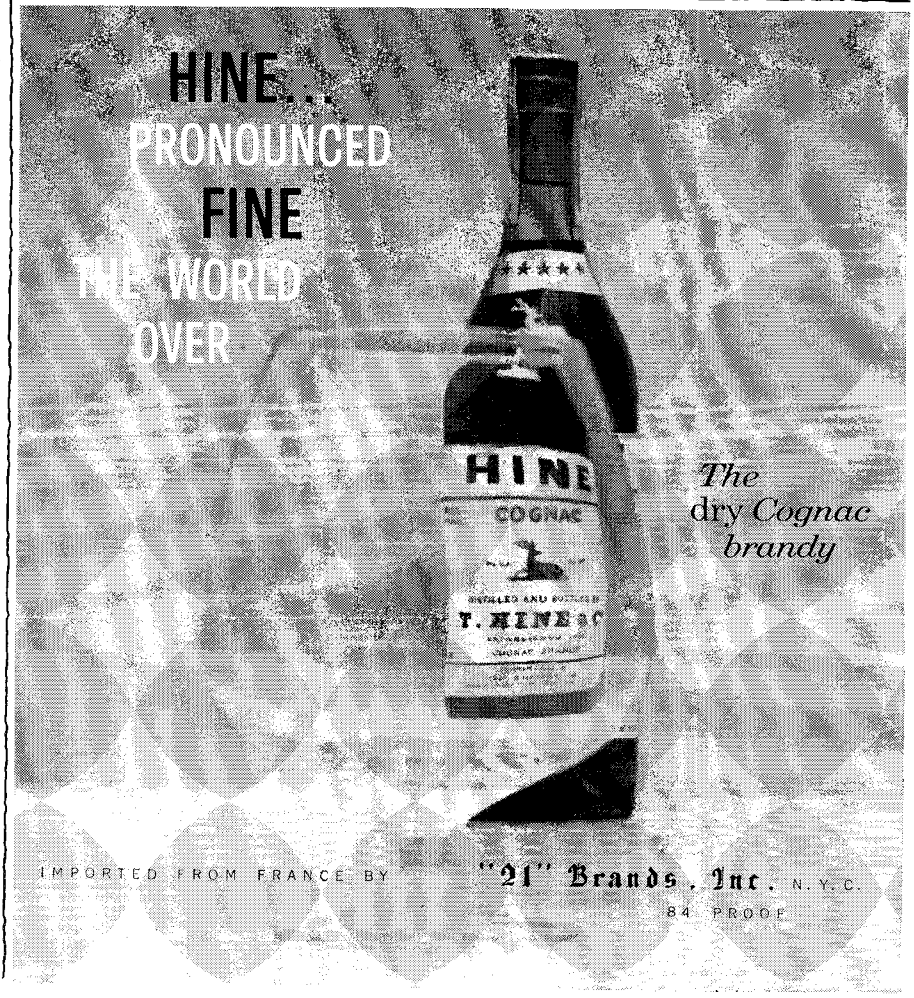

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me. As for my husband, I did not want to leave him. He is a good friend, and he is loyal."

The audience, now in full voice, greeted this statement with prolonged hoots. Judge Jadin was finally constrained to threaten to clear the court. As he did so, Mme. Perreau announced in a shrill voice, "I have one more thing to say!"

"Out with it!" cried Judge Jadin.

"I loved Pierre, I love him still, and I'm sure that people are not punished when they have truly loved," Mme. Perreau said defiantly, and with that she left the stand to rejoin her husband in the surging audience. As they started toward the door, Mme. Chevallier raised her head to watch them go. They went out calmly, with as much dignity as they could muster, and from the crowd outside came a roar of anger and shouts of "Kill them!"

ON the second, and last, day of the trial, a number of lesser witnesses came forward. Two men who had been close friends of the deceased strongly characterized the defendant as a woman of such pronounced instability that her husband had been dismayed by her influence on the children; as early as 1947, one of them related, Dr. Chevallier had asked him to take care of the boys in the event that Mme. Chevallier should kill him. But a court psychiatrist had previously stated that he had found the defendant healthily repentant and of sound mind, and that he considered the crime a pathetic act of desperation. One of three women who testified as friends of Mme. Chevallier said that she had never known the defendant to be other than docile and self-effacing, and that although she might well be suffering from an inferiority complex, she had been all that could be wished for as the wife of a mayor.

In his summation to the jury, even the prosecutor, M. l'Avocat-Général Raymond Lindon, was gentle. He seemed to realize that abuse of Mme. Chevallier would be not only unpopular but futile, though to the jurors, accustomed to the chivalrous Jadin approach, he must have sounded strangely like a man who thought the defendant was guilty of murder and should be punished for it, as prescribed by law.

"Do I need to say that one must pity Yvonne Chevallier?" M. Lindon intoned. "I don't think so. But can one absolve her? Granting the important extenuating circumstances, I should point out the nature of her liability.

"First of all, is she entirely trust-

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worthy? I must say I have my doubts, particularly in regard to her account of that last scene. One must remember that she lied on a very important point—the timing of the fifth bullet. At first she declared that she fired all five at once. It wasn't until the chauffeur testified to having heard a burst followed some time later by a fifth shot that she admitted having lied. Was it an accident, that fifth bullet? On the contrary, I regard it as a sacrilege. Yvonne Chevallier fired at her husband's corpse.

"She desired, she claims, to commit suicide, and only the sight of her son's picture prevented her. But her younger son was in the next room, and she was stable enough to take him down to the concierge. She came up again, and we are asked to believe that a picture could do what the actual presence of her younger son could not. I notice, too, that she abandoned that story in court, and spoke for the first time about an accident.

"In effect, Yvonne Chevallier behaved as if her personal happiness were the only worth-while thing in the world. But public servants belong to the nation. If a sacrifice was necessary, she should have sacrificed her feelings to the good of her city, rather than this promising man to her despair. She has committed a crime, and I do not see how she can be absolved of it. Therefore, I shall propose a solution which seems to me wisest and most fair.

"Should you pronounce upon her a criminal sentence; that is, confinement at forced labor? I don't intend to demand that. Are you going to acquit her? You must not. Let us try to leave the children out of it. Their future no longer depends on their mother. Nor should you give in to the will of the public, I beg of you. We do not want theatrical justice here. Let me remind you that this is not a divorce you are judging but a murder. This woman has killed. The point is, does adultery merit the penalty of death? For death is the penalty Yvonne Chevallier pronounced against her husband. She cannot be acquitted.

"Suspended sentence? That is just as bad. That would be saying to her, 'Go in peace, reconstruct your life, and don't kill anybody any more.' I ask that Yvonne Chevallier be given a short but firm sentence in prison—say, two years. For my part, I am persuaded that the defendant is able to appreciate the necessity of expiation. And she has already served fifteen months of the sentence. For everyone concerned, it is necessary that she should know that she

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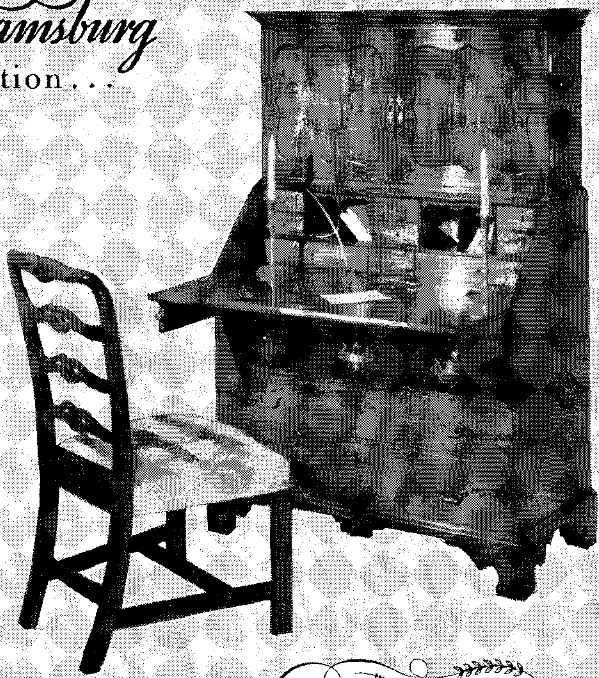

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has paid for her mistake. Liberty this evening would be, in the public view, an absolution. Imagine, gentlemen, the consequences of a pardon. It would authorize every woman to hide a revolver in her dresser and to use it. Afterward, she could come quite calmly to hear herself acquitted.

"All these points should add up, as far as you are concerned, to a decision born of clarity and reason. All the tears of grief spilled by Yvonne Chevallier, however sincere, do not make up for the spilled blood of Dr. Chevallier. And to conclude my summation—if you will permit me, in my red robe, to be a bit theatrical—I will say to the defendant what was said to her by Sister Sainte-Françoise in her robe of black: 'Yvonne, you had no right to do that!' "

That a prosecutor, after hearing a defendant adjudged sane by a psychiatrist admit that she had shot and killed her husband, and after having himself declared "This woman has killed," should ask for what would be, in effect, a sentence of nine months may seem incredible to persons familiar only with the ways of Anglo-Saxon law courts. M. Lindon's recommendation, however, probably seemed both credible and highly acceptable to Maître Acquaviva, who, in summing up for the defense, limited himself to listing a number of reasons for acquitting his client.

Under French law, the presiding judge gives the jurors a number of questions to decide. In *l'affaire Chevallier*, there were three: Is the defendant guilty of willfully killing Dr. Chevallier? Is the defendant guilty of willfully inflicting wounds on Dr. Chevallier? Did these wounds bring about his death without the intention of killing? The jury, after a modicum of reflection, and no doubt a bit of thoughtful attention to the verdict already reached by their fellow-citizens, clearly audible from outside the courtroom, answered "*Non!*" to each of the questions, including the last.

THE verdict had no apparent effect on the defendant, who left the courtroom in the same dazed condition in which she had entered it, taking no notice of the cheering citizens of Reims. Soon, however, cheering citizens everywhere began to suffer their first doubts. Levelheaded editorial writers, seizing the baton at last from their more emotional colleagues, expressed these doubts in print. In Paris, among the first to reconsider was *Ce Matin-Le Pays*, which spoke of the "stupefying conclu-

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sions" of the jurors. Another paper pointed out the "absurdity" of the crowd in threatening Perreau with bodily harm while acclaiming the guilty party. One writer described the joyful populace shouting "Bravo, Yvonne, bravo!" in front of the courthouse at Reims, and added, "*C'est peut-être un peu excessif*." Six months after the trial, a lawyer in Versailles who cited the Reims verdict on behalf of his client was ridiculed. With the passage of time, even Laborde, who went on to consolidate his position as chief chronicler of the case by immortalizing it in a book entitled "Love: Naught but Crimes," became uneasy. "There remains a certain mystery about *l'affaire Chevallier*," he wrote. "Did that last act happen as described? Was Pierre Chevallier truly the gross character she portrayed? Alas! One only has her word for it."

Laborde did not write the final chapter of the story, however. A few months after her acquittal, Mme. Chevallier had returned to her village of Neuville-aux-Bois, where, with her sons, she was living with her mother. Before that, she had tried for a while to live in Orléans, but found that public interest in her there, kept alive by the unrestrained attentions of the newspapers, was insupportable. She wanted to resume her profession of midwife, and, on making inquiries, learned that the colonies needed trained hospital workers of all sorts. In 1953, she left France, with her children, to become director of a maternity ward in a hospital at Saint-Laurent-du-Maroni, a settlement in French Guiana. But it was only recently that Mme. Chevallier finally paid her debt to the French press. Not long ago, she was tracked down by Georges Pernoud, a "special envoy" of the magazine *Paris-Match*. In a two-part article entitled "The Second Life of Yvonne Chevallier," M. Pernoud told how he ventured into the "green hell" of Saint-Laurent-du-Maroni, which was formerly part of the notorious penal colony of Devil's Island. The symbolism and poetic justice here were not lost on M. Pernoud, who disclosed that Mme. Chevallier's quarters were once a jail, and that, although she is a very capable and welcome worker, she has "condemned herself to exile."

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

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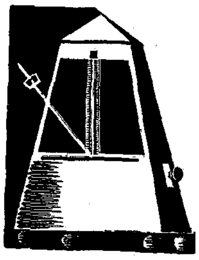

THE New York City Opera Company's production of Benjamin Britten's opera "The Rape of Lucretia" at the City Center last week was an admirable one, including, as it did, an abundance of spirited youthful singing, a scrupulous rendition of the score, under the baton of Julius Rudel, and a series of sets, by Andreas Nomikos, that were as tasteful and charming as any I have recently encountered. In spite of all the skill and care that went into this presentation of Mr. Britten's opera, however, I am afraid that the work itself turned out to be a very weak and unconvincing affair. Its most obvious weaknesses lie in the somewhat muddled motivations of its characters—a group of rather uninteresting Romans—and in an air of grand tragedy that is not borne out by what happens on the stage. The central theme—the seduction of a Roman matron by an evil fellow named Tarquinius, and her subsequent suicide at the feet of her forgiving husband—is one that, on the face of it, would not seem unsuitable for operatic tragedy. But, as concocted by Ronald Duncan, the librettist, the reasons for the seduction and the suicide are so trivial and casual that one is left wondering why on earth either of them should have occurred. Tarquinius' motive in seducing Lucretia, the wife of his warrior friend Collatinus, is not passion but merely a sort of childish petulance; having been cuckolded himself, he is unable to stand the idea that Collatinus' wife is virtuous, and simply to prove a point—that there is no such thing as a really virtuous wife—he embarks on his nefarious enterprise, which, in the end, proves that Lucretia is no better than she should be. The lady does not put up much of a fight, and her subsequent remorse over what, in the context, seems nothing more than a social indiscretion (especially since her husband expresses himself as willing to forget the whole thing) is so disproportionate as to suggest that she is slightly touched in the head. All this is interlarded with a great deal of chanting about mankind's need of a redeemer and about the coming of Jesus Christ, evident-

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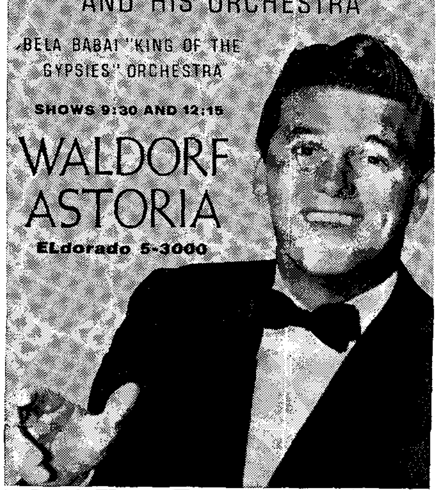

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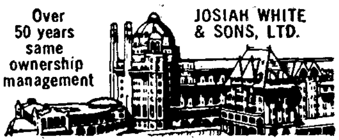

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ly with the intention of giving the thing a deep religious significance—a significance that, I must say, completely eluded me.

The music Mr. Britten has written for this curious dramatic spectacle is—as is usual in his operas—ingenious, complicated, portentous, and singularly unimpassioned. Its occasional moments of eloquence do not coincide with the drama's moments of tension; on the contrary, they are to be found where nobody is doing anything of importance, as in the finale of the first act, when the women of Lucretia's household are bidding each other good night. (Mr. Britten seems to be something of a specialist in good-night scenes; the one in "Peter Grimes" is perhaps the most lyrical episode in *that* opera.) Elsewhere, the composer is inclined to substitute artifice for inspiration, and to underline crucial happenings with elaborate canons, passacaglias, and other demonstrations of technical skill. The score is not an uninteresting one. It is written with a highly professional touch, great resourcefulness in setting words to music, and no end of striking virtuosity in orchestration. But it nowhere succeeds in gripping the emotions of its audience, and since the libretto, too, fails in this respect, I must conclude that "The Rape of Lucretia" is little more than a pallid exercise in musical and literary style.

The singers whose duty it was to present this exercise with clarity and conscientiousness did their part extremely well. William Chapman and Frances Bible, as Tarquinius and Lucretia, were handsome to look upon and very agreeable to listen to. Lee Venora, as Lucretia's maid Lucia, proved to be a charming soubrette, worthy of better vocal phrases than the ones she got, and the remaining principals—among them Joshua Hecht, as the cuckolded Collatinus; Ruth Kobart, as an old nurse; and David Lloyd and Brenda Lewis, as the one-man and one-woman "chorus" commenting on the action—all comported themselves nobly.

LAST week's New York début of a twenty-one-year-old Soviet Russian pianist named Vladimir Ashkenazy filled Carnegie Hall with a huge and expectant audience, which evidently found his playing much to its taste. A rather wispy young man with a high collar, a luxuriant and dishevelled mop of hair, and a general appearance recalling old portraits of Chopin, Mr. Ashkenazy at least looked the part of a thundering nineteenth-century virtuoso,

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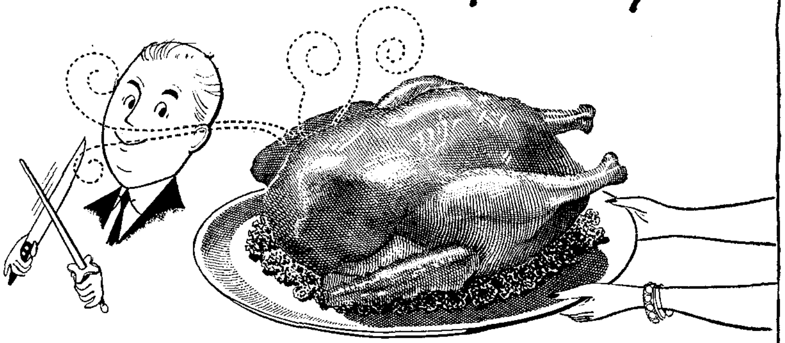

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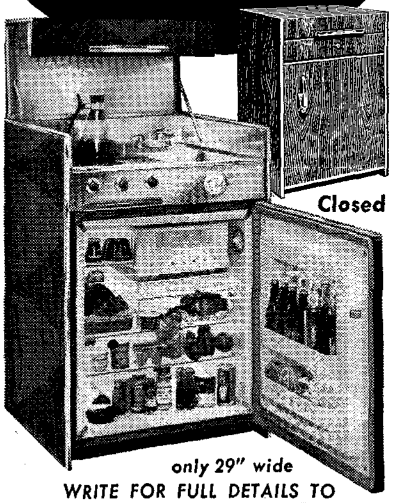

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and while my own reaction to his performance was somewhat more restrained than that of most of the audience, he undoubtedly has his points. These include a notably fluent technique, sparing and clean use of the pedal, and a nice, sensitive touch in the softer passages of romantic piano music. The program he played was an exceedingly difficult one, including Rachmaninoff's seldom heard "Variations on a Theme by Corelli" and such formidable war horses as Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Handel" and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz." Mr. Ashkenazy did not impress me as an assured master of phraseological emphasis. On the whole, his playing seemed to me glib and facile, rather than substantial, and in the louder passages he tended to substitute mere pounding for genuine robustness. The big fugue at the end of the Brahms variations, to take one instance, was apparently beyond his intellectual and physical capacities, though I must admit that he got most of the notes in the right places. Since he is very young, I shall forgo comparing him with our finest mature artists in the field. He is, however, unquestionably a promising youthful virtuoso with much basic talent, and in time he may acquire the sober authority that his playing lacks at present. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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nor cast acres of dead
stars to go shuffling through—

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some final codicil
we never read. No doubt
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and Autumn is left out.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

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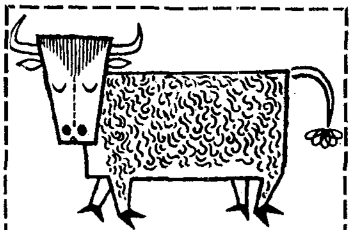

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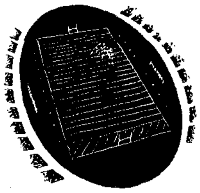

MAN'S difficult ascent to the stars is a story that has by now acquired a certain familiarity, but Harvard's revival of this venerable morality play, staged in Boston last weekend, was worth all the wind and rain one had to absorb. It was also the surprise of Dartmouth's young life (Harvard 16, Dartmouth 8), for up to then Dartmouth had—and with reason—considered itself the team most likely to succeed to the championship of the Ivy League. (The team that now seems most likely to succeed to the title, by the way, is Cornell, which should be the surprise of *everyone's* young life.) Harvard is not an eye-catcher; it moves deliberately, by arithmetical rather than geometrical progression, relying on doggedness instead of chicanery to attain its ends, and its particular ascent to the stars did not begin until the advent, three games ago, of its sophomore quarterback, Charlie Ravenel. On Saturday, Ravenel had his hands full not only of football but of what appeared to be both divine and temporal intervention—the temporal part of it proceeding from the officials, who, whenever there was a mystery about what was happening down on the playing field, seemed to give Dartmouth most of the benefit of the doubt. Dartmouth is much more of an eye-catcher, being given to great guile, an airy and practically infallible way of manipulating the ball in its lateral passing, and a rare skill at executing the quick kick. The squad's weakness is said to reside in the tackle positions (in which Harvard, by contrast, looked awfully good on Saturday), but a mild weakness in the head is what upset Dartmouth last weekend—an unaccountable fondness for throwing forward passes down near its own goal. Five minutes before the game ended, one of them floated errantly toward a posse of Dartmouth men just at the moment when Keohane, playing left end for Harvard, was subsiding to the turf, his back turned to the play, after a footling effort to break up the posse; suddenly, the ball drifted over Keohane's shoulder and into his lap. This prank of fortune occurred only sixteen yards from the Dartmouth goal, and (three plays later) that was that.

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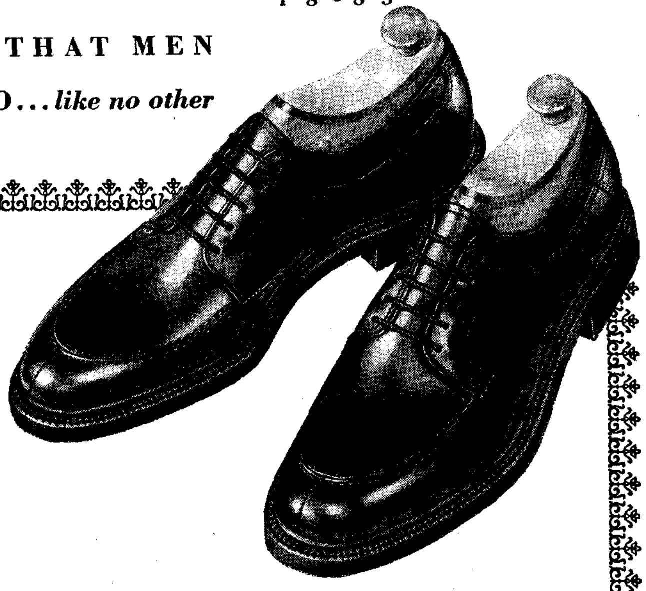

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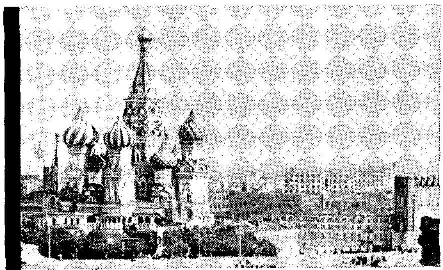

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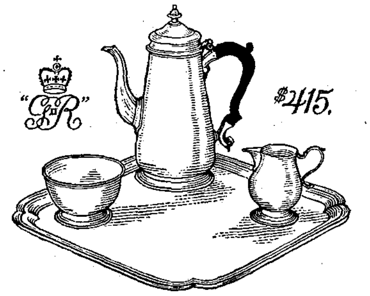

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stars was accomplished by Tom Skypeck, who, in his third and final year for Cornell, seems to have acquired permanent possession of the job at quarterback. Skypeck is the quarterback every coach wants for Christmas—a man who can run, pass, and punt with a keen sense of direction. Those who watched him abruptly come of age in the match with Yale, a fortnight ago, thought that he might cause great hardship in the ranks of Princeton, Cornell's opponent of last weekend, which is a team celebrated for its disinclination to do anything about enemy forward passes. The net result (Cornell 34, Princeton 8) amply justified this suspicion. Princeton is the fabulous invalid of football year after year. This fall, it rose from its deathbed (Rutgers 32, Princeton 0) to beat Columbia, Penn, and Colgate while still on the way to recovery, only to come wholly undone—after it had got most of its strength, including Sachs, back—against Cornell.

THIS observer has now viewed, and frequently with alarm, all participants in the Ivy League except Brown, and it could be that if Skypeck doesn't suddenly relapse into ground loops (something he has been inclined to do in other years), Cornell will have, as it had last Saturday, the best passing attack in the league. The term "passing attack" has to embrace not only the man who does the throwing but the men who protect him from marauders until he has thrown the ball and the men who try to catch it after he has thrown it. This technicality has ruled out Columbia all along, even though its Donelli throws an excellent pass, and it must now also rule out Princeton, three of whose passes on Saturday went into the hands of Cornell players. Saturday was, incidentally, the first time this fall that Cornell has been in charge of a situation from the start, and it is possible that, unless either Dartmouth or Penn becomes much more violent than it has been up to now, Cornell will remain in charge the rest of the way. —J. W. L.

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

A word that in one sense is pompous, & in another obscure or ambiguous, & in both has satisfactory substitutes, is better left alone.—*H. W. Fowler discussing the word "inasmuch" in his "Modern English Usage," page 263.*

LITERARY WORDS. A l. w., when the description is used in this book, is one that cannot be called archaic, inasmuch as it is perfectly comprehensible still to all who hear it. . . .—*"Modern English Usage," page 329.*

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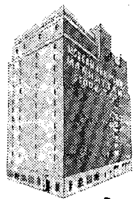

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My family lived in a rambling old frame house on Merchant Street, one block west of Commercial and three blocks north of Sixth Avenue. The house had a cellar, where food was stored and where washing and ironing were done by a Negro woman named Rena, who came two days a week. Rena had a daughter, who inherited my old clothes. I once heard my mother say, "Rena, you won't want these stockings. They are full of holes."

"Makes no difference," said Rena. "I jest puts two pairs on Pearly, and the holes don't hardly ever hit."

When Rena came to work at our house, she always rode the mule car, and my mother would add two nickels to her day's wages to pay the fare each way. The mule car was smaller and lighter than a trolley car, with several windows and with two seats, one on each side, extending from one end of the car to the other. It ran, on tracks, the length of Commercial Street between the Normal, in the north, and Soden's Mill, in the south, and, largely at the request of passengers, took side trips on Sixth Avenue, between the railroad depot, which was the western terminal of the mule-car tracks, and the open prairie, which marked their eastern limit. Near the driver, a glass coin box was fastened to one side of the car. Nickels were dropped into it and could be watched as they slipped slowly down from level to level on slanting glass shelves. In winter, straw was spread on the floor to keep the passengers' feet warm, but a better way to keep warm was to hop off and walk beside the car for a while and then hop on again. It was not difficult to match the leisurely pace of the mule. I think he wore a bell. I seem to remember the tinkle of a bell sounding in time to the clop of the mule's feet.

ONE summer morning, when I was about seven years old, my mother woke me and told me to dress quickly, because, she said, she had one of her sick headaches, and she wanted me to go and get Rena. My father was away on a trip. I dressed and had a hasty breakfast, and shortly before ten o'clock I left the house, with one nickel in my hand, for immediate use, and another one, for the return trip, tied in a corner of my handkerchief, which was fastened inside my dress pocket with a safety pin. When I got to Commercial Street, I could see the mule car coming south from the Normal. It was empty when it reached the corner where I waited, and the mule stood obligingly until I deposited my nickel and took a seat.

The driver asked where I wanted to go, and I said, "West to the depot."

"Ain't no train," he said, and then asked, "Where you goin'?"

I explained that I was the bearer of a message to Rena Jones, who worked for my mother and who lived beyond the depot.

The driver nodded, and we drove on. At Sixth Avenue, two women loaded with bundles came aboard and told the driver to take them to the Mill. The driver regarded me casually and then, apparently having made up his mind, said to me, "I'll give you a ride all the way to the Mill an' back an' I won't charge you—how's that?"

"That's fine," said one of the women, and they both settled themselves and their bundles. "We got to get home with this stuff, and this little girl's got lots of time. Fun to ride on the car, ain't it, Sis?" I did not reply; it didn't seem to matter very much.

Distances in Emporia were not great. I could have walked. From Commercial Street to the depot was only a little farther than the distance from my home to the grocery store, where I went almost daily and sometimes more than

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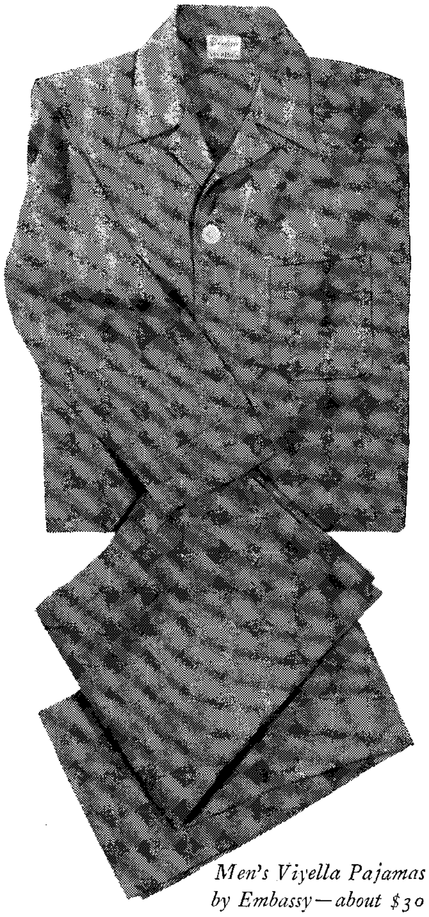

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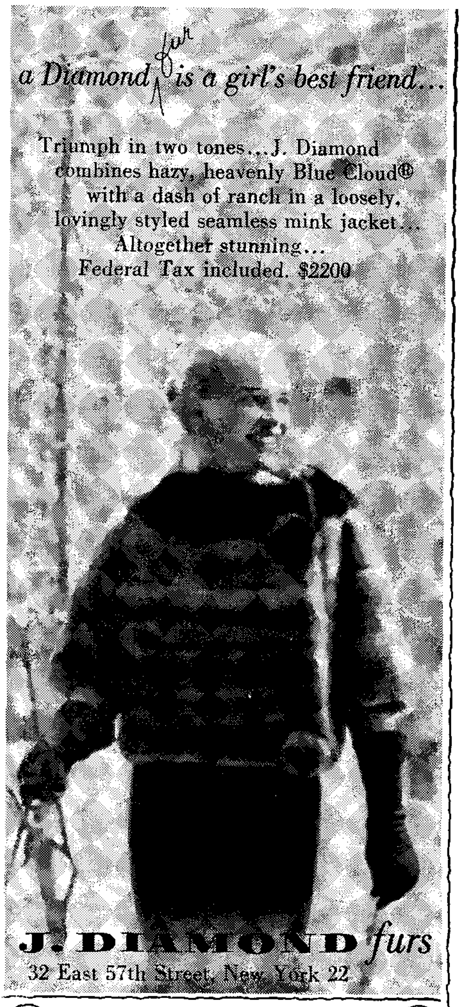

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once a day. It was, however, unfamiliar territory. Actually, I was now deterred from walking by one thing only: *I had paid my nickel.* The payment of a nickel implied that I would be delivered to my destination. My dignity demanded it. I amused myself by thinking of some of the things that a nickel would buy—a loaf of freshly baked bread, or six sugar cookies, or six fat doughnuts at Harvey's bakery, or a dish of ice cream at the ice-cream parlor. I was making myself hungry. If the driver had returned my nickel, I would gladly have walked and spent it for food. The reason my mother had told me to ride, I think, was that she was afraid I'd loiter. She didn't understand about mules. The thought of my mother disturbed me. She had one of her sick headaches and she was all alone, but I dismissed these facts from my mind, because we were about ready to start again.

AT the Mill, the women with the bundles departed. The driver then stepped out of the car, unhitched the mule, led him around to the other end, and hitched him up again. Then he got in and shifted the glass box to what was now the front, or north, end of the car, and we sat awhile, resting the mule. I have no idea how long we might have waited had not a man walked up to the car. He was well dressed and had a waxed mustache. Bustling on, with the air of a man in a hurry, he deposited his fare and sat down across from me. We then drove off. Every now and then, the man would twist the ends of his mustache, and from time to time he took out his watch, which was fastened to a heavy gold chain that had a winding key and also several emblems dangling from it, and looked at it, and made clucking noises with his tongue. He seemed to be worrying over being late for something. I wondered whether, when we got to Sixth Avenue, he would want to keep on north or whether he would turn east and I would be given another free ride. Well, at Sixth Avenue the gentleman said he had an important engagement near the eastern terminal of the tracks. The driver looked at me and said, "When we git back, I'll take you to the depot no matter who gits on."

I nodded. I felt sure that the gentleman wouldn't want to first take a ride out to the depot and back, even if it was free.

As we rode east, the man kept twirling his mustache ends and looking at his watch. Once he asked me if I was the driver's little girl. I shook my head, and

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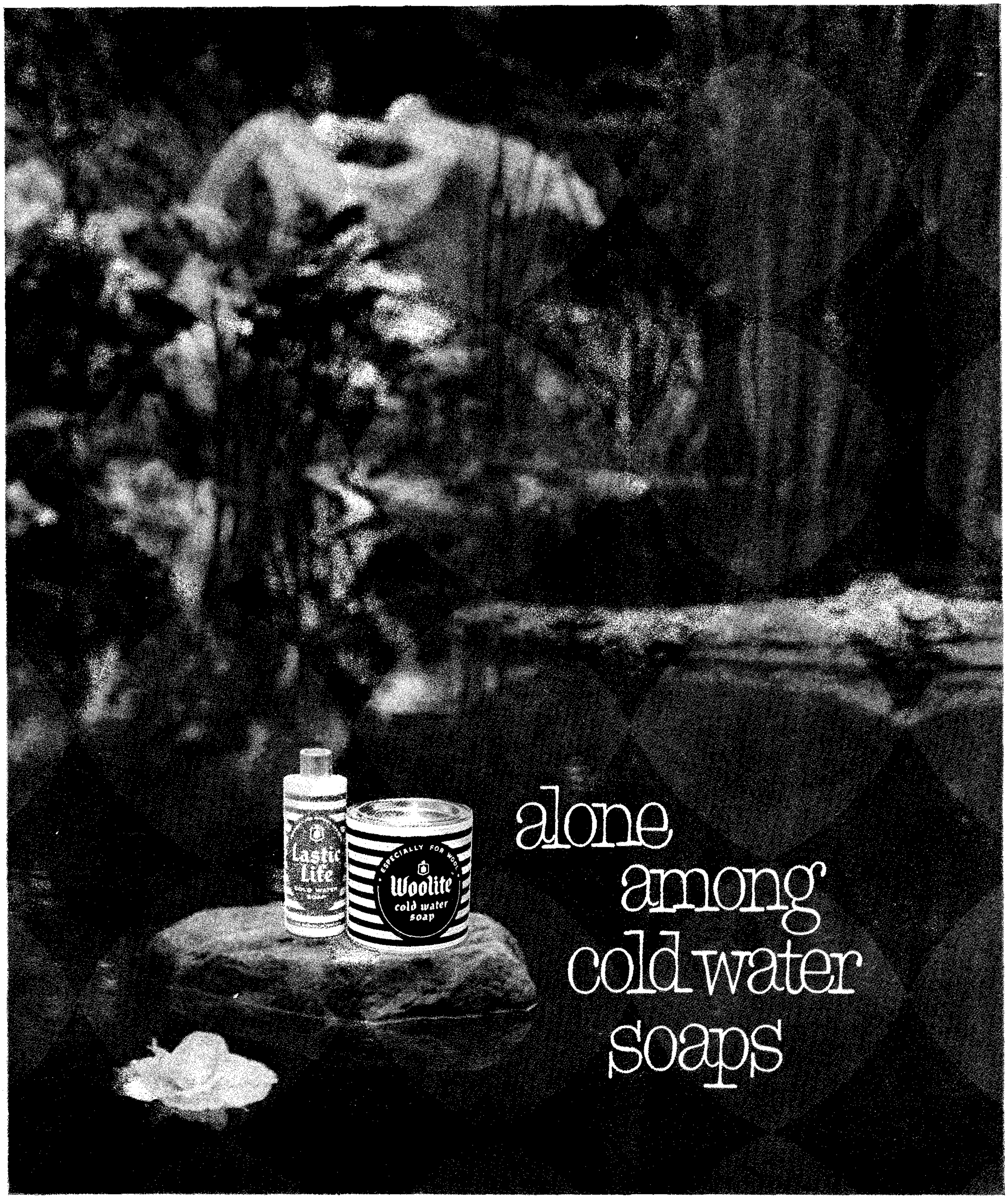
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that was the end of our conversation. Finally, he got up and went to the front end, where the driver sat. "Can't you make that mule go a little faster?" he asked.

"Nope."

"I can walk as fast as we are going."

"Yup."

"Doesn't this town have any hacks?"

"A carryall makes the trains and takes folks to the hotel. Costs two bits."

"Some hick town."

"We like it," said the driver. "Them as don't needn't stay."

The man laughed. "No offense intended," he said.

"You could've hired a rig from the livery stable if you was in such an all-fired hurry. Gilchrist's got some high-steppers. You'd ought to see what they can turn out for a funeral."

The man subsided after that and resumed the twirling of his mustache. He may have become resigned, as I had, to going where the mule went, and when.

As we neared the eastern end of the line, the man jumped off and started on a run toward a large house set back from the road. The driver looked after him, spat out the window, and said, "Them barbershop swells with their waxed mustaches think ever'thin's got to stop for 'em."

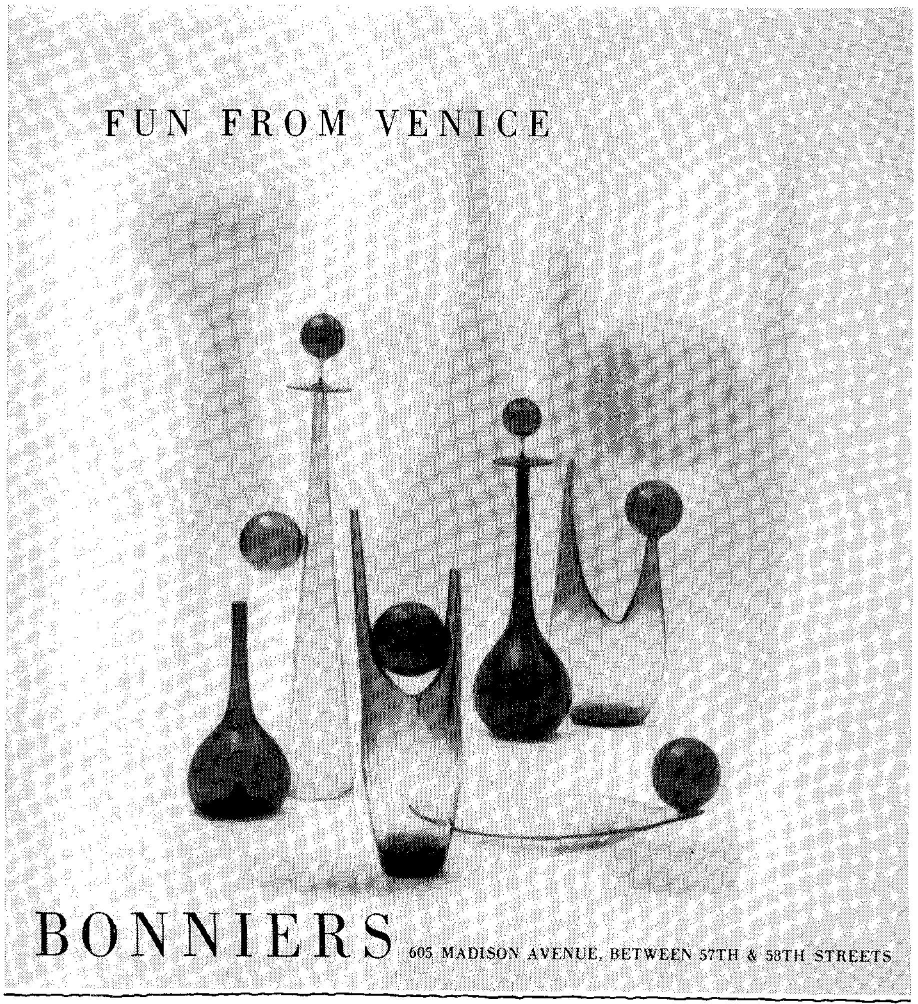
"The mule almost did," I said.

"They think they can come over from Kansas City and tell us what's what."

"Was he from Kansas City?"

"Always grumblin', nothin' suits 'em. I can spot 'em ever' time."

He got out then and unhitched the mule, but not, as I expectantly hoped, to hitch him to the return end of the car. Holding the mule by the halter, he put his head in the door and spoke to me. "You better git out and stretch your legs. I gotta feed an' water the mule." With that, he started down a side road and left me alone in the car. I got out and walked around the car a few times, but there was nothing to see, no shop-windows to gaze into—just a few houses and, beyond them, the open prairie. I got back into the car and sat on the driver's seat. He had a sort of cushion there, and it was a welcome relief. I tried to imagine that I was driving the mule, but my eyes tired with looking at the bright, sun-baked prairie. I walked up and down the car, and then tried to see how the nickels could be taken from the glass box. Presently, I stretched out full length on one of the seats, but it was too hard and I soon stood up again. After what seemed like a good chunk of eternity, I saw the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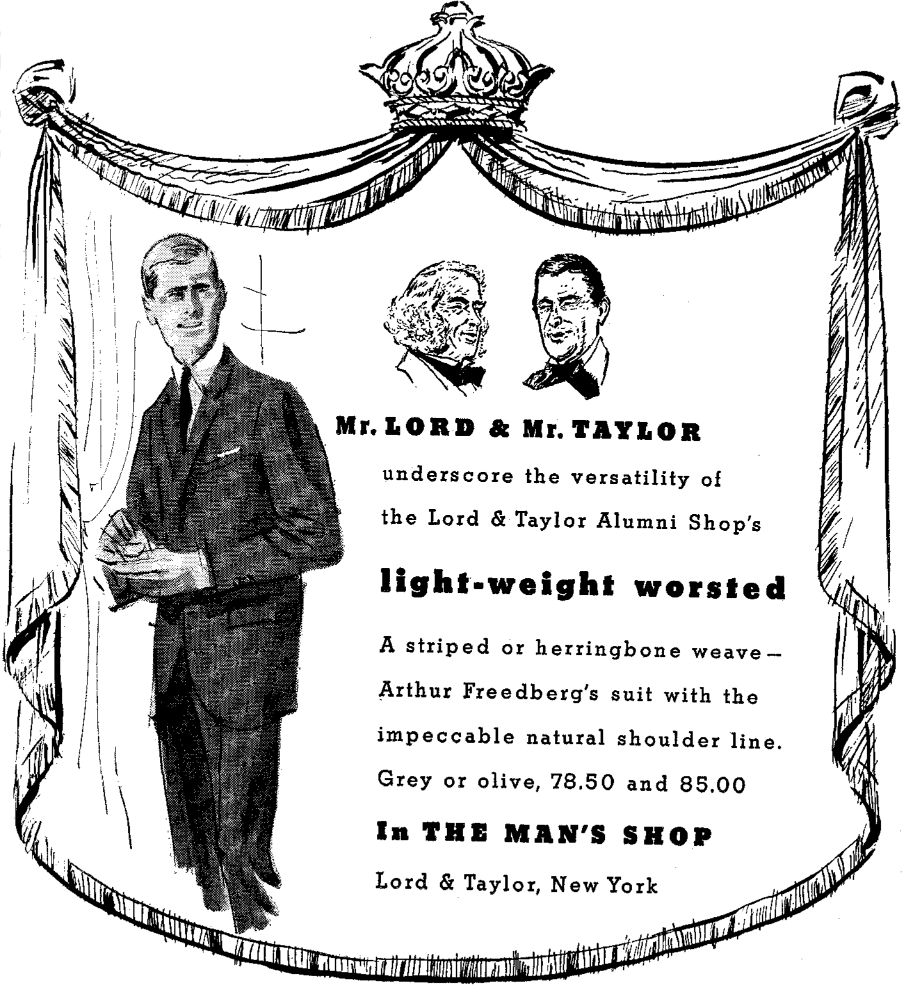
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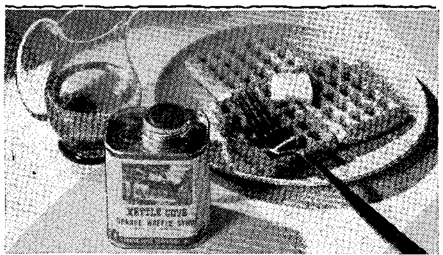

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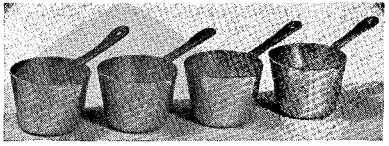

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driver returning with the mule. The driver was eating an apple. He finished it and fed the core to the mule before he hitched him again to the car. By the time he had transferred the glass box, I was ready to cry, I was so hungry. I think I envied the mule the apple core. I had long since extracted the last bit of satisfaction from the free ride, and I was having qualms over what I should say to my mother. I had no watch, but I thought it must be almost one o'clock.

BACK at Sixth and Commercial, a very pompous gentleman, with long whiskers, came up to the driver and asked, "Which way are you going?"

"I *was aimin'* to go west," said the driver.

"I have to get to the Normal," said the man. He told who he was, a Professor Something-or-Other. "I'll give you two bits to take me there," he added. He got in, put his money in the glass box, and sat down. The driver pretended not to notice me or to remember what he had said about taking me to the depot no matter who got on. He just turned the mule north without resting him, and presently he even hurried the mule—something he wouldn't do for the man with the mustache. This man, the professor, kept smoothing his long whiskers. I was fascinated by the two-bit piece. It moved down the glass shelves more slowly than the nickels had. We made good time and soon reached the Normal, where the professor got off, thanking the driver but not even noticing me. The driver again rested the mule. While we were waiting, a red-faced countrywoman, wearing men's shoes and carrying a basket, got on the car, paid her nickel, and sat down across from me. She took a newspaper from her basket and began fanning herself with it.

"Hot, ain't it?" she said. Then she asked me how long before the car would start. I said I didn't know.

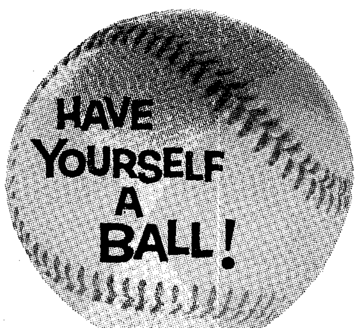
"I ain't feelin' good," said the woman.

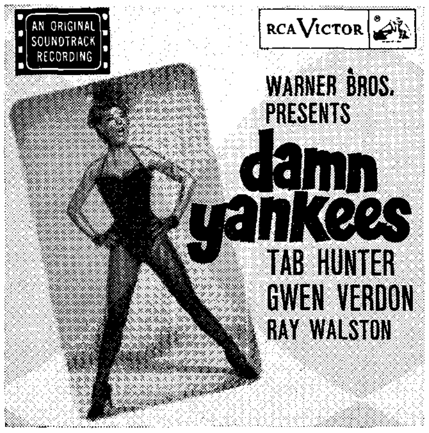
"The driver's bringing the mule around," I said, thinking how red her face was. "We'll be starting pretty soon now. You know, a man who got off just now was a professor, and he put two bits in the box to have the driver bring him to the Normal instead of taking me to the depot."

The woman looked at the box, as if to make sure that what I said was true. Then she shook her head.

"He must be awful rich," I said.

"Or foolish," said the woman. She





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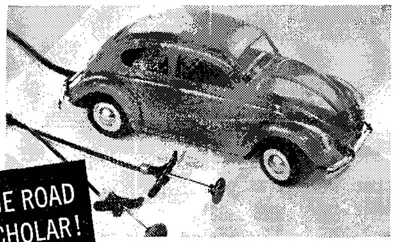

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leaned back and fanned harder and harder, until presently she dropped the paper.

"Your face is awful red," I said. She looked at me but didn't say anything. Just then, the driver put his head in the door and asked her where she wanted to go. It seemed hard for her to speak, but she finally said she wanted to go to the depot to pick up some machine parts that would be on the train. The driver nodded approvingly.

Before we got back to Sixth and Commercial, something happened to the woman. Her eyes rolled, and then she slumped down and slid onto the floor, and lay there moaning. Stepping over her, I went up to the driver and pulled his sleeve. He looked at me and sort of scowled and nodded. "We're goin' to the depot," he said.

I pointed behind me to the woman and said, "She's not dead. I can see her breathing."

The driver stopped the mule. We were near the center of town. Then he looked back at the prostrate form and scratched his head. "Hell and tarnation. Can't take her to the depot like that. You stay here with her," he said, and got off the car.

I stayed. I was frightened, but there was nothing I could do. The driver came right back with several men. Two of them and the driver got into the car, and the rest stood outside.

"Think we can lift her?" asked the driver. "She's a big woman."

One of the men got behind her and, putting his hands under her shoulders, lifted her. She moaned and her head drooped. "You get her from that end," he said to the driver, "and let's see if we can hoist her."

They got her up, and the third man put his arms under her waist, and they moved her to the door. There they ran into trouble. The woman was like a piece of furniture that won't go round a bend. They had to stand her up and they almost dropped her, but when they got her off the car, there were the other men to help. One man said to take her to the Whitley House, which was just a few doors away; he said the hotel could get a doctor. They started off toward the hotel, and I went out onto the sidewalk.

While I was standing there, Belle Graham came along. She lived on the next corner from our house, and sometimes she noticed me. A freckle-faced girl, she was older and bigger than I was, and she went to parties with boys, and even out driving with them. Her father was publisher of one of Emporia's two newspapers. She told me once that

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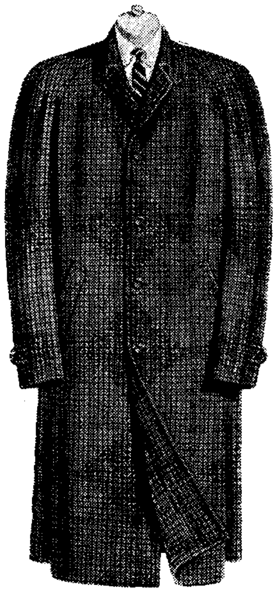

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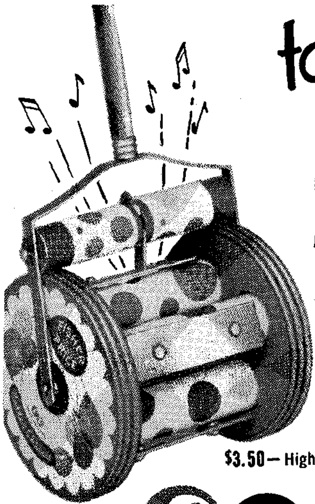

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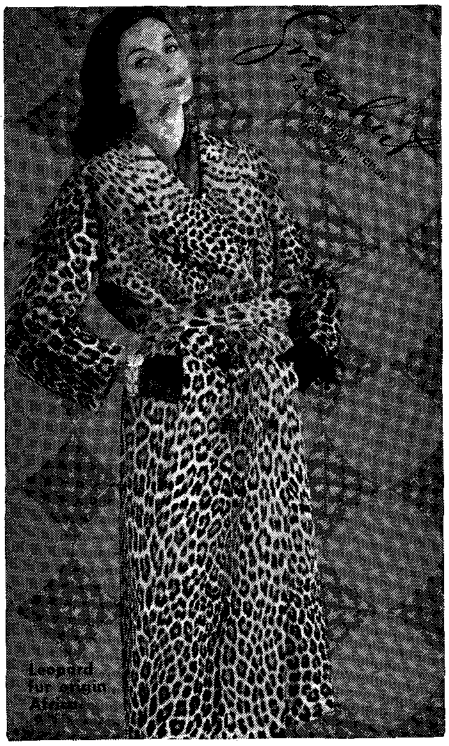

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her father said he found her under a sunflower and that was why she was so freckled. Belle was an adopted child, and she knew it, but she didn't mind. She stopped now and asked me what was going on. I told her what had happened. She took my hand and said, "Let's find out about it, and I'll tell my father." A crowd had gathered outside the hotel. We pushed through and got inside. The woman was lying on the floor of the lobby, and the men were all standing around her.

Belle got a pad and pencil out of her pocketbook and asked the men what the woman's name was. Nobody knew. They said they had seen her about but didn't know her name. "Where's the doctor?" Belle asked. They said he was coming. I kept looking at the driver. I was proud to be with Belle, and I hoped he'd notice. A doctor arrived with his black bag, and knelt down beside the woman. He listened to her heart and shook his head. "Think you men can carry her to a room?"

"Upstairs?" one of the men said.

"I know," said the doctor, "but I can't take care of her here on the floor. She should be put to bed, and I can get a woman to stay with her until we find out who she is—that is, if she lives that long. I'd say she's had a stroke."

Belle went up to the doctor and said, "I'll have my father put it in the paper, so her folks will know what happened to her. Did she have a pocketbook or a bag?"

The men shook their heads.

"She had a basket," I volunteered, "and it's in the car."

"Run and get it," said Belle.

I ran outside, and over to the car. A lot of boys were jumping on and off the front steps of the car, trying to make it rock. The mule wasn't paying any attention. The boys let me through, and I got the basket and took it back to the hotel. Inside the basket was a shabby old pocketbook. Belle opened it and found a letter there with a name on the envelope but no address except Emporia, Kansas. Belle wrote down the name and then opened the letter, which turned out to be from a company that was sending the woman some sewing-machine parts that were to be picked up at the depot when the train came in that day. The driver said he could get them for her, if they wanted him to. Belle gave him the letter, and said, "You'd better do that."

I certainly admired how she took over. She put the pocketbook back in the basket, which she then gave to the doctor. When she left, the men all looked

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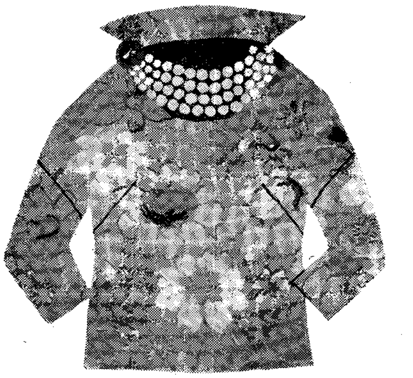

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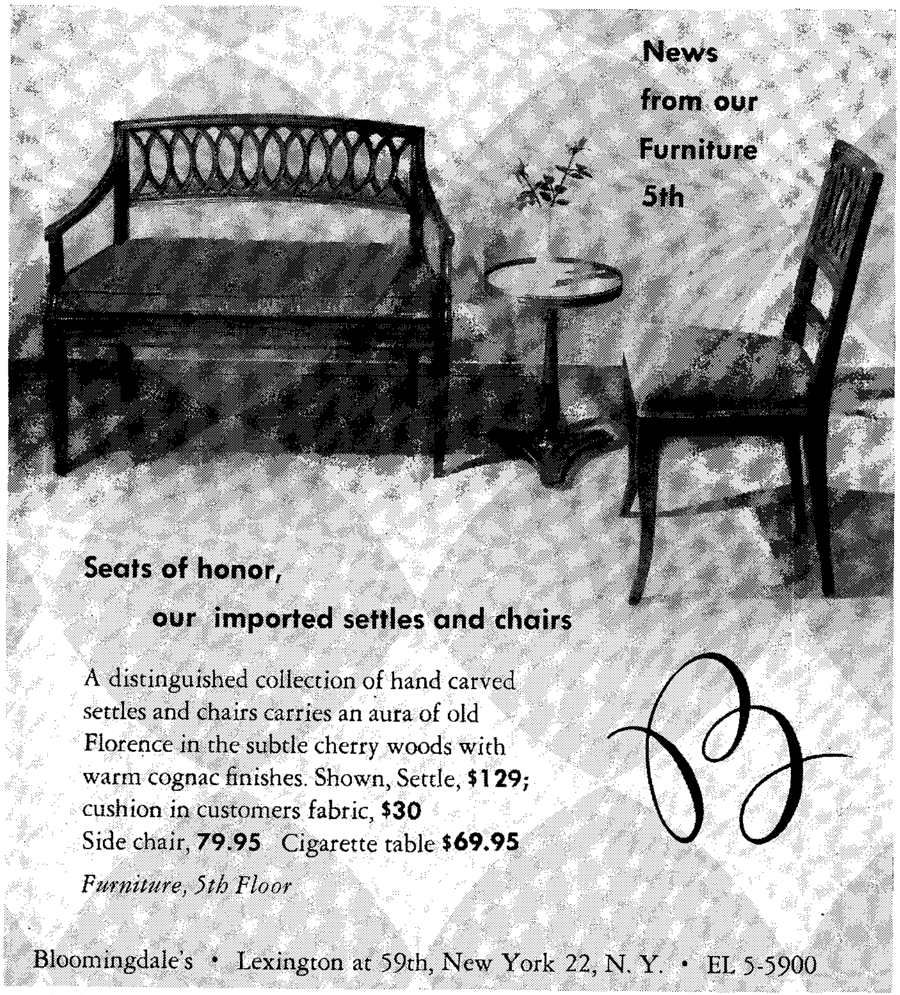
after her. She had a certain style, in spite of the freckles. The men picked up the woman, and I went out to the sidewalk to get out of the way. I watched Belle going up the street. Years later, when my family moved to Kansas City and my mother took me to "The Mikado," we saw Belle in the chorus. She called herself Belle Livingstone. My mother explained that the Grahams hadn't wanted her to use their name when she went on the stage; her father had said that she was to be an adventurer, and suggested Livingstone. We heard later on that she got a lot of notoriety for wearing tights in something called "The Black Crook," in New York City, and, as time went on, she became, of course, quite celebrated. When she was growing old, she had her memoirs published in *Cosmopolitan*, and in them she referred to herself as the most dangerous woman in Europe and the playfellow of Queen Victoria's boy Edward, Prince of Wales. She also told of winning a bet and getting a free trip around the world. Another thing I heard later was that once, when she was on her way to Reno to start a night club, she stopped off at Emporia to dazzle her old friends with her car, her diamonds, and her adventures. Now she was just a big girl with freckles and a way with her.

THE driver and the other men were coming out of the hotel, and I went back to the car. The boys had gone. I was beginning to have a fatalistic feeling about ever getting to the depot, and it looked as if I was right. When the driver got in the car and flicked the reins, the mule pulled but the car wouldn't move. The driver got out and, looking at the front wheels, saw that they were off the rails. He then looked at me and scratched his head. "Now, how did that happen?" he asked. I told him about the boys. He nodded. "Trouble don't never come single," he said. "You'd better go stand on the sidewalk and keep an eye on the car. I got to git help if we're goin' to make that train." I believe he now thought I was meeting that train, too.

I went over to the sidewalk, wondering why he wanted me to watch the car. I was so hungry by now that I was having pains in my stomach. I thought seriously of walking home to get something to eat and to explain to my mother, but I was afraid she might not let me come back, or, if she did, the mule car would be gone. In a few minutes, the driver showed up with some men, one of whom I recognized as a blacksmith, be-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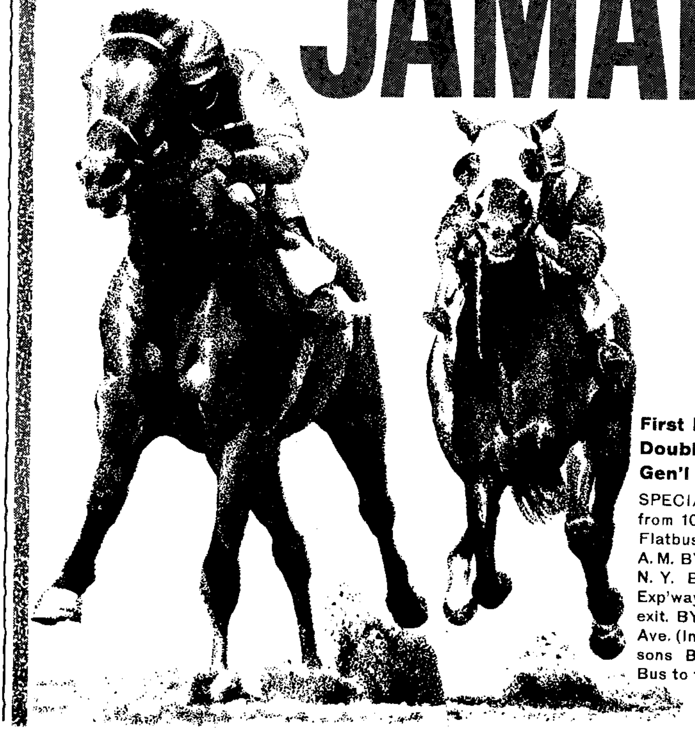
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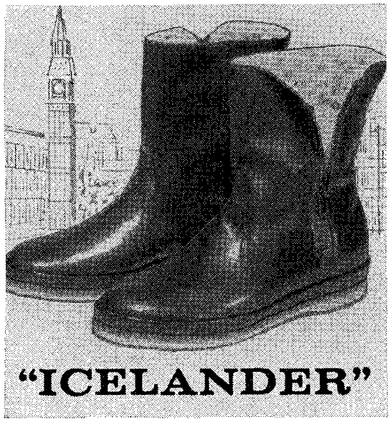

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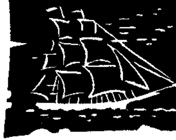


cause he wore a leather apron and carried a big iron bar. The men started trying to lever the front end of the car back onto the tracks. Presently they succeeded, and a shout went up from a group of onlookers. The driver thanked the blacksmith and the other men, and then began looking around. I figured he was looking for me, so I went over and got in the car once more. Then some other people got in, all of whom were going west, but by the time we reached the depot, I was the only passenger. The driver regarded me thoughtfully.

"You goin' back?" he asked. I said I was. "How long before you'll be ready to go?" I said I didn't know. "There's a train about four that I aim to wait for. Can you be back by then?" I said I would try.

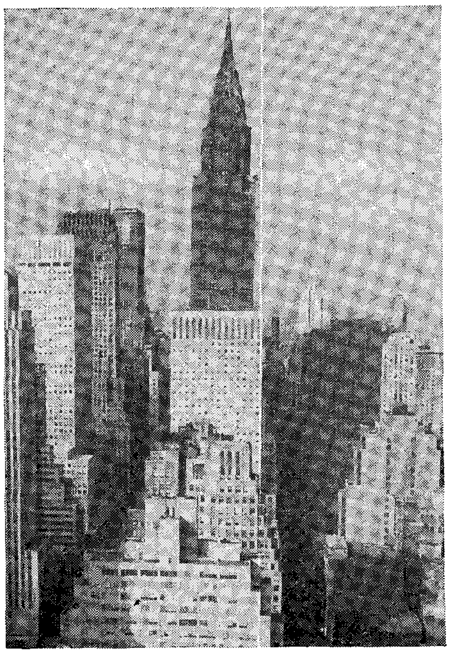
Rena lived beyond the town limits, in a colored community called Stringtown. I had never been there, and neither had my mother. She had told me to ask some nice-looking person to point out the way. I looked around uncertainly and decided to ask the driver.

"Stringtown?" he said, in answer to my question. "It's over that way. I pick 'em up in the mornin' goin' to work, an' they come from over there. Just keep walkin' until you see some houses. Just ask anybody you see. Is your lady a colored person?" I nodded. "Well, you hurry an' try to git back by four. You're kinda little to be goin' over there by yourself." I explained again that my mother was sick and had sent me for Rena. A momentary look of concern crossed the driver's face. "I picked you up about ten this mornin', didn't I?" he asked. I said that was about the time. "Where I made my mistake," said the driver, "was takin' that two bits for a nickel ride. I shoulda knowed I'd have trouble. Broke my word to you, too. Now you git goin' and try to git back here by four. I'll wait for you long as I can."

IT seemed like a long walk over the prairie stubble before I came to a group of houses. There I spoke to a colored woman, and she pointed out the home of Rena Jones. I went up to the door and knocked. Rena opened it, and I was so relieved when I saw her kind, familiar face that I cried. She had me sit down and gave me some cold corn bread and molasses. It was heavenly. While we were talking, a girl about my own age came into the room and stood looking at me.

"This my Pearly," said Rena.

The girl grinned at me, and I



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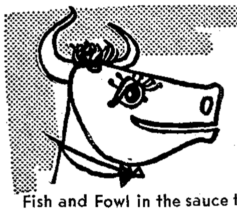

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grinned back. She was wearing one of my faded gingham dresses. I looked for stockings, but her brown legs were bare.

"Pearly," said Rena, "take a clean glass and draw Marcia a fresh drink of water. How long you been on the way, child?" I told her about the mule-car ride and she shook her head. "That how they uses children. It a shame. You git along back and ketch that four o'clock if it on time. Your poor mother goin' to be that worried. Tell her I come tomorrow. If I go now, I meets myself gettin' home to cook supper for my fambly."

I said goodbye and began running toward the depot, afraid that the mule car might leave without me. Twice I fell down. My hands, which were sticky with molasses, picked up quite a bit of dry Kansas dirt, and I began to cry again. When I reached the station, the car was still there. The driver said that the train was late and for me to wait in the car. I got in. The car was beginning to be as familiar as home. The train was quite late, and it must have been almost five o'clock when some passengers alighted, with their baggage, and boarded the mule car.

At Sixth and Commercial, a poll of the passengers determined that most of them wanted to go north, so, a little later, I got off. I was almost sorry. Tired and hungry though I was, I was becoming afraid to face my mother.

When I got home, Mother was standing at the door. She took one look at me and said, "Where on this earth have you been? After you left, I took a bromide and went to sleep. I woke up once, thought I heard Rena in the kitchen, and went back to sleep. When I really woke, and neither of you were here, I was out of my mind with worry. Where on this earth *have* you been?"

This time she stopped for an answer, and I replied with the simple truth. "I've been riding on the mule car—free." I then thought of the nickel tied in my handkerchief and still pinned to my dress pocket. I had forgotten to put it into the glass box. So I had, in point of time, enjoyed what was probably the longest nickel ride in mule-car history.

—MARCIA DARRAH BUCHANAN

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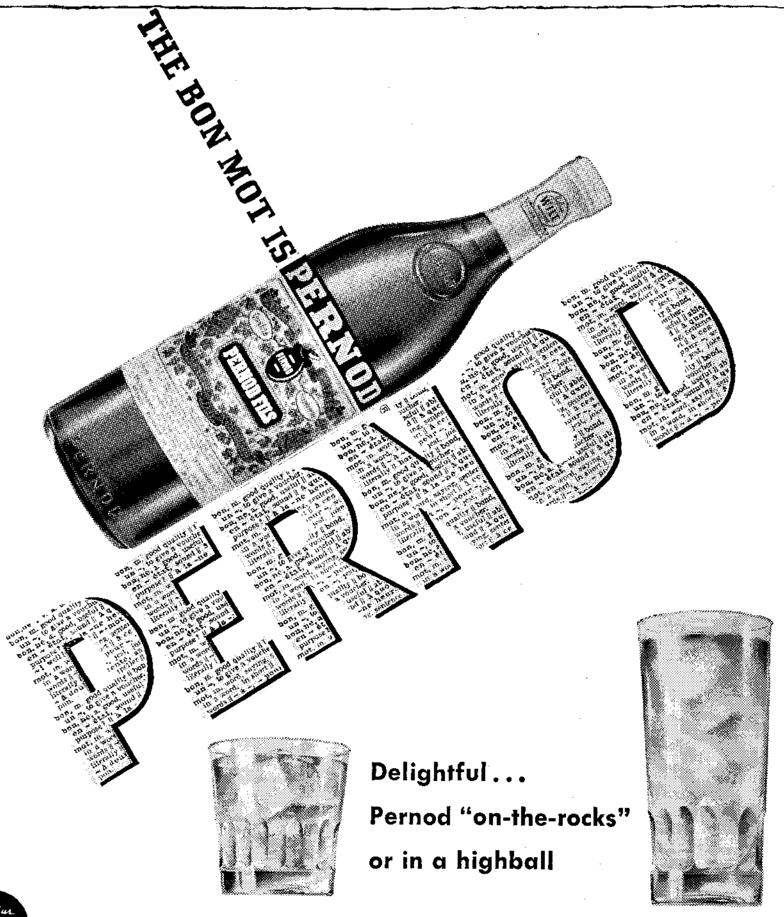

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LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 22

AUTUMN has now moved in—to nobody's regret, since summer was such a dead, damp loss—with a spell of chill, brilliant weather, dahlias, bonfire smells smoldering in the parks, and yellow leaves fluttering along the Mall among the flags for the processional arrival of this week's Buckingham Palace house guest, Dr. Theodor Heuss, the President of the German Federal Republic. The sight of Germany's black, red, and gold flying alongside the Union Jack on government buildings has given many Londoners a mighty queer feeling. Though the press comment on the markedly cordial official hoopla accorded the visitor—the first German to be greeted with flags in this capital since the Kaiser called in 1907—and on the possibility of the Queen's paying a return visit to the Federal Republic has been cautiously enthusiastic, there seems to be distinctly less popular enthusiasm over either. Dr. Heuss's own exemplary anti-Nazi record has been much stressed, of course, and the papers are running character sketches of him as a liberal professorial type who chose to visit Oxford instead of an atomic plant. Most of the crowds watched silently, however, when he drove past them in the open royal carriage on Monday.

THE Queen will herself go in state procession next Tuesday, to open the new session of Parliament—a historic one on two counts, since by then the first four women life peers will have begun their sentence in the hitherto exclusively male House of Lords, and such numbers of the public as can take a breather at eleven of a weekday morning will be able to sit in front of their television sets and follow Her Majesty every step of the way after she enters the Palace of Westminster, hitherto barred to inquisitive camera lenses. What is more, millions of her ordinary subjects, instead of the privileged few, will now watch her deliver the Speech from the Throne, which is simply the formal device for setting forth her Ministers' legislative intentions for the new session. In print, the Queen's speech is apt to make a dullish paragraph or

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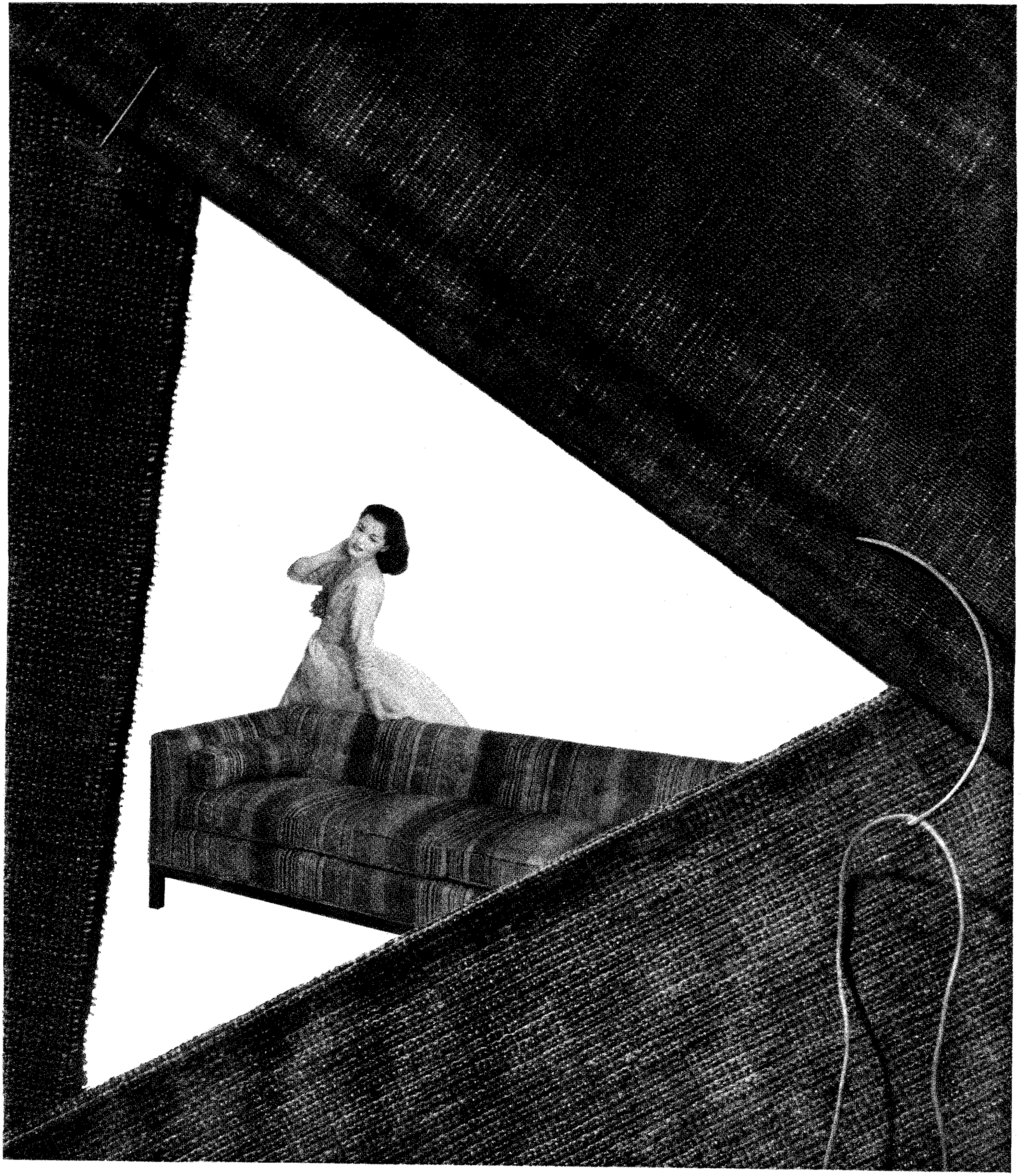

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two, overlooked by nonpolitical-minded newspaper readers, but many people feel that when it is spoken by the Queen right into the ear of the television audience, as it were, its contents may well impress on voters' memories a benevolent group picture of Mr. Macmillan's team, which could be a help to the Conservatives when the country votes itself a new Government next spring (as is generally expected). To give an indication of the coming benefits that the Queen will promise on her Ministers' behalf, there have already been advance announcements of a new graded-pension scheme for the elderly, better secondary education for the young, easier house-purchase plans, reforms in the treatment of the mentally sick, and help for the small farmers—items to please a lot of the people, it seems. The Chancellor of the Exchequer raised the spirits of the delegates at the Conservative Party conference in Blackpool earlier this month by giving a Gilbertian hint that taxation might be overhauled with "the flowers that bloom in the spring"—to which a booming stock market promptly added a cheerful "tra-la." The Labour Party, which has produced its own pension scheme and other reforming notions, can only sit on the doorstep repeating all the things it means to do after it gets the key to the front door, but what it keeps on pointing to right now as it sits are the mounting unemployment figures, which are expected to rise still higher before winter is over. Lord Hailsham, the chairman of the Conservative Party, also addressing the Blackpool gathering, accused the Opposition of playing up the grim prospect of unemployment as "pure political exploitation of human anxiety." In spite of all the confidence at Blackpool, some of the anxiety in the coming months will undoubtedly be felt by the Government, which may encounter a few rough bumps, it is thought, in its to date remarkably popular progress. The first rocky labor dispute of the autumn, incidentally—the unofficial strike of four thousand B.O.A.C. maintenance men—has severely jolted the public, following unkindly hard, as it did, on all the national pride and excitement over the Comet jet airplane, now grounded along with these emotions, sad to say.

THE evening sale at Sotheby's auction rooms, in New Bond Street, of seven Impressionist paintings from the collection of the late Jakob Goldschmidt, of New York, was a fantastic occasion, which knocked the world of already fantastic art prices sidewise and

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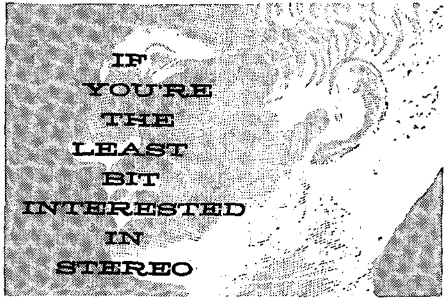
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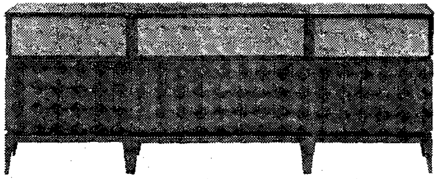

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was mobbed by fashionable guests come to witness a gladiatorial combat fought by low-voiced, poker-faced men in dark business suits—the powerful international art dealers, who pulverized existing price records in twenty-one minutes' slugging. In that time, the staggering total of seven hundred and eighty-one thousand pounds (over two million dollars) was given for three Manets (a fine self-portrait, a portrait of a woman in black walking in a garden, and a dazzling sun-and-air composition of a flag-decked street vista, its one solid blue blot supplied by a legless cripple hopping along the pavement under the victorious tricolors); a splendid van Gogh of a strolling couple beneath a gigantic, spiky cedar that appears more monstrously alive than the ones in the Jardin Public at Arles; a small Cézanne of apples, and his great "Garçon au Gilet Rouge;" and Renoir's "La Pensée." According to the sale catalogue, this last dreamy young woman, propping chin on hand, was christened without the approval of the painter, who wrote angrily, "That girl never thought; she lived like a bird, and nothing more." Well, one of the thoughts she certainly never thought was that eighty-two years after she perched to pose for him, her picture would bring the second-lowest price, a mere seventy-two thousand pounds, in last week's sale—the only canvas secured by a British dealer against the triumphant American bidding for the rest. At the Sotheby's sale of the Weinberg collection last summer, twenty-two thousand pounds, which then seemed a good price, was paid for another of Renoir's blooming young women, and the fact that the thoughtful girl seemed positively cheap indicates how the twenty-one minutes changed art values. Before her arrival, the airy Manet street scene had brought a hundred and thirteen thousand pounds, which got the first gasp of the evening. The van Gogh sold for a hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds, and the wonderful Cézanne of the young man in his cheerful red waistcoat ran up like wildfire to the two-hundred-thousand-pound mark, hung there for a moment or two of breathless, almost incredulous suspense, and finally soared to the dizzy world record for a modern canvas of two hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Peter Wilson, the chairman of Sotheby's, who was on the rostrum and seemed the most relaxed man in the room, made the now famous but automatic auction-room inquiry, in a tone of gentle reproof, "Will no one give me any more?," which broke the

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tension in roars of laughter. Only the top cream (or the merely fortunate) of the fifteen hundred invited guests were given tickets for the main gallery, where the auction was held, but the proceedings were relayed on closed-circuit television to the smaller rooms. As the people poured in—most of the men in dinner jackets, and the women got up in fine French clothes, mink, and diamonds for this novelty, to London, of an after-dinner auction—the scene became one of well-dressed chaos, in which not a few of the spectators viewing the struggling throng had nervous thoughts about the staying power of the old building's floors. They held up all right. One of the jostled guests audibly sighed, though, for the good old days when an auction was an auction, and not a game of mixed hockey played in evening dress.

By an ironic coincidence, this occasion—which launched prices for the rapidly dwindling number of such precious, ardently desired canvases into some incalculable never-never stratosphere where only millionaire pursuers, and certainly not the badly-off British National Art Collections, can ever hope to follow—came shortly after the latest cry for financial help from the arts in Britain. There has long been criticism of the shoestring public grants from the Treasury on which the museums and galleries have to subsist. The annual report of the Arts Council, a body that exists to encourage and assist opera, ballet, music, drama, and poetry as well as the visual arts, is just out, and it makes a dismal story of too many excellent claims for assistance and too few resources, which have to be spread thin. For startled Londoners, its principal shock was the warning that Covent Garden, which for years has been laboring in the red on an insufficient state subsidy, might have to shut down altogether—a melancholy forecast indeed, coming so soon after the historic old house had celebrated its centenary. Sadler's Wells, several smaller companies, like the tiny Ballet Rambert, which recently had a rapturous reception in Peiping, and many repertory companies and symphony orchestras are also in wobbly financial shape, the report declares. It calls on the Government to put up more handsomely, and on big business to step in and, with the Treasury, take on the job of patronage in the medieval grand manner. Some time ago, in the last agitation over the plight of the arts, it was stated that seventeen institutions, including the National and Tate Galleries, the British Museum,

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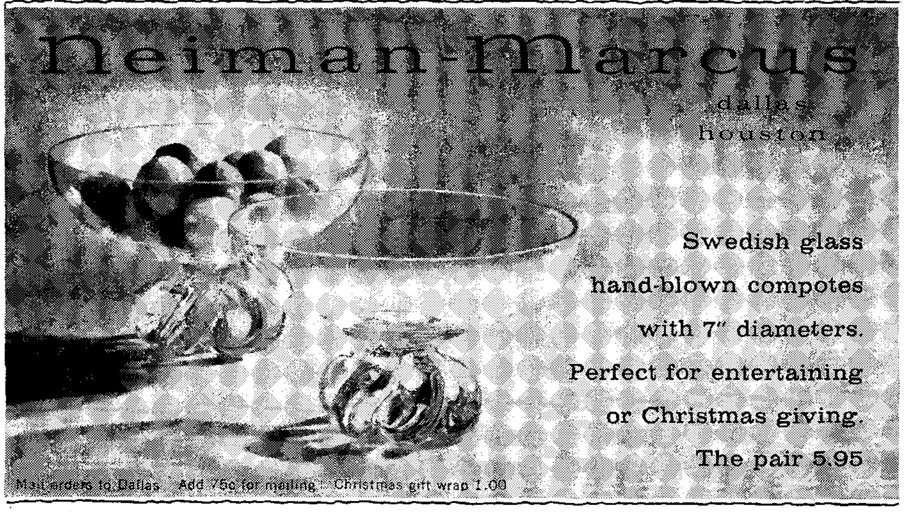

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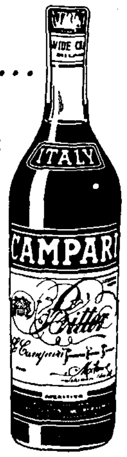

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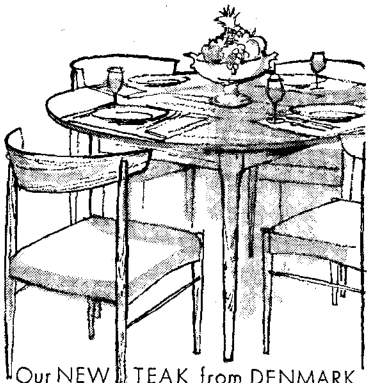

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and the Victoria and Albert, were receiving a hardly princely "special-purchases" grant of around fifty thousand pounds a year among them—"or enough to buy a Cézanne and a half," as the Manchester *Guardian* sharply commented at the time. Ever since last week's auction made history (or nonsense, as some declared) in terms of how much a picture is worth when many seek it, this calculation has become old-fashioned.

THE autumn theatre season is in lively swing. The new T. S. Eliot play, "The Elder Statesman," has moved south from the Edinburgh Festival and received respectful notices as being the softer, more mellow fruit of the poet's happier personal Indian summer. Its theme is that of the honored public servant who is forced to recall, in anything but tranquillity, the emotions raised by two shabby, fumbling lapses in his past, which he has carried around all these years like bad change in his pocket—the thought of a man left for dead on the road while he drove ahead on a midnight undergraduate car ride, and of the common woman who might have meant all to him but was bought off and discarded for reasons of ambition. The forcing is done by a disreputable friend of university days who was along on the fatal car escapade and by the brassy little jilted actress, both of whom, now rich and in full, talkative possession of their memories, bob back into the old, sick statesman's life in the convalescent home where he and they have fetched up. The final discoveries about himself, love, and conscience having been illuminated for him in this moment of painful truth, he makes his ultimate exit to die in peace, it is understood, under a symbolic beech tree. Paul Rogers, as the statesman, and William Squire, as the friend, are both fine.

It is safe enough to say that few of the audience understand anything like this much of the action of "Valmouth," the musical version of Ronald Firbank's novel, which has been intrepidly tackled by Sandy Wilson and is running at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. To stage the strange doings at Valmouth—that somewhat special watering place where the inhabitants of various little nests of iniquity include two elderly Lesbian ladies living with their Catholic spiritual father; a highly dubious colored masseuse who acts as procuress on the side for a titled nymphomaniac; two willowy naval officers; and a sex-starved or half-witted minor rustic or so—was an impossible proposition, which has very

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nearly come off. When it does, it is a joy for all admirers of Firbank—in, for instance, the wildly funny duet that Alan Edwards and Aubrey Woods sing as the pretty naval lads, and in Cardinal Pirelli's flamenco ditty (the Cardinal belongs, of course, to another novel altogether, but makes a brief appearance here, splendidly played by an enormously tall actor named Geoffrey Dunn) about his Cathedral of Clemenza being the ritziest of them all. The wittily outrageous Edwardian costumes and elegant, curly rococo sets are by Tony Walton, whose work has been seen in New York, but was previously unknown to London. But the odd bloom and iridescence of Firbank's prose is apt to crumble when pinned down in speech, and Sandy Wilson's lyrics seem rather too young and innocent for such weird company. Since the novel trails off inconclusively, he has tacked on an ending—said to have been drafted in one of Firbank's notebooks—in which Valmouth perishes in a visitation of fire from a Heaven at last aroused to do something about it. The audiences seem to be compounded, also weirdly, of Firbank enthusiasts who roar their appreciation, and playgoers who sit in stunned silence while murmuring occasionally that it is all very different, is it not, from "The Boy Friend"?

Finally, Beatrice Lillie in "Auntie Mame," at the Adelphi, is a comfortable sellout in spite of the coldest reception in years from the critics, who had apparently expected Auntie Millamant in a little thing by Congreve. The most astonishing notice of the lot came from the *Sunday Times* critic, Harold Hobson, who headed it "A TOTAL DISASTER" and snorted, "Last Wednesday, a catastrophe struck London in the shape of a play called 'Auntie Mame.' " Every night, the Adelphi management amiably sticks out a billboard on which an uncomplimentary press comment is printed, side by side with a board saying "House Full."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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Inventors are considered unavailable for the purposes of Rule 47 filing where, after the exertion of valid continuing efforts, they cannot be located or where they are physically incapacitated. At present, mental incapacity and death are not considered equivalent to unavailability. —*From "The Missing Inventor—An Analysis of Patent Prosecution Under Rule 47 of the Patent Office Rules of Practice," by James E. Cockfield, in the George Washington Law Review.*

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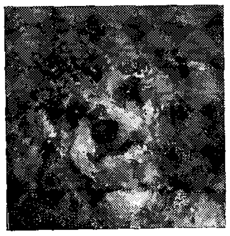

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THE Irish, as everybody knows, are the darlingest people on earth. But whether they are even more darling when they are running political machines, as they have so often done in the United States, is debatable. On the affirmative side, we have the movie "The Last Hurrah," directed by John Ford, an Irish buff from Maine, and presenting Spencer Tracy as the mayor of a New England city who has not only kissed the Blarney Stone but no doubt bitten a piece out of it. Our man, named Skeffington, is a fine old fellow, so full of the milk of human kindness that he almost moos. He may be something of a rogue, but you can bet your bottom dollar that any skulduggery he has indulged in has been all for the benefit of the poor and benighted among his constituents. However, in the course of his final campaign for office, the noble leader stiffens the hackles of financiers, churchmen, and publishers, and loses, whereupon he puts on a death scene that would make Little Eva's look like a routine day at Walter B. Cooke's. There are some sprightly moments in this film, which was adapted by Frank Nugent from a novel by Edwin O'Connor, but as a really sound representation of political shenanigans it is a long way from home. (While Skeffington was going about spreading sweetness and light, I kept thinking nostalgically about the film called "The Great McGinty;" now, *there* was an elucidation of American politics.) In the cast with Mr. Tracy are Jeffrey Hunter, as Skeffington's nephew; Donald Crisp, Basil Rathbone, and John Carradine, as his opponents; and Edward Brophy, Ricardo Cortez, Pat O'Brien, and James Gleason, as his dearly beloved.

THE Indian film called "Pather Panchali" ("The Lament of the Road") has won all kinds of prizes since it was completed, about five years ago, and it probably deserves them all. Directed by a newcomer to the movies named Satyajit Ray, who made it for less than forty thousand dollars, "Pather Panchali" is generally lacking in the smooth sort of guff that is so often sub-

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stituted for honesty in more expensive celluloid endeavors, but it does project—after a slow start—a highly dramatic account of life in an Indian village. The central characters are a Brahman priest of the pie-in-the-sky variety, his long-suffering wife, and their children—a small boy and an adolescent girl. Acted with a realism that is reminiscent of the Italian movies before the advent of the busting-out-all-over period—or, for that matter, of the Russian movies before Stalin was mistaken for God—"Pather Panchali" is a demonstration of what a man can do with a camera and an idea if he really puts his mind to it. —JOHN MCCARTEN

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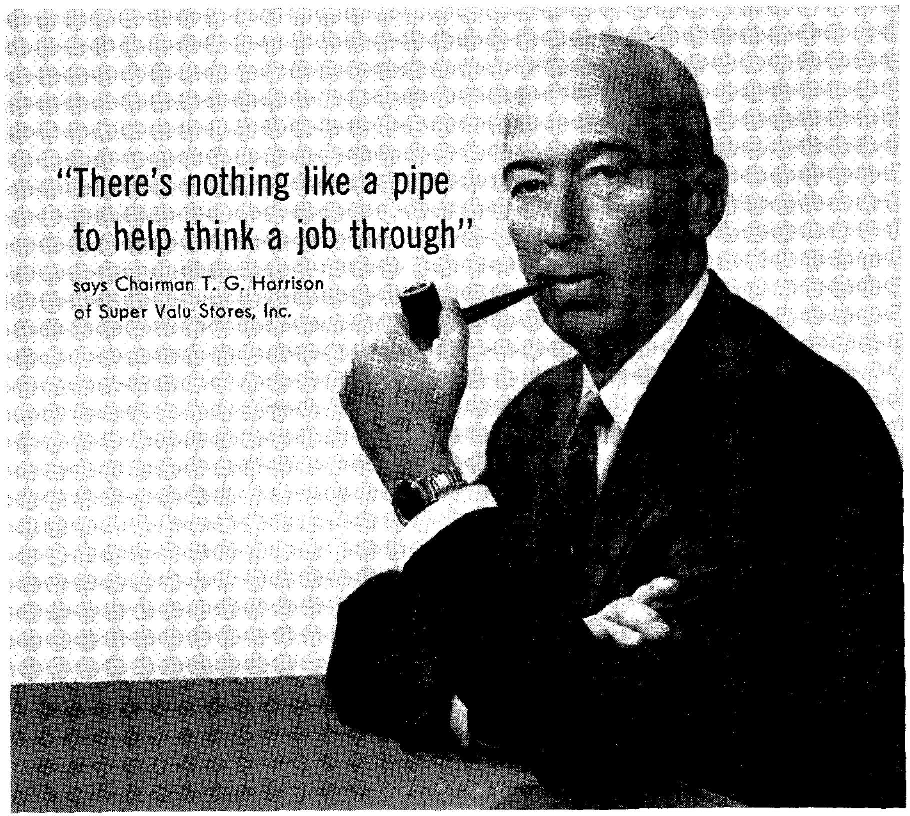
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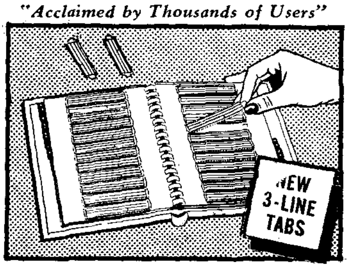

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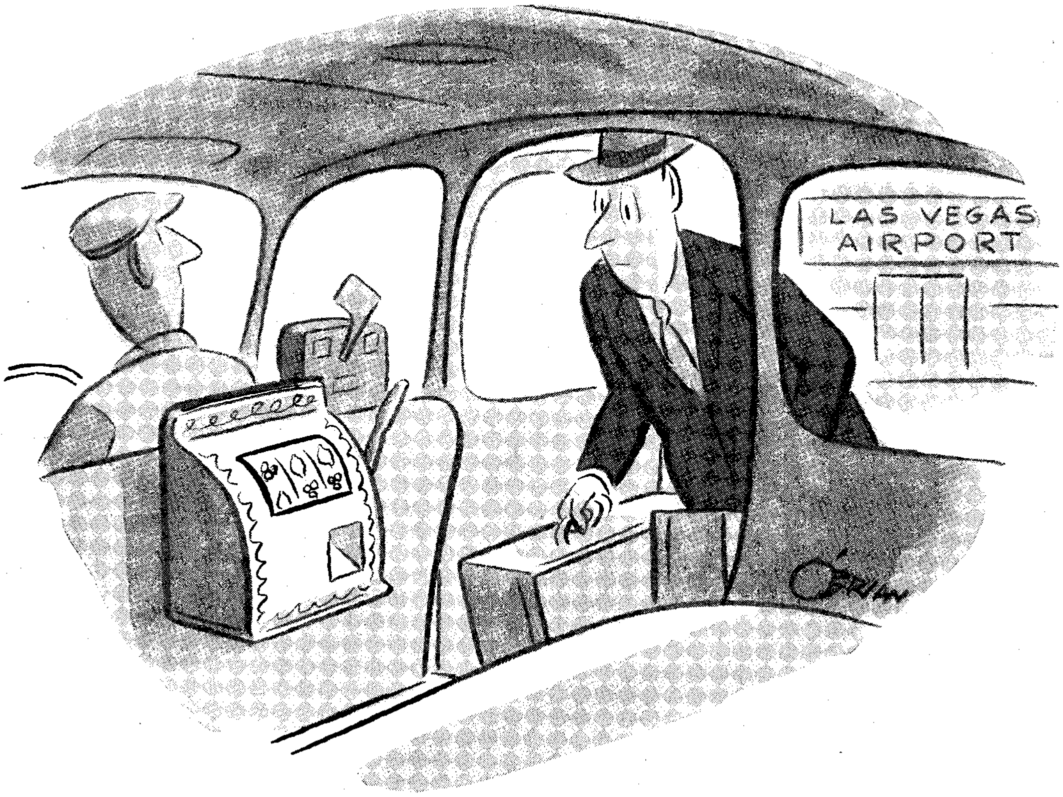
BOOKS

Young Man Beyond Anger

"CHILD OF OUR TIME" (Knopf) is an account of the childhood and adolescence of its author, Michel del Castillo, lightly disguised as fiction (the author calls himself Tanguy in the book). This information, in conjunction with the pretentiousness of the title, sounds like bad news, and it may prepare the reader for one of those familiar exercises in self-regard in which the author, announcing that he is, in the words of the popular song, a wile wile chile, complains that life is not kind and his parents are not loving enough. Del Castillo has legitimate ground for complaint, but his book is not of that sort at all. It is, on the contrary, one of those rare books that are genuinely courageous and noble. It penetrates all pretenses; it penetrates effortlessly, and with a terrible innocence, to those recesses of experience that lie far beyond the scope of the aesthetic and that have some claim to be termed part of man's knowledge of reality. It has been said that Michel del Castillo begins where Anne Frank leaves off, but this is imprecise. Del Castillo was born in August, 1933, and, a refugee from the Nationalist uprising in Spain, was put in his first concentration camp, in France, at the age of seven, before he had lost a child's simplicity and directness. It was an appalling experience to enter the world of the concentration camps, but, all the same, it was simply, for him, a matter of waiting to see what happened next. Anne Frank was older and more mature. She had already entered the world of concepts that is the home of the aesthetic falsification of the nature of reality. There already existed in her mind an ideal life in which people were not driven into hiding and in which they did not live in fear of a mysterious, immanent evil. She conceived this ideal as the normal, and regarded the reality with which she was faced as a break with normality; like those hiding with her, she saw herself involved in something improbable, almost unreal, that belonged to the world of the conceptual. Del Castillo had never had the experience of happiness and decency from which such an ideal might be constructed. The terrible, merely implied end of the girl's diary is the knocking at the door that means discovery and the end of hope—the hidden group come out into the ordinary street of their daily bread, under the familiar sky, to face the realization of their worst fears as the facts of existence. Del Castillo cannot continue the story from that point because he was never on the side of the door on which it was possible to hope. A refugee, on account of his mother's political affiliations, when he was five, he had learned when he was seven that it was his Right Wing father's denunciation of his mother as a Left Winger that had brought him into his first concentration camp, a place for politicals and undesirables, such as foreign prostitutes, set up by the Vichy French. When he was nine, he entered his second, a German one this time. He and his mother had been temporarily released from the first one, and she had abandoned him in order to facilitate her own escape through Spain on her way to Mexico. Before he could follow her, he was arrested in the South of France and shipped to Paris. While awaiting transfer to Germany under the huge roof of the Vélodrome d'Hiver along with a couple of thousand deportees, he was put with a contingent of fifty Jewish children under fourteen who were travelling, like himself, alone and without friends toward the extermination camps. He formed a friendship with one of these lost children, a boy aged seven. This child fell ill in the boxcar that was taking them to Germany, and when, after sixty hours, they were given food at last, he was too weak to take his place in the line in front of the soup kettles. Del Castillo decided to get his food for him, and thus learned his first lesson about concentration-camp behavior—he was knocked down by an S.S. man for trying to get two bowls of soup. He was given nothing to eat, and neither was his friend. The seven-year-old died, and his corpse was thrown out of the boxcar during the nine-day trip to the camp where del Castillo was to spend the remainder of his childhood.

There another phase of del Castillo's ordeal began. He was no longer waiting for the worst to happen; it had happened. He was inside a machine designed to break the spirits of men, and to kill them when they were broken. He had no privileges as a child; indeed, it was one of his first and ugliest realizations that he was to be treated as a



man. He worked the long hours of forced labor, stood in the endless inane and exhausting parades, wasted on the starvation diet, breathed the loathsome exhalation of excrement, sweat, and death that was the camp atmosphere, and survived. Two or three men died each night in his barracks of despair, hunger, or exhaustion, and every so often S.S. guards came to fetch others away to the gas chambers. In the face of all this, del Castillo learned to believe in kindness and decency, even to like life and to hope for something from men. The German fellow-prisoner who taught him to wish to live, and protected him until he was strong enough to stand on his own feet, was one of those who were sent for in the night by the S.S. While the guards stood in the barracks doorway, waiting for him, the German said goodbye to his friend and gave him his blanket and a small medallion on a chain as his last kindness. The minute the door was closed on the executioners and their victim, another inmate came to tear the pitiful legacy away from the boy. He was alone again, but the German's invisible gifts of love and affection saw him through the last dreadful days of starvation and massacre that preceded the liberation. As the camp's youngest survivor, he took part in a memorial service for those who died, and placed a wreath on the site of the gas chamber that his fellow-prisoners had torn apart in a frenzy of relief in their first hours of freedom.

All this was, however, merely the prelude to del Castillo's testing as a man. Once the welfare authorities dealing with the released prisoners had helped him to get to Barcelona, where he believed his grandmother was living, they had done all they could for him. When he found that she was dead, he had no one to turn to but the Spanish police. They took the twelve-year-old boy to a monastic institution that combined the functions of an orphanage and a reformatory. Del Castillo describes his reception at this haven:

> "And your address before that?"
>
> "A concentration camp in Germany."
>
> The brother raised his dull eyes and stared at Tanguy, who at once sensed his hostility, and tried to find a cause for it.
>
> "Are you Jewish?" the brother asked.
>
> "No."
>
> "Communist?"
>
> Tanguy felt strongly tempted to grin at this, but merely said "No" again.
>
> "Then why were you interned?"
>
> "There was a war on," said Tanguy, disgusted. He could think of no better answer. All these questions were making

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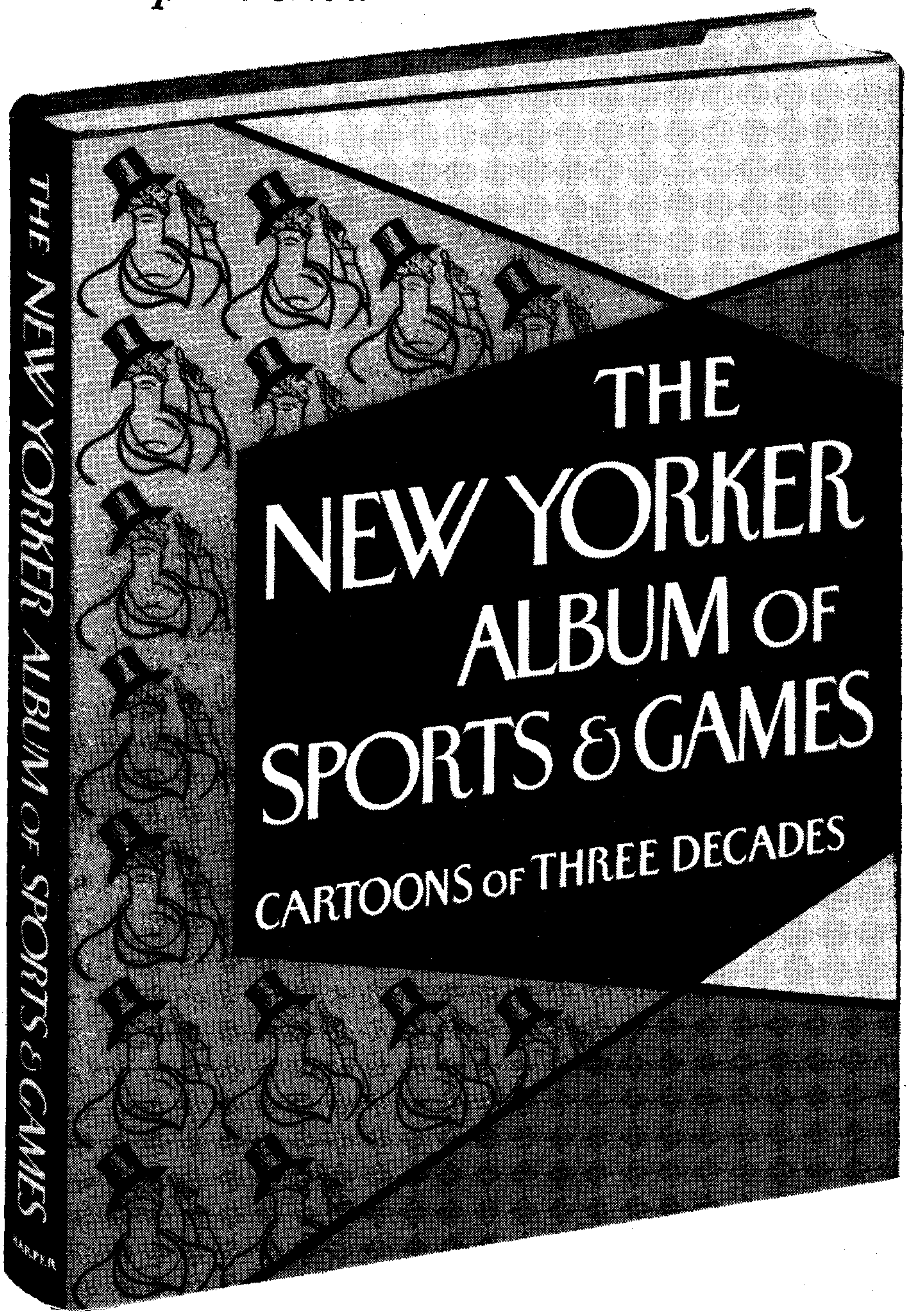
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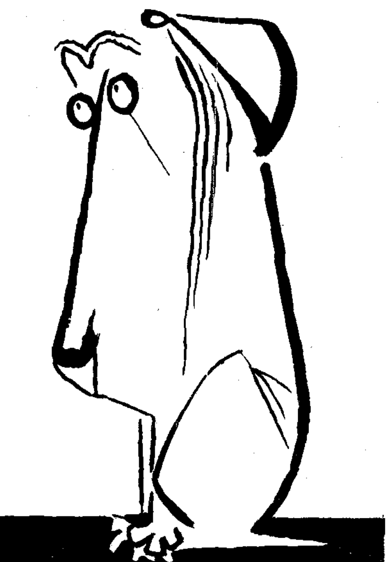
him impatient, and he began to wonder what they implied.

"You're not in France now," the man in the cassock said. His voice was flat and dull. "We give your kind of scum some discipline here. You'll stick to the rules if you know what's good for you. Otherwise—"

The rules were of the familiar S.S. variety, designed to be impossible not to break and to give opportunities for punishments that were cruel and degrading. The children, underfed, worked at forced labor and were beaten savagely whenever they showed signs of spirit or individuality. Only the absence of the constant fear of death distinguished the place from the German camps, but to compensate for that relief there was the oppression of a brutal and brutalizing homosexuality. The boy soon realized here that his youth was a sentence to be served, that he was to remain a prisoner until he was discharged as a warped and morally stunted adult. The crime of which he stood convicted was that of being *abandoned* by his parents.

In the end, del Castillo succeeded in escaping, with the help of a parricide who had killed his father for drinking away too much of the money he was earning as a male prostitute. The chapters that follow his escape are of extraordinary interest as an account of moral growth, and convincingly show that he was prepared to stand up to the final shattering experience of his horrible youth—the rediscovery of his parents. His father attempted to prove, with documents, that all his son's misfortunes were his mother's fault. He explained his failure to reply to his son's desperate appeals for help from Spain by saying that he was afraid that the boy had declassed himself and become a workingman. His mother was as strange to him, in her turn, when she reappeared, in 1955, determined to persuade him that it was his duty to hate his father as the guilty party. She did not stop there; she wanted him to hate the class to which his father belonged, and to hate a whole army of others in social and political categories whom she felt to be responsible for the evils of the modern world. Sorrowfully, he recognized in this the spirit that had turned him from a human being into a thing in a category—a Communist child—and had put him into the camps and the reformatory. The love of mankind and of life itself that he had learned in the darkest corners of the world excluded hatred; he could only pity those whose dreadful inner poverty and inability to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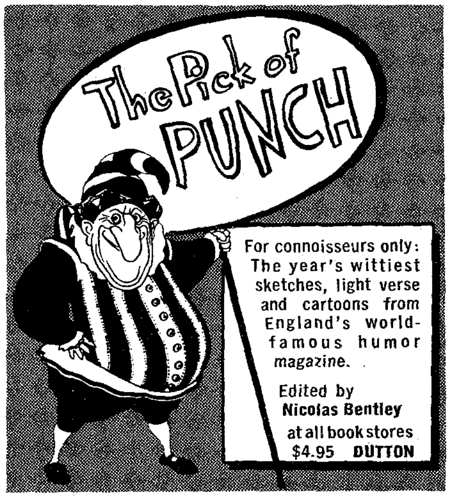
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love allowed them to surrender to this false emotion. He had come to realize that hate is not a true feeling but an expression of fear of what is hated, and that surrender to fear is what makes cruelty and injustice. His mother, by making hating her enemies her life's work, had emptied her heart. In the void, there was nothing left for her son or for anyone else.

IT is curious to turn from this genuine record of spiritual growth and enlightenment to "The Dharma Bums" (Viking), the latest offering of the now only too predictable Jack Kerouac. "Hopping a freight out of Los Angeles at high noon," the book begins, and we are off again on the familiar Kerouac routine of endlessly gassing about long, pointless trips back and forth across the United States that makes most of his work read like annotations on the margins of a Rand McNally road atlas. As his melancholy chronicles of unnecessary journeys unfold, the reader is slowly given convincing proof that if there is one subject more tedious than the mechanics of travel it is the question of what the traveller eats. "I cooked hot dogs on freshly cut and sharpened sticks over the coals of a big wood fire, and heated a can of beans and a can of cheese macaroni in the redhot hollows.... Now, as for food, I went down to Market Street to the Crystal Palace Market and bought my favorite dry cereal, bulgar, which is a kind of Bulgarian cracked rough wheat, and I'm going to stick pieces of bacon in it, little square chunks.... I went in and the pancakes were ready, hot and steaming, and poured syrup over my three pats of butter and cut them up and slurped hot coffee and ate.... The cheese was sharp cheddar.... It got dark. I took my pot and went to get water.... I mixed it in my new plastic shaker with orange-juice concentrate and shook up an ice cold orange, then I spread nutted cream cheese on the whole-wheat bread and ate content.... When he left me off at Cloverdale I bought my supplies for the road: a salami, cheddar cheese wedge, Ry-crisp, and also some dates for dessert, all put away neatly in my food wrappers."

Sometimes this massively unimportant food information is mixed up with the Rand McNally truck-route information to produce a truly narcotic effect: "I'll take you all the way to Crescent City if you want. This was a little off my route but farther north than Eureka so I said okay. The guy's name was Ray Breton, he drove me two hun-

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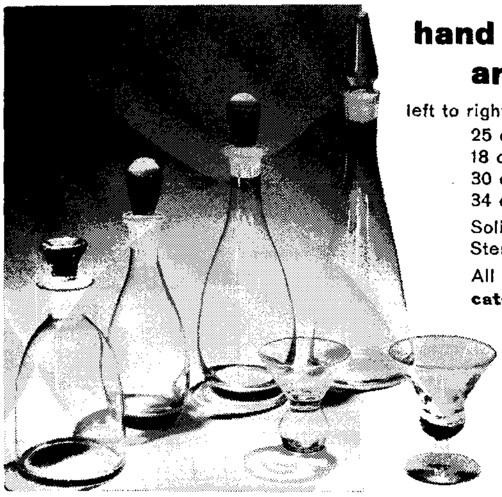

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dred and eighty miles all night in the rain, talking ceaselessly about his whole life, his brothers, his wives, sons, his father and at Humboldt Redwood Forest in a restaurant called Forest of Arden I had a fabulous dinner of fried shrimp with huge strawberry pie and vanilla ice cream for dessert and a whole pot of coffee and he paid for the whole works."

Plodding through pages and pages of this breathless stuff is like listening to the steady flow from an adolescent passing through that phase in which everything which involves the speaker in any way seems momentous, essential, and exciting. How, the question poses itself, can a writer with Mr. Kerouac's obvious gifts bear to set such rubbish down? The question puts itself more insistently when Mr. Kerouac starts hosing his pages with smart neo-Buddhist chitchat and takes his hero up a mountain for a Zen-type revelation. A possible answer suggests itself almost as insistently as the question; the suspicion grows with the turning of every trivia-crowded page that Mr. Kerouac occupies himself with this thin stuff because he has nothing else to write about, and that all this rattling of meaningless information has the sole function of concealing the absence of any true feeling or of real experience behind the book. There is something revealing about the nature of its hero's pursuit of enlightenment. He goes after his revelation like a candidate running for office, makes a booking for a likely time and place to produce it, and, bingo, gets it where and when he has planned to have it. It is a measure of the immense gulf that lies between del Castillo and Mr. Kerouac that the latter should imagine, or pretend to imagine, that life can be forced to deliver up anything of importance or even of interest in response to such a sterile formal exercise as that which he describes. It may be suspected that Mr. Kerouac knows very well how wide this gulf is, and that it is the disturbing sense that he is on the wrong side of it that accounts for the noisy desperation with which he writes about sex, and the effort he puts into making a fundamentally Boy Scout keenness for hiking and camping out seem to be evidence of a wild, almost revolutionary, anti-social bent. As a Zen Buddhist who badly wants to be a Buddha, Mr. Kerouac is even more of an aesthete, and even less of an artist, than he was as a hipster—a white bourgeois bohemian pretending just as hard as he could to be a Negro rebel. The two fatal things for

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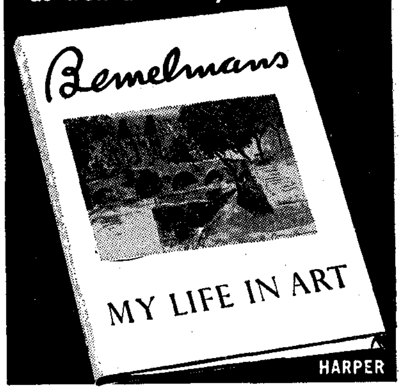

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an artist are for him to wish to be what he is not, and to wish the natural order to be something other than it is.

—Anthony West

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Lucky One, by Anne Parrish (Harper). About two boys, one wealthy and full of love and trust, the other poor and unloving but rich in self-confidence and in the knowledge of his own power to attract love and devotion. The story of the boys and their families is incomplete, because Miss Parrish died before she could finish her work, but the pattern of the two lives is fully realized and well rendered, and the book comes to its ending suddenly but in a perfectly natural way. The scene is mainly Colorado, where Hugo, the rich boy, lives with his loving parents on a cumbersome but picturesque estate, wreathed with flowers and staffed with faithful servants, and where Walter, the poor boy, lives in a small house on the same estate, which employs his father as a gardener.

The Burning Man, by Stephen Longstreet (Random House). A poverty-stricken young Spaniard, the son of a disappointed artist, becomes, in his middle years and after great hardship, the most controversial painter in the world. The scene of the painter's triumph is Paris, and his name is Julio Díaz Navarro. Mr. Longstreet writes expertly, industriously, and thoroughly, and his book is readable.

The Eighth Day of the Week, by Marek Hlasko, translated from the Polish by Norbert Guterman (Dutton). A brief, depressing, realistic novel about life in Poland today. Its principal characters are lovers who can't find a place to make love—a predicament not unknown in the Free World, but these lovers, with some justice, blame the system. Everybody else in the book has had some sort of hope deferred, too, and nearly all of them have given up hoping and taken to drink. The book is a best-seller in Poland, and the author has recently been reprimanded by the government—both facts that would seem to attest to his work's authenticity. Politics to one side, it's a promising piece of writing.

The Girl Beneath the Lion, by André Pieyre de Mandiargues, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Grove). A transcendently

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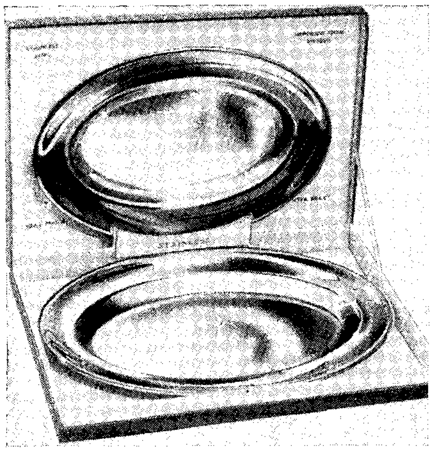

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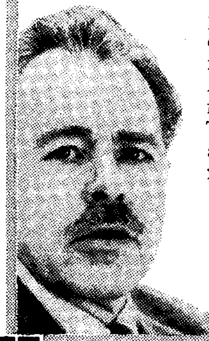

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GENERAL

All in One Lifetime, by James F. Byrnes (Harper). The memoirs of a gentleman who, having served his state and nation in executive, legislative, and judicial posts, is a kind of living course in American government. Mr. Byrnes has been a superb political technician, and his book is a valuable record of how things get done in a federal democracy. He is also a man of principle. In the last few years, some of his principles—his belief in states' rights and in limited action by the Supreme Court—seem to have led him into the service of the Confederacy; nevertheless, his remarkable career deserves the Union's thanks.

The Realist at War, by Edwin H. Cady (Syracuse University Press). The second, and concluding, volume of Professor Cady's definitive, if dully written, biography of William Dean Howells. The period covered is the final thirty-five years of Howells' life, when he was successful, rich, and so famous that his picture appeared on a cigar box. It is hard for us to realize that the writer we think of as a sweet old man of incurable gentility was regarded in his own time as a poisonous atheist, a foul pornographer, and a dangerous subversive, but Professor Cady documents this side of Howells by reprinting his fierce and bitter letter to the New York *Tribune* protesting the execution of the Haymarket Anarchists, which, unfortunately (and perhaps quite characteristically), was never mailed.

For the Life of Me, by Robert Briscoe, in collaboration with Alden Hatch (Little, Brown). Mr. Briscoe was a hero of the Irish revolution and civil war, running guns and committing other high-principled misdeeds for de Valera. In 1927, he became a rather obscure backbencher in the Irish Parliament, and in 1956 his loyal service was rewarded with the

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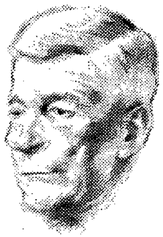

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Lord Mayorship of Dublin. His career differs from that of a hundred other Eire politicians only in that Mr. Briscoe is an orthodox Jew—probably the only Jew to serve in the I.R.A.—and that he has been an active and extreme Zionist, thus whacking at the British from every direction. This combination of ingredients caught the American imagination when the Lord Mayor came here last year to create good will for Eire, raise money for Israel, review the St. Patrick's Day parades in New York and Boston, and spend Passover at Grossinger's. His story is an engaging one, but though Mr. Hatch tells it professionally, he has regrettably chosen to honey it over with references to Firbolgs, Druids, Götterdämmerung, Alcibiades, and such. When Mr. Briscoe's own speech and thinking are allowed to show through, the book is a treat.

T. S. ELIOT: A SYMPOSIUM FOR HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, edited and with an introduction by Neville Braybrooke (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This collection of fifty tributes escapes the usual stiffness of public group praise because of the variety and the comparative youth of the contributors, half of whom are under thirty-five. Scholarly deliberation turns up now and again, but the most interesting and lively comment comes from men and women who have had working contact with Eliot—his directors in the theatre, films, and television, the actors and actresses in his plays, and the teachers who have introduced his poetry to young students. A charming garland from a number of students between the ages of fourteen and eighteen affords a delightful contrast to the articles in which Eliot is given serious critical attention—as a classical scholar, a translator, a moralist, a writer of nonsense verse, and a poetic dramatist. The contributors include Rose Macaulay, W. F. Jackson Knight, G. S. Fraser, Harold Nicolson, and Robert Speaight.

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION, by J. H. Plumb and Bruce Lancaster (Simon & Schuster). A giant tuck box of a book, stuffed with pleasures, both verbal and visual, in an effort (as Bruce Catton explains in an introduction) to give the War of Independence "flesh and blood." Dr. Plumb's sketch of eighteenth-century Europe, which serves as Chapter 1, is brilliant; the main nar-

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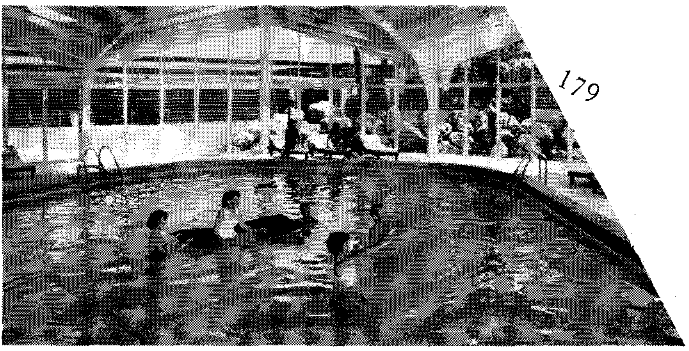

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THE BATHTUB HOAX, AND OTHER BLASTS AND BRAVOS, by H. L. Mencken, edited and with an introduction and notes by Robert McHugh (Knopf). Fifty-odd pieces—all but one of them first published, between 1924 and 1927, in the Chicago *Tribune*—that therapeutically recall our native Dr. Johnson's unfiltered contempt for the minds and motives of politicians, pedants, chiropractors, evangelical clergymen, book-burners, farmers, and Warren G. Harding. The exception is the title piece (originally called "A Neglected Anniversary"), which appeared in the New York *Evening Mail* on December 28, 1917, and, though obviously a practical joke (it attributed the installation of the first bathtub in America to one Adam Thompson, a Cincinnati merchant, on December 20, 1842), was taken sufficiently seriously to have its "facts" included in numerous books of reference and history—thereby undoubtedly confirming the author in his opinion of the mass of mankind. An invigorating book.

NOTE: "The Seven Fat Years," a volume of reports by John Brooks on a number of financiers and their activities between 1950 and 1957, has been published by Harper. All the pieces in the book originally appeared in this magazine.

•

Q. When a girl is with her escort at the table in a nightclub, and she wishes to leave to go to to the powder room, what should she say?

A. This type of invitation always requests the "honour of your presence." The invitation to the reception requests "the pleasure of your company." Remember, "honour" is spelled on these invitations in the old-fashioned way, with a "u."

—*Stockton* (*Calif.*) *Daily Record.*

Next question.

•

Graziella Boucher, president of the Animal Defenders League, has announced her group opposes the importation of Communist bears by the Portland zoo.—*Portland Oregon Journal.*

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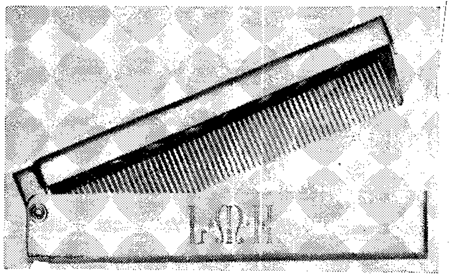

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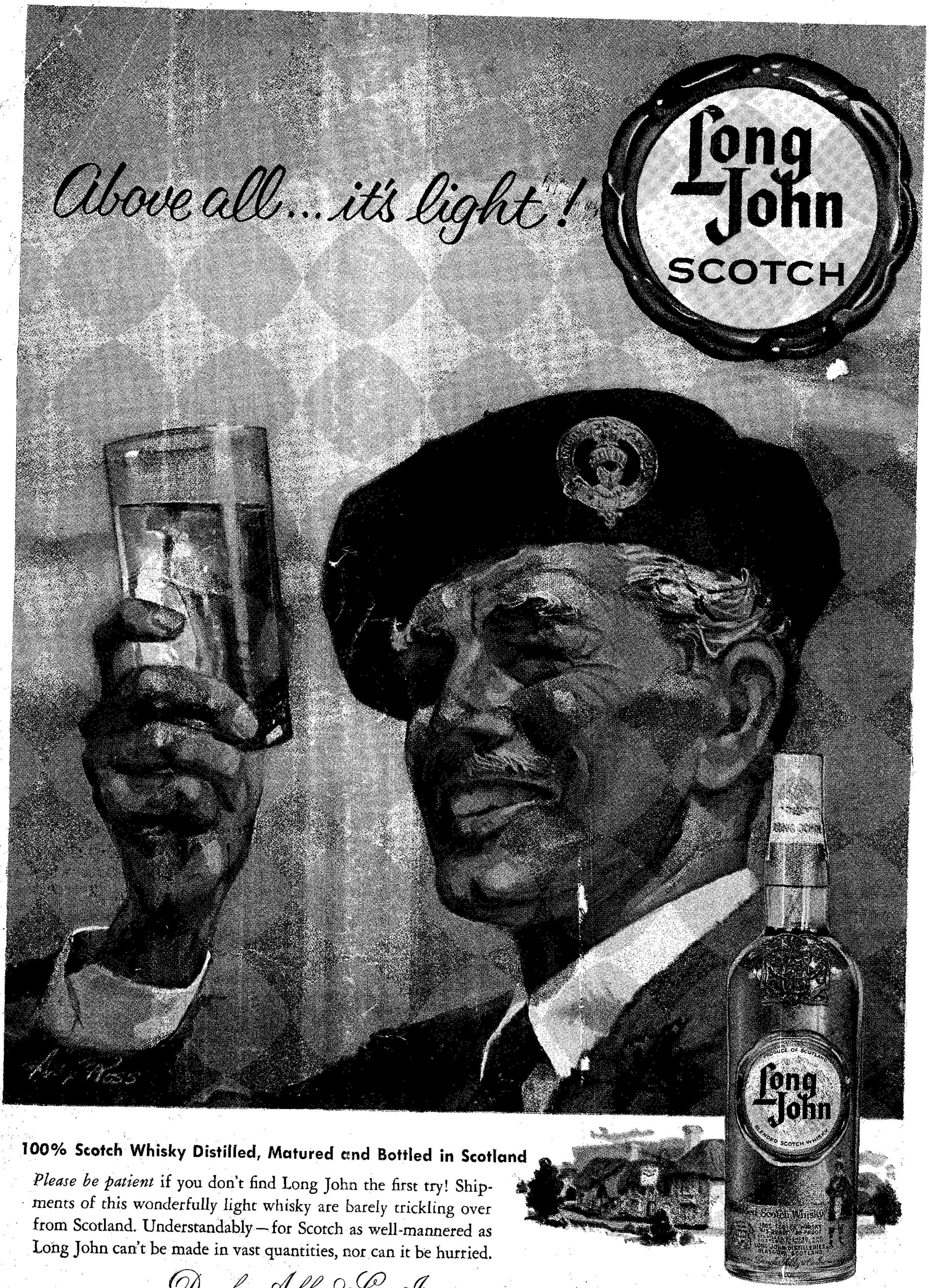

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